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October 7, 1959

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**Neale Fraser
and his mother — see page 29**

In Color: Training America's Space-men

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 7, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 18

Our cover

● Australia's top tennis star, Neale Fraser, with his mother, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, who watched her son win the Davis Cup Challenge Round for Australia at Forest Hills, New York. Picture by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff. Neale Fraser and his mother, story page 29.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

"Paris in the Spring"

● Our Paris Parades at Mark Foy's in Sydney will open with a gala banquet on Saturday, October 3, in the Empress Ballroom.

TICKETS for the gala are £7/7/- each.

Daily parades are from October 6 (October 5 is a public holiday) to October 15 inclusive at 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. on weekdays, and at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 10. Tickets are 10/6 each.

Bookings for the gala opening and for the daily parades can be made at the Empress Ballroom, at the ground-floor inquiry desk, or by phone or mail.

See page 52 for our Paris Wardrobe Contest.

★ ★ ★
THE magnificent color pictures of America's great space project on pages 8 and 9 are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly in Australia and New Zealand.

Exclusive color pictures in following issues will report further stages of the project.

This issue shows the seven astronauts. The issue dated October 21 will feature the men's wives, with a personal story by each.

★ ★ ★
At the Reading Deficiency Clinic of the University of New South Wales (story, page 13), we learnt that the Australian Council for Educational Research has just published a booklet designed as a guide for teachers and parents. It is "Books for the Retarded Reader," by Dr. J. A.

Next Week

● Wall treatments — a four-page color-illustrated feature in our next issue—suggests unusual ways to decorate walls. There are ideas for paper, hardboards, timber, stone, and murals to beautify living-room and bedroom walls.

Richardson, now Professor of Special Education at the University of British Columbia, and Mrs. J. A. Hart, of Queensland University's Remedial Education Centre.

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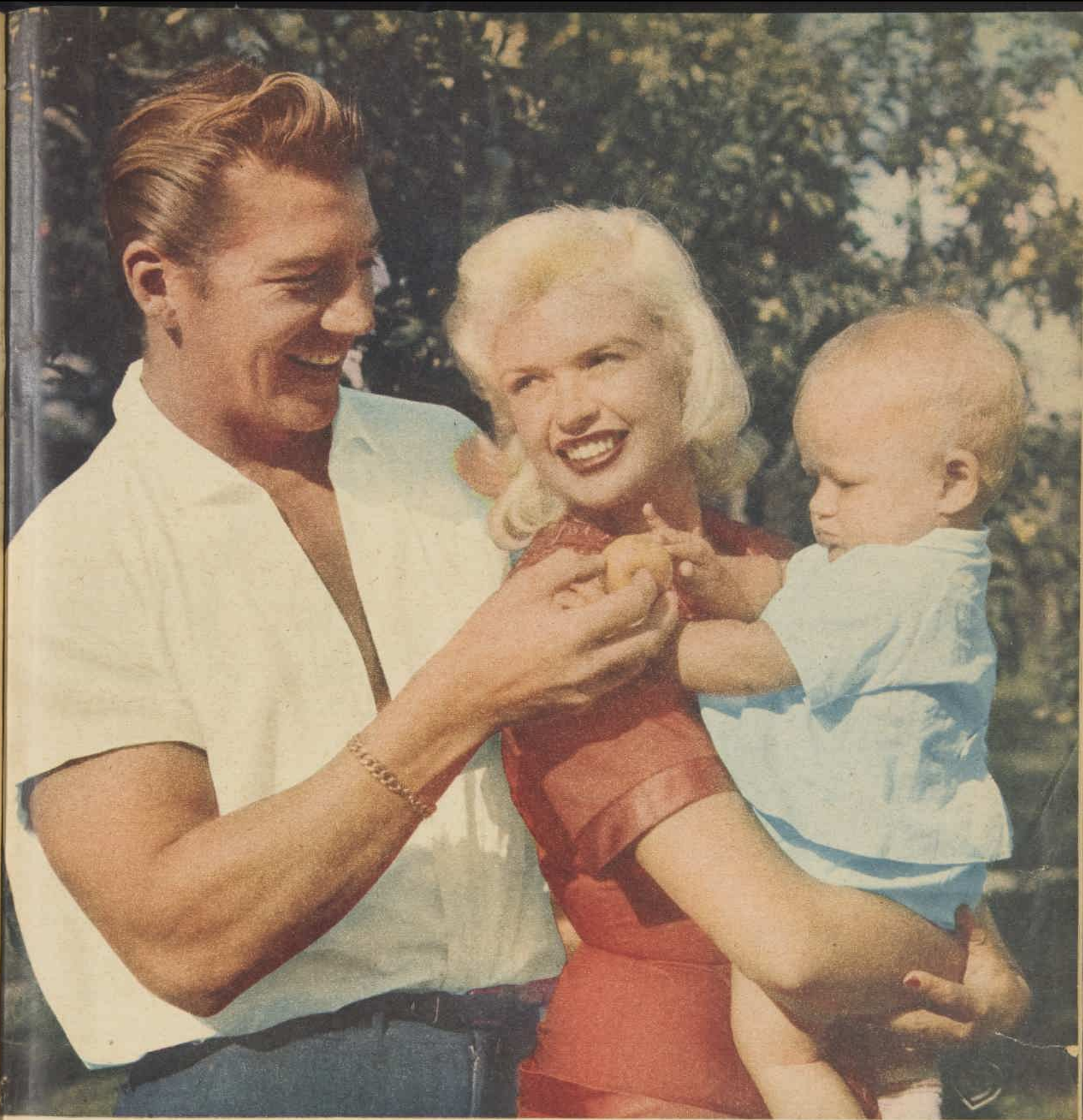
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1959

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BALMÖRAL

IF UNOBTAINABLE WRITE BALMÖRAL TEXTILE MILLS MELBOURNE N.11



Jayne with Mr. Universe- Sen. and Jun.

THE most difficult part of bringing up a child in the limelight is in stopping the glare from affecting the child's basic values," claims Jayne Mansfield, mother of Jayne Marie (8) and Miklos (eight months), whom she proudly holds above

beside her husband, former Mr. Universe, Mickey Hargitay. Jayne is in Britain to film "Too Hot to Handle."

The Hargitays are renting Pat Kirkwood's lovely country house in Gerard's Cross, Buckinghamshire (about 20 miles from London), where the family are here relaxing in the garden.

Jayne does not believe in letting her work disrupt her family life, and so they accompany her wherever she goes.

Although Pat Kirkwood's house does not have 13 bathrooms, like Jayne's Hollywood one, nor was Jayne able to bring her pink dogs with her, she nevertheless loves being in England.

"Everyone is so kind to us," she said.

Miklos was in the limelight recently when Jayne appeared at Blackpool, showing son Miklos to 20,000 vacationers when the time was 10 p.m.

"Cruelty," screamed the headlines.

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Jayne.

Whatever the feelings about it, baby Miklos Hargitay II still looks as bonny as ever. Weighing 9lb. 9½oz. at birth, with the biggest chest and shoulders doctors have ever seen on a baby, Miklos may fulfil his mother's ambition and become Mr. Universe of 1979.

Whether his "basic values" have been affected is not yet known.

Glenn Gould, "the world's craziest concert pianist," will make an A.B.C. tour of Australia next October-November—for the highest fee paid to an overseas artist in 1960.

Virtuoso's 'crazy' pathway to fame

By BETTY BEST, of our London office

● They said he turned the concert platform into a circus ring. They said he lived on vitamin pills. They said he never wore shoes but was never without two pairs of gloves. They said he crooned while he played a concerto, beat time with crossed legs, and was so busy putting on an act that he could never be a fine pianist.

THAT was all before Glenn Gould, 27-year-old Canadian virtuoso, came to London.

Even after he arrived the stories went on that he coddled himself with mufflers, overcoats, and cloth caps because he had a mortal fear of colds. That he would never shake hands in case he might damage his fingers. That he never moved anywhere without a special low piano stool and a portable fire.

"The most eccentric performer offstage, what will he be like on?" demanded the critics.

He was booked to play the five Beethoven concertos with Josef Krips and the London Symphony Orchestra at the Festival Hall. It took just the first of these to convince everyone that Glenn Gould was a first-class pianist.

"Flawless technique," said one critic. "Delicate, intimate, subtle, beautifully timed, clear, and elegant," said another. Only one said that he had to listen with his eyes closed because he found Mr. Gould's style distracting.

On the telephone Mr. Gould's voice was quiet, restrained, and down to earth.



● The specially made low stool which Gould used at his London concerts, "to give me better control."

CONDUCTOR Josef Krips

at present touring Australia for the A.B.C., says Gould is one of the best pianists in the world.

Mr. Krips added: "To people who do not know him, perhaps he may appear a little eccentric, but I do not have this feeling about him."

"Whatever he does it is not for effect. It is because he needs it for the sake of his art."

"He is a master of contemporary as well as classical music, and is a brilliant composer."

He would be happy to see me at his hotel in Park Lane the next day, but he didn't think there was much to say. (Perhaps he felt too much had been said already.) It was true, he said, that he planned to do a concert tour of Australia next year. And he would very much like to talk to an Australian about it.

Descriptions of "a Nijinsky faun of a face, pallid, with high cheekbones" did not really prepare me for the pleasant, friendly smile.

I took good care not to

shake hands, but noticed that there was not a glove or mitten in sight. Neither was there a muffler, overcoat, or cap.

Mr. Gould's long, lanky form was clad in rather baggy grey flannels, an open-necked shirt, and a light pullover.

On his feet were woollen socks. No shoes! Perhaps there was some truth in the stories, after all. But the room we sat in was not overheated, and as soon as Mr. Gould began to speak it was obvious that there would be no histrionics.

Direct manner

He has a soft Canadian accent, penetrating bright blue eyes, and a very direct manner. His hands are unusually long-fingered and delicate-looking, and he uses them frequently to emphasise a point in discussion.

"Yes, I have avoided shaking hands," he said with a grin. "So many people are bone-crushers. Someone grabbed my elbow once and I had to rephrase the whole of the Beethoven Second Concerto for four fingers because one was almost paralysed."

"Yes, it's true that I've insured my hands for 100,000 dollars — most tradesmen insure their tools, don't they?"

"What about this story of soaking your hands in hot paraffin wax and mineral oils before you play?"

"Well, yes, I have done that. It can be very cold in Canada, or America or Russia for that matter, and no one can play well with cold hands."

"Are you a hypochondriac?"

"No, I don't think so. But I am prone to colds. I had to give up one of my London performances because I caught flu in a very draughty house I visited. That should prove to people that I have good reason to wear warm clothes. Rehearsing in empty auditoriums can be one of the coldest jobs in the world. I do wear an overcoat for that."

"What about this business of raising the piano on wooden blocks and lowering your piano stool an inch every year?"

"Oh, dear" — with a nervous brushing back of his fine, untidy hair — "they always make a fuss about this. It's hard to explain without boring you. Someone said I do it to compensate for the fact that I play from the shoulder-blades, which are exceptionally high up and wide out."

"This is only part of the



● GLENN GOULD, the Canadian pianist who wears gloves even on the hottest days, relaxes after playing at London's Festival Hall.

story. You see, I believe in playing with as little movement of arms as possible. The fingers should do the main work. To achieve this style I must have absolute control from the rest of my body. I achieve it best with the stool low and the piano high. That's all.

"But seriously, I don't like to analyse all these things."

"Surely what matters to the audience is the sound. Nothing's going to help you if you don't play well."

No gimmicks

"If it were a matter of gimmicks I could think of many more amusing things. For example, I could employ a bodyguard of submachine-guns and station them at the back of my platform for every recital. I could say they were there to prevent my being assassinated or kidnapped. How'd that be?"

Mr. Gould's upbringing was conducive to a musical career. His mother was a pianist and taught him until he was 11. Apart from school recitals in his early teens he gave no performances until he was 20, when he left his home town of Toronto for his first tour.

"So you see I was no child prodigy, although people keep calling me that. The one thing I did do was radio recitals. Hundreds of them."

"That's why I shall always go on making recordings even when I give up doing concerts."

"I want to get right off the concert stage in a few years. I find it a great strain, with every recital a new trial. It's a tremendous responsibility to

all the musicians you play with and to your audience."

"I would much rather compose. I took up this business only because I have to eat like everyone else."

"But I do enjoy the travelling."

Mr. Gould gets plenty of that. He tours North America for at least four months of every year. He makes a yearly trip to Europe, where he has performed in nearly every country. And he is the first Canadian pianist ever to have been asked to play in Russia, where he was a great success.

Mr. Gould likes his music romantic rather than sentimental.

He is regarded as a specialist in both Bach and Beethoven, whose works he loves, and he has an unlimited admiration for Richard Strauss.

When at home Gould lives alone in a simple little house beside a lake 100 miles from Toronto. He has little interest in domesticity and has a farmer's wife come in daily to prepare his food and keep the house in order.

"It's pretty primitive but I love it. I'm no cook. I can't do anything but open tins."

Gould has elected to go to Australia because he has made many Australian friends during his tours and "likes the sound of the country."

Australians are unlikely to see him in his famous muffled garb, for he insists he keeps it only for cold climates. But they will hear one of the most exciting young pianists in the world today — probably just before he retires from the concert stage.



● Meeting in London, Gould (left) and American pianist Van Cliburn merely clasp hands. Both avoid shaking hands in the normal way because of the danger of being injured by "bone-crushers."

Children of 'The Sundowners'

● Three principal stars of the film "The Sundowners" — Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Peter Ustinov — are due in Sydney in a few days. But when shooting begins at Nimmitabel, in the Snowy Mountains, the three most excited people will be two Australian schoolgirls and a 16-year-old boy from England.

THE girls, Mercia Barden, 15, and Barbara Ann Llewellyn, 7, both of Sydney, play sisters in the film, and the boy, Michael Anderson, plays a shearing shed rouseabout.

Michael, though he cracked one of the choicest roles in this screen version of Australian Jon Cleary's novel, was not so lucky when it came to cracking a stockwhip.

A couple of flicks with the 14-foot lash and he was applying iodine and plaster to a raw, stinging patch on his neck.

Michael has the part of Sean, son of Robert Mitchum, a drover, and Deborah Kerr.

Because he wants to be convincing in his role, he has to learn his part with an Australian accent, crack stockwhips like an expert, sweep up shearing sheds, and gallop a horse round a country racetrack.

Michael arrived in Australia with the advance party of the film unit, and went straight to "Springfield", Mr. Arthur Haylock's property near Cooma.

"It's terrific country," he said. "I really had a chance to go riding. You can't do that in London, where we lived till my family moved to Hollywood."

Michael once tried an Australian saddle round a studio lot in England. But mustering at Cooma was very different.

Put on weight

"It was lambing time," he said. "I saw sheep being drenched, and went over the shearing shed, where they weighed me on the wool scales, and spent hours in the saddle."

"I put on weight up there. We had enormous breakfasts, huge steaks, piles of toast, and coffee. Then we'd go out to work, come back to drink hot milk and eat home-made cakes, then more work, a big lunch, work again, then back to afternoon tea with more scones and cakes. I've never eaten so much."

"When I wasn't riding I was cracking the stockwhip. The cut's healing on my neck, though I still don't like tight shirt collars."

Michael, 5ft. 5½in. tall, dark-haired, not yet tanned by the Australian sun, looks more a city boy, particularly when in his conservative London-tailored suits.

His accent is part English, part American, for he went to school in both countries.

"When we learnt about Australia, I was always top of that particular class," he said. "It's funny, but I feel I've been here before. Of course, I haven't."

From Hollywood, Michael brought 22 pairs of socks and 18 shirts — to save washing. But he said in Sydney that



● Mercia Barden, 15, of Sydney, and Michael Anderson, 16, who came from Hollywood to play the drover's son with whom she falls in love. Michael cut his neck learning to crack a stockwhip.

laundry was already piling up.

His father, Michael Anderson (who directed "Around the World in 80 Days"), gave him a farewell present of a golden leather script cover containing the script of "The Sundowners."

Lettered "From M.A. to M.A.," the cover bears the titles of all productions in which Michael has appeared — including "The Sundowners."

Listed are the television shows "Ivanhoe" and "The Queen's Champion," and the films "Tiger Bay" and "Moonraker."

Michael says acting is in his family, and that he's never wanted to do anything else. His great-aunt Mary Anderson was on the stage, as was his paternal grandfather, Lawrence Anderson.

"Another relative, Wilson Barrett, was a famous actor. There's a statue of him in New York."

Michael has two brothers, David, 19, who is working in Australia on the production of "The Sundowners", and Peter, aged 12.

"Peter is named after his godfather, Peter Ustinov. At any moment I'm expecting to hear that I've got a new sister or brother. I'm waiting for the cable."

Michael writes home every second day. He hopes to be an author one day.

He likes cricket, collecting records—jazz and rock'n-roll—has a new autograph book, bound in leather to match his script cover.

"I've brought some film cameras," he said, "and I'm going to take pictures of Mr.



Zinneman and the stars of the film, and get them to sign their names on them."

No doubt the day will come when Michael won't be asking for autographs. He'll be giving them.

Youngest in the company

Barbara Ann Llewellyn will leave an empty seat in class 2A of Coogee Primary School this year — but she won't be missing her lessons.

A special teacher will be with her throughout the location shooting of "The Sundowners."

Youngest member of the company, Barbara has hazel eyes, hair clipped in a fringe, and two short plaits tied back in ribbon bows.

Her actor father, John Llewellyn, who runs a theatrical agency with his wife, says of the pigtailed: "I've wanted Barbara to cut them off for ages. But she said short hair made her look like a boy. Now we're glad she kept her pigtailed, she needs them for the film."

Barbara has one brother, Bowen, aged ten.

Barbara plays a farmer's daughter in "The Sundowners," but it won't be her first film. She appeared in a documentary, "Christmas in Australia," which showed her sneaking a piece of Christmas cake.

"Barbara has always loved acting in little school plays," said Mrs. Llewellyn. "At home she dances and sings away to herself."

"She's never been to the country. I think she'll be terribly excited. We won't be going with her, of course, but she will be very well looked after."

The day Barbara Ann auditioned for the part could have been unlucky. She'd had a bad toothache, and had two teeth pulled out.

But they were back teeth and didn't show in the film.

The city girl is going bush

Mercia Barden, a ballet student, of St. Peter's, is thrilled to the roots of her auburn hair about her role in "The Sundowners."

She plays a country girl who falls in love with Michael Anderson. It's her first acting part, and it will take her into the bush for the first time.

Mercia, a real city girl, has never stayed on a farm or ridden a horse.

Only 5ft. 1½in. tall, she went to St. Patrick's Convent, Sydney, but left at the end of last year after having passed the Intermediate at 14.

Since then, she's been studying shorthand and typing, and, of course, ballet, which she has learnt for six years. Her ambition is to win a scholarship to Sadler's Wells in London.

Mercia has three married sisters, Betty, June, and Jean. All have studied ballet, and twins June and Jean once appeared as dancers at Sydney's Tivoli Theatre.

Mercia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Barden, are delighted about the chance their daughter is getting.

Ballet leaves her little time for hobbies, but she loves swimming and pets, and was very upset when her tame budgerigar died recently.



● Seven-year-old Barbara Ann Llewellyn, of Coogee, N.S.W., plays a farmer's daughter in "The Sundowners." Barbara, shown here with a dog she befriended in a park, loves animals. Her mother says, "Even worms in the garden are pets to her."

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KY14

MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNSELLORS

They help the sick at heart

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● There is one room in every Australian capital city where more tears are shed and more emotions bared than anywhere else.

THAT room is the case secretary's office in the local Marriage Guidance Council.

It is here that people go to try to repair a couple of broken hearts and a crumbling home.

Later they are passed on to an honorary counsellor. By this time they are calmed down and prepared to discuss themselves rationally and accept guidance.

They know their cases are anonymous and will stay that way.

When delegates to the annual conference of the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia met recently in Brisbane, they discussed the possible new influx of work which may descend on them if the proposed new Federal Divorce Bill becomes law.

The Divorce Bill, which has been through the second reading and is tabled for further debate, says:

"Judges in Divorce have a duty to watch carefully to see whether, at any stage of the proceedings, there might be some chance of saving the marriage by recourse to the

help of a qualified marriage guidance counsellor."

The Bill recommends subsidising Marriage Guidance Councils so they can enlarge their work and save even more marriages from going on the rocks.

In this case there would no doubt be a demand for more trained counsellors.

After studying their unselfish and strenuous work—unravelling tangled human emotions in their leisure hours—I decided it must be very difficult to remain a counsellor and not become a client.

Very humble

But the counsellors say it has a very stabilising effect on them, and makes them feel very humble.

They all are, or have been, happily married themselves. As a matter of general policy they must not be divorced, though the council recognises that divorce is not always a judgment against a person.

What is marriage counselling?

It is a personal service of help to those with marriage difficulties, carried out through personal interviews with husbands and wives.

It also helps parents to solve the problems of anti-social teenage children, I was told by Mrs. K. S. Isles, a Belfast-trained marriage guidance counsellor.

She was the only woman delegate to the meeting, and is the wife of the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Tasmania, Professor K. S. Isles.

"We often find that one short visit to a trained counsellor can disperse a teenager's unhappiness," Mrs. Isles said.

"These teenage problems are part of marriage. They can break up the parents' home, and could later break up their own marriage if the youngsters are not given help when it is needed. Adolescents are often more likely to confide their troubles to a stranger than to a relative."

Mrs. Isles believes that counsellors have saved one-third of their cases, possibly failed to save one-third, with the other third still in the trial stage.

Counsellors often ask unhappy clients to consider what their partners are getting out of the marriage. A wife whose husband has been unfaithful sometimes forgets

that she may have contributed to his action.

Infidelity has been readily forgiven and forgotten by many marriage partners after they've been persuaded to turn the spotlight on their own consciences.

Queensland's case secretary, Mrs. E. M. Kirkcaldie, gave me an hour of her time at the Brisbane office, 474 Upper Edward Street.

Her room was like a doctor's waiting-room—for the mending of sick hearts.

During the hour I left her three times to make way for desperate people at the door seeking help. And three more phone calls seeking appointments came through in that time.

The genuine cases on her books totalled 1704 (in five and a half years) when I entered the room, and had risen to 1710 before I left.

"It's because people know where to come now," said Mrs. Kirkcaldie. "They used to go to their doctor or vicar, or just endure the situation."

The biggest cause of marriage break-ups?

Immaturity. The years do not always mellow a person, often because the parents' home was unhappy and they don't know how to set about making a happy marriage.

"Delinquency and broken homes make glib reading, but here you really see the results of it," Mrs. Kirkcaldie said. "Parents so often hand on the same heritage to their children."



CASE SECRETARY of Queensland's Marriage Guidance Council, Mrs. E. M. Kirkcaldie, conducts the first interviews with people who are looking for guidance.

"We don't advise or lecture. We help them to sort out their own problems within the framework of the client's belief."

"The morality of the Guidance Council is the morality of the person they're counselling, because people have different standards."

"There are socially prominent people on our books, and there are laborers. The majority are in the middle-income and professional brackets."

"Model" wife

"You have to be a thinker to go for help. A thinker knows he's too close to his own problems to see them clearly."

"Even a model wife can fail to make a man happy. Her very perfection in the home sometimes masks a frigidity which has driven a man away. But she wins the sympathy of her friends because of her lovely home."

"Not that it's always the wife who's to blame."

"Some men are seeking a mother, not a wife. We often find the trouble lies in the man's background—that he grew up without a mother or with a doting mother."

"Some men drink too much. What makes them drink? We try to find out and remove the boggy that started it all."

"Some people are always in strife. They come back to us again and again."

"Others come back and tell us they've worked out a plan for success and want us to know their gratitude."

"We have helped mend broken marriages from the ages of 16 to 74. Yes, the older ones have their troubles, too."

Marriage guidance counsellors will also explain the facts of life to children on behalf of parents who find the subject difficult.

It's the belief of each State Council that they really need a paid director—possibly a psychologist—to handle a proportion of the cases and train the counsellors.

At present the work is all voluntary, usually with an unpaid psychologist at the head of it.

Money is the hurdle. Clients pay no fee, but make donations ranging from a few shillings to £10.

And, listening to the national conference in Brisbane, I found that marriage guidance counsellors are not stodgy do-gooders.

They are people—specially trained, it's true—not reformers with a pocket full of lectures.



MARRIAGE GUIDANCE COUNSELLORS from all States met at the National Council's annual conference in Brisbane. At a reception given by the Lord Mayor, Alderman T. R. Groom, are (from left) Mrs. M. Worland, Mrs. J. Pearce, Dr. W. E. McGovern, Mr. E. J. Tonkin, Mr. C. Cavanagh, Mrs. A. J. Dingle, and Mrs. J. A. Gowen.

JOURNEY into SPACE



● Splash test of scale model Mercury capsule simulates its drop into the ocean. Two parachutes will slow the descent to 30ft. a second.

WITHIN the next few months an American airman will embark on the greatest adventure man has ever dared to take.

Strapped into a tiny metal capsule, he will blast upwards at the head of a rocket for more than 100 miles, then plunge back down into the Atlantic Ocean.

If he survives he will be, perhaps, the first man to enter the dark stillness of space. If he dies, one of his six comrades will go next.

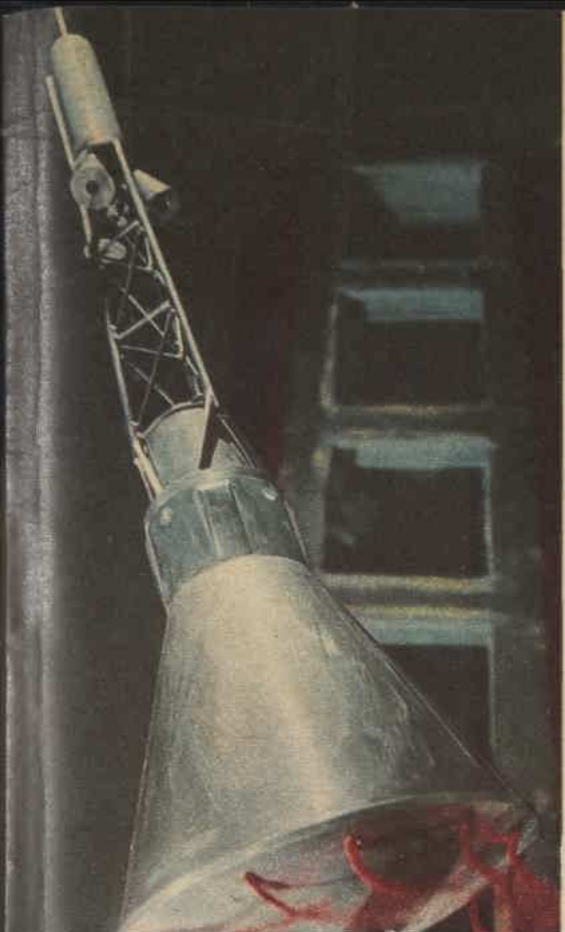
These are the Astronauts — seven pioneers carefully selected from many volunteers for America's first efforts at manned space flight. All seven are in their 30s. All are military pilots with great experience in engineering and the testing of supersonic aircraft.

These pictures show some of the training that precedes the awesome journey.

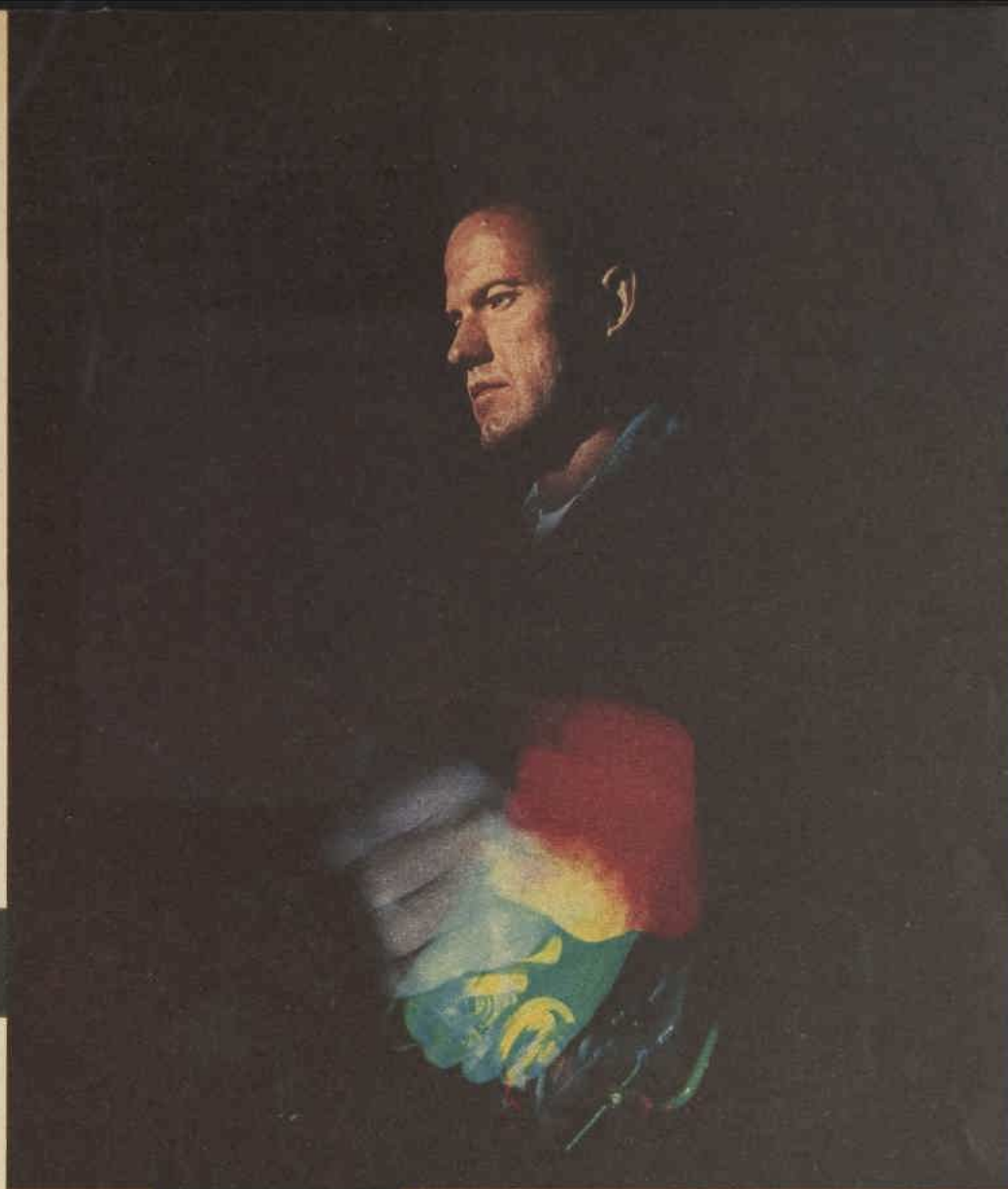
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● Multiple exposure shows how Astronaut will guide himself through space flat on his back. Each man will log a total of 50 hours in this flight simulator.



• Red yarn whipping in wind-tunnel tests shows capsule is not perfectly streamlined. Fault is deliberate, to help slow re-entry into the atmosphere.



• Triple exposure (above) shows unique one-handed movements by which pilot releases small jets to steady the capsule while falling to earth.

• Portrait of Astronauts (from top left): Gordon Cooper, Virgil Grissom, John Glenn, Scott Carpenter, Don Slayton, Walter Schirra, Alan Shepard.

• Fibreglass contour couches moulded for each Astronaut are used in tests of severe gravity stresses they must endure on the hazardous flight.



THE THREAT TO ST. MALO

AT the water's edge, near the Pont Alexander III, in Paris, a lone tree has been preserved for decades by a special concrete buttress which juts into the Seine.

In the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, in Brussels, the building fronts belong to the city and can't be altered, repaired, or even painted without permission from the historically conscious civic authorities.

On a hilltop in Virginia millions of dollars have been spent to restore and preserve Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, one of the most beautiful buildings in the Americas, and to refill it with every known piece of furniture he used.

One swipe

There are many more examples like these throughout the world, where authorities and individuals give much money, thought, and time to the preservation of their cultural heritage—and even the preservation of the simple beauty of a tree.

But at Hunter's Hill, in Sydney, an expressway has been designed which will destroy four historic buildings in one swipe in the name of progress.

What makes this official "vandalism" even more pointed is that one of the buildings, gracious St. Malo, is controlled by the National Trust, which sublets to a firm of interior decorators and caterers—a firm which refurbished the house in its Victorian style and uses it for wedding receptions and teas.

New Act

And the invaluable work the National Trust has already done to preserve historic buildings and areas and open them to the public is about to be recognised by the N.S.W. Government (whose Main Roads Department is the constructing authority for the new expressway), which plans to incorporate the Trust by Act of Parliament.

Over years, alternate plans which would divert the ex-

● Plans for a new expressway through Hunter's Hill, in Sydney, threaten to destroy the beautiful, historic building of St. Malo. Deputations and petitions to save the building appear to have failed. The situation is reviewed here by Ronald McKie.



● More than 4000 people have signed a petition to preserve St. Malo. Many of them were attracted by the sign on the main road, Joubert Street, Hunter's Hill. Joubert Street was named after the Joubert family, who built many old homes in the district.

pressway and preserve St. Malo and the other buildings have been suggested and rejected.

Deputations to Ministers have got nowhere. But when the National Trust acquired St. Malo in 1955 the threat to the beautiful building seemed to have been removed.

But now that the Government has called for tenders for the building of a new bridge on the expressway route—part of the Cumber-

land County Council master plan—which will destroy St. Malo, the threat is imminent, despite petitions and protests from most sections of society.

As the Trust's president, Mr. O. H. Wyndham, has said: "Constructing authorities overseas go out of their way to avoid destroying historic buildings and beauty spots. Engineers here should accept the challenge of saving St. Malo."

They should, but will they,

for ugly shops and villas and roads that could have been put elsewhere now cover the sites of lost historic buildings which more civic-conscious people and authorities would have fought to preserve?

What are the origins of St. Malo and the other threatened buildings?

The Joubert brothers, Jules and Didier Numa, who reached Sydney in 1841, helped give Hunter's Hill much of the character it has today.

D. N. Joubert bought 200 acres from Mrs. Mary Reiby and lived in her cottage with his wife, the daughter of Captain Bonnefin, of the French Navy, while he was building St. Malo.

Joubert imported skilled stone workers to build St. Malo, which was completed in 1847, and other houses in the area, and also imported Italian black and white tiles for the verandah.

Red bricks for the kitchen, which is separated from the

house, were hand-made at Brickfield Hill, an area now in the heart of the city area of Sydney.

Nearly a century later the carved cedar columns from the facade of Macquarie Street's Burdekin House—thoughtlessly demolished in the early 1930s—were moved to the front verandah of St. Malo.

And the stone of a wall along St. Malo's Joubert Street frontage came originally from the convict-built Commissariat Stores—also thoughtlessly destroyed—at Circular Quay.

Three others

St. Malo is only one of the group of historic buildings threatened by the demolishers' crowbars. The others are the century-old Chapel of All Saints, Figtree House, and Mary Reiby's Cottage, which is believed to have been built about 1819.

Mary Reiby was not only one of the characters of early Sydney but an example of the ferocity of the penal system of her time.

Born Mary Haydock in 1777 in Lancashire, the daughter of wealthy parents, she innocently caught and rode a neighbor's pony, and was arrested and sentenced to transportation for seven years. She was then only 14.

Wealthy woman

On the convict transport Royal Admiral the ship's mate, Thomas Reiby, fell in love with her and asked her to wait for him until his return from his next voyage.

When she reached Sydney she was sent to Government House as a housemaid, but in 1792 married Reiby, who established a shipping business and store in Sydney.

On his death she took over the business, and by 1816 was a wealthy woman who owned houses, stores, and farms.

She was one of the first people to receive a grant of land at Hunter's Hill, and built both Reiby Cottage and Figtree House.

And wouldn't Mary be fighting mad if she could hear about the expressway?



● Fig Tree House, on the Lane Cove River, was built by the Joubert brothers. The tower house was specially built so that they could watch and keep time on the ferries they owned.

● One of the oldest Hunter's Hill residents, Mrs. C. S. King, of The Chalet, Hunter's Hill, puts a coin into an antique water ewer at St. Malo towards a fund to save the home.



• The driveway and entrance (above) to lovely St. Malo at Hunter's Hill. The white carved wood verandah columns were brought from Burdekin House in Macquarie Street, Sydney, when that fine building, which should have been preserved, was demolished 30 years ago.

• One of the large reception rooms at St. Malo (below), looking through double doors into what was the original dining-room. Beautiful marble fireplaces, built by imported Italian craftsmen, are a feature of these rooms. Pictures on this and the opposite page taken by Douglass Baglin.



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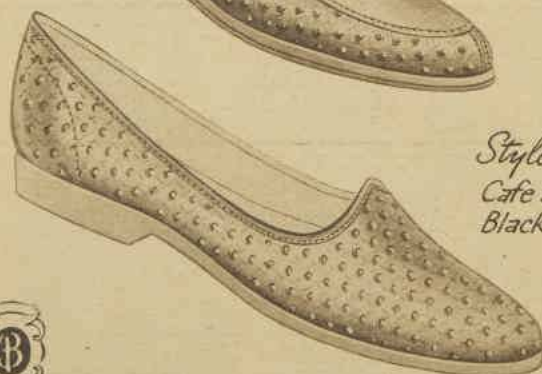
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FATHER



"George decided a father should really get to know his sons. It took him just an hour and a half."

MOTHER



"A shilling for mowing the lawn? Oh, no, I can make two pounds ten by picking up golf balls."

It seems to me

IF Fleet Street newspapers survive to report the end of the world I doubt whether they will give it more space than the Podola case.

If you read only the London news posters last week you would have thought there were two men in existence—Podola and Khrushchev—and you would register Podola first.

Guenther Podola is the 30-year-old photographer sentenced to hang for the murder of Detective-Sergeant Raymond Purdy last July 13. His counsel claimed he had lost his memory of all events before July 17, the day after his arrest. A jury took one day to find him guilty—but before that another jury took nine days to decide that he was fit to plead.

The reason the case caused such immense interest was the suggestion that Podola was beaten up by the police.

"You see, once upon a time, everyone—even Englishmen—believed the London police were wonderful," a B.B.C. young man told me when I met him at a gathering the other day. "Now people aren't so sure. Nobody knows for certain whether the police have changed or not."

"One theory advanced to explain the changing attitude of the public is the huge number of motorists. Twenty years ago traffic was light. The middle and upper classes seldom had any unpleasant contact with the police. Now the traffic is so jammed that these car-owning classes have more contact with police than they care for. They don't like it. And they consequently have stopped thinking Bobbies are wonderful."

Of course, people don't discuss Podola or even Khrushchev when you meet them. What they talk about is the wonderful summer.

And you will kindly forgive me for harping on the weather, because this is said to be the driest, sunniest summer since 1911.

I came to London carrying in my bag a pair of folding rain shoes, the first rain shoes I'd owned since I was at school. After a few days I put them away in a suitcase. They will be handy in Sydney.

The parks are brown, and the waiter at Simpson's, in the Strand, where they serve that celebrated roast beef from 150-year-old trolleys, said the beans at present were stringy, they weren't fit to cook, Madame. (Naturally, Simpson's have no beans on the menu.)

It was indeed beautiful weather, he added, but it was drying up all the vegetables. Only yesterday his wife had seen some early-sprouts at the greengrocer's, but really they were so poor they were not fit to buy.

"SHOP now and avoid the autumn rush," urge the stores, hopefully displaying their woollens. But the girls go on wearing their summer dresses and the streets look like Sydney in December.

By



Dorothy Drann
in London.

AMONG the masses of good advice I received before leaving home was to travel in London buses and on foot.

Taxis, I was told, were not only a waste of money but didn't provide such a good vantage point for staring.

The first time I tried a bus I was mystified when the conductor insisted that some people get off. By home standards the bus was half-full.

I was astonished to find that passengers are so pampered, that people may stand only at peak hours, and then only five of them.

However, London conductors are just like conductors anywhere—some are nice and some are nasty.

There was one who was not so much nasty as neurotic. "Whereja get on, love?" he asked.

"Last corner," I answered. "Nah you didn't," said the conductor. "Must've got on at Paddington. Nobody got on last corner."

"She got on at the last corner," said two St. Georges behind me, in menacing tones.

"All right, sixpence then," said the conductor, dropping half the change into my hand and rushing hysterically downstairs to shoo off a passenger. "Should've been fivepence," said one of my protectors.

At that point the conductor tore upstairs again and thrust two more sixpences in my hand. I didn't dare to protest. But I think I made a small profit.

IT was on a bus one night that I had my first glimpse of the ever-growing racial problem of Britain.

The feeling that flared into last year's Notting Hill riots is no mere matter of a few Teddy boys, as was said at the time.

Two West Indians, husband and wife, had just alighted with their baby. "I don't mind treating them with civility when they're wiv their own ryce [race]," the conductress was saying to an elderly woman. "But a white girl with a black man—that's wot I can't stand."

And one day with a friend I was looking in a shop window when a talkative Scotswoman began to chat to us.

Introducing the conversation by a remark about the goods in the window, she told us she was a cook in a restaurant, but was changing to a new job.

"I had a good job, but they had black people working there," she said. "I just can't stand the black people."

West Indians are sprinkled among the crowds everywhere now. They appear to excite no attention until you hear these occasional remarks. You have the feeling, even without visiting districts with big colored populations, that racial troubles could easily flare at any time.

I NEEDN'T have bothered to reduce my waistline for this trip. The corridors of this 900-bed hotel are so long that I get enough exercise walking to the lift to last me for the rest of my life.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST READING CLINIC

● About 280,000 of the 1,850,000 children in Australia between seven and 16 can't read efficiently and need some treatment.

YET in Australia, although remedial education centres exist, there is only one optometrical remedial reading clinic, and it can treat only 50 children a year and has a waiting list longer than your arm.

The clinic is the Reading Deficiency Clinic of the University of N.S.W., and the man in charge who described this extraordinary state of affairs is George Amigo, lecturer in optometry.

"Eye tests at school," he says, "depend mainly on the ability to read certain charts, but a child may be able to read these letters and still be seriously deficient in reading ability."

"The reading-deficient child can't keep up with his fellows and rapidly falls behind in his schoolwork."

"By the time we get him he is generally at least two grades lower in reading efficiency, and sometimes much more, than the class he's in."

"This is a tragedy, since most reading-deficient children are above average intelligence and many are extremely capable at algebra and numbers."

"From our experience there is an urgent need to test all children, before they enter the first class of a primary school, to decide whether they are ready to learn to read."

Psychological and optical problems, or a combination of these two, and possibly brain damage due to instrument-birth or disease, are the main reasons why so many school-children—about 15 per cent. in Australia—are handicapped in reading.

That 'dull' child may really be bright

Reading-deficients with brain damage can't be treated at the Clinic, but the others can, and with good results.

Children with perfect eyesight but some psychological problem—often traceable to a broken or unhappy home, forced righthandedness when they are naturally left, or being forced to read when they are not sufficiently mature—show all or some of the following characteristic symptoms when asked to read:

They become nervous, flushed, blink a lot, misread, mispronounce, hesitate, go back, and finally stop, confused, and can't go on.

70 per cent. boys

Children whose reading is poor because of optical problems may need glasses or corrective treatment, including surgery.

Many children are long-sighted, a condition that can't be detected by testing with letter charts, or they have wrong muscular balance and have to strain to see correctly.

Parents, worried about the "slowness" or "backwardness" of their children, bring in nearly half the patients treated at the Clinic. Doctors, optometrists, schools, and hospitals (mainly the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children) refer the other half.

Seventy per cent. of patients are boys, though nobody knows why this percentage is so high.

Every child admitted to the Clinic—and inevitably, because of the waiting list, after long delays—is first given a complete optometrical test and then a silent reading test on an ophthalmograph.

This is a telescopic movie

camera which photographs the movements of the eyes and clearly records the abnormalities in the patient's reading pattern.

It shows reading speed, span of recognition, number of fixations, number of regressions or backward movements of the eyes, line overshooting, the balance of the eyes, the blinking rate, and other things.

When you read this line of print your eyes don't sweep along it in a continuous motion. They move in short jerks, and the stationary periods after each jerk, about one-fifth of a second, are called fixation periods.

The average adult reader uses 70 to 80 fixations every 100 words, so that what is called his span of recognition is about 14 words of average length.

The normal reading speed of the average adult, who "hears" the words he reads, is about 200 words a minute for more difficult reading, like history, and about 350 words for a light novel.

With training, including quicker movements between fixations and a longer span of recognition, it's possible to reach 500 to 600 words a minute.

"Sound barrier"

To read faster you must break through the "sound barrier." You must read without hearing the words. If you can train yourself to do this you can reach up to 1400 words a minute or 84,000 words an hour.

After the patient has also been tested by the Vocational

Guidance Office of the Technical Education Department it is then possible, on all information available, to work out his reading grade.

This grade is often years below his true reading and comprehending age, which shows what insuperable problems the child has been facing in his schoolwork.

Treatment, by senior undergraduates in optometry, is designed to correct the patient's reading deficiencies and to bring him in reading speed (and comprehension) to the lowest community average of about 200 words a minute.

Treatment varies widely, depending on the patient's particular handicap. Specially prepared cards develop correct eye movements; a tachistoscope (rapid seeing), with numbers, letters, and words controlled by a shutter, develops speed of perception and increased span of recognition; the use of toy typewriters, printing sets, letter and word games, and special juvenile readers help increase vocabulary.

Children attend the Clinic for one hour a week and, with the help of parents and school-teachers, treatment generally lasts one year.

With 65 to 70 per cent. of patients treatment is successful, and with 10 per cent. partly successful, but 15 to 20 per cent. fail.

"The Clinic is not a school, not an educational centre," Mr. Amigo said, "but a place where children get specialised individual attention and where they can learn to master their defects if they want to."

"But with our limited facilities we're only scratching the surface of a major problem."



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● These boys at the reading clinic are playing a word game which teaches them to build up sentences and to increase their span of recognition and vocabulary. With them are George Amigo (right), lecturer in optometry, who is in charge of the Clinic, and Ian Gorfin, a final-year student in optometry.



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SOCIAL JOTTINGS



VIVID-GREEN wool suit and white hat was chosen by Mrs. F. Higgison, of O'Connor, who went with her husband to the naval wireless station H.M.A.S. Harman, Canberra, to see Princess Alexandra.



WAITING TO GREET Princess Alexandra at H.M.A.S. Harman, Canberra, are, from left, Captain Michael Tufnell, the R.N. liaison officer in Australia; Aurea Gillett, Meriel Tufnell, Susan Hicks, and her father, Lt.-Commander S. W. Hicks, the N.Z. liaison officer in Australia.



NATIONAL SECRETARY of the R.S.L., Mr. K. V. Newman, and Mrs. Newman went from Canberra to Melbourne for the R.S.L. Ball at St. Kilda, which was attended by Princess Alexandra. Mrs. Newman wore an enchanting gown of white organdie woven with fondant-pink spots.

TWO welcome-home parties in my diary for October — the first on October 9 for Judy Smithers, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Smithers, of Vaucluse, the second, late in the month, for Diana Armstrong, only daughter of Mrs. A. Mainwaring, of Pymble.

Judy, due home on September 30, is coming from England and the Continent via the States, where she spent a week in Los Angeles with her brother Tony.

Diana had a second trip to Paris before leaving for home. She is due back on October 16. Her party will be about a week later. Diana's London flat-mate, Anne Ramsey, of Point Piper, is also coming home soon via Canada.

SYDNEY Hospital Younger Set is having a cocktail and caviare party in the hospital boardroom on October 16 in aid of the Research Fund.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Marie Johnston, of Queanbeyan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, of Cobarr, to Francis Wright, of Queanbeyan, formerly of Forbes and Peak Hill, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wright, of Girraween.

MANY Sydney friends and relatives motored up to Dubbo recently for the engagement party for Joan Cowlshaw and Graeme Robinson, given by Joan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cowlshaw, at "Raymond Hill." Graeme is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Robinson, of Pymble.

LOVELY classical gown of heavy French corded satin was chosen by Adrienne Averill for her marriage to David Cook at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Adrienne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Rochford Averill, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, is a cousin of the late Archbishop Averill, Primate of New Zealand for many years. David is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Cook, of North Sydney. Mrs. Robin Stovell-Owen came over from New Zealand specially to be matron of honor.

I LIKED the two beautifully carved jade keeper-rings which Mrs. Chen Chih-mai, wife of the new Chinese Ambassador, wears on either side of her diamond wedding ring.

BOWS and arrows, tomahawks, and tepees will decorate the Castlecrag Community Centre on October 16 for the Indian Pow-wow dance being arranged by the River-view Younger Set. President Gai McEvoy rang to tell me to wear my moccasins and a feather in my hair, as all the committee, including Juanita Zalapa, Maureen Clark, Michael Hammond, John Raper, and Bill Maher, will be in Indian dress.

Anne



RECEPTION at the Town Hall in honor of Earl and Countess De la Warr (couple, centre), who are visiting Sydney. They are pictured with the Lord Mayor, Alderman H. F. Jensen, and Mrs. Jensen. Earl De la Warr is chairman of the Royal Commonwealth Society.

LEFT: Ballerina Peggy Sager, with her husband, Kenneth Taylor, leaving Wesley Church, Melbourne, after their wedding. The bride, who wore a short frock of pink chantilly lace, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sager, of Auckland, and the groom is the son of Mr. J. V. Taylor, of Kew, and the late Mrs. Taylor.



FAMILY DINNER PARTY was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gergens in Young to celebrate the engagement of their daughter Hedy and John Barton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. (Toby) Barton, of Young. Hedy and John are planning to be married next year.

FROM PARIS — THE 'PETITE TETE'



RESTORATION of the feminine waistline has inspired Paris hairstylists to create a "Petite Tete" — a new-again hair-line for day and evening. It's the small-head look, in which the hair is kept fairly short and either dressed close to the head in soft, natural waves, or left uncurled and moulded to follow its shape. Some hair-dos by the Syndicat De La Haute Coiffure Parisienne, based on the new silhouette, are shown here. Styles are simple for day-time with the hair cut short and left uncurled at the nape of the neck. At night, hair sometimes rises like a soufflé at the crown, and has earloops, or gay little bits of hair flicked forward on the cheeks and brow, or it goes wide at the sides with a wing-like sweep of hair that is separately attached. The natural trend in Paris this season is reflected also in soft colorings, with light brown, ash-blond, and a range of pretty pink shades tops in favor.

• Party-pretty hair-do with curled bangs follows the small head line that is the newest of them all. Choose it if you have springy hair, and are young and lovely.



• For evening, Paris suggests a blond switch for a brunette, a dark switch for a blonde. The switch is held in place by a jewelled ornament.



• Burnished red hair is styled with folded crown effect and the sides brought forward to cover the ears and touch the temples.



• "Petite Tete" in an uncurled hair-style that is moulded to the shape of the head, has eyeliner bangs and demure side curls.



• Golden casque, with high crown effect, combines wide loose waves with shaped ends that tuck neat as a pin into the nape and curve forward at eye level on both cheeks.



• Small head again—this time in the soft new styling and graceful lines of a waved pompadour, with fashionable sideboards and a flurry of strip bangs across the forehead.



• Wide, smooth waves with an intricate bang effect for a head-hugging coif which sweeps over the ears and tucks under at the ends. Adaptable to hair that is slightly longer.



What every young bachelor should know

Mr. T. Hooper of Camberwell, writes:

Dear Sirs.
Most bachelors are eternally in a hurry and the job of preparing meals gets plain tedious. That's why I think they'll all welcome your new Lipton Tea Bags. It's just a matter of popping one into a cup, pouring on boiling water and - hey presto! Here's the most delicious golden-leaf cup of tea I've tasted. There's three things less to wash (teapot, strainer and spoon) and no problem in getting rid of tea leaves.

MRS. N. CASTLE of EAST KEW writes:

Having made friends with Lipton Tea Bags in Canada, where everyone prefers them, I am delighted to find them here, especially as we're in an upstairs flat, with tea leaf disposal a problem. Another big advantage: my son can now make me a Sunday morning "cuppa" without spilling tea all over the kitchen.

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Long and short of it

SOMETIMES I wonder whether dress-designers and manufacturers know that there are other women in the world besides tall, svelte mannequins. This year they say "the lady is long," but as I am only 5ft., nothing will ever make me "long." I take an S.W. size, but, in this fitting, clothes are made for women who are 5ft. 3in. and more. Consequently, I find it frustrating and disheartening trying to buy clothes. Shop assistants seem to consider that anyone as short as I has no right to exist. I am sure there are many women in the same predicament, so why can't they make clothes to fit the shorter person?

£1/1/- to Miss I. J. Joy, Grange, S.A.

Snakes alive!

NO wonder overseas people have a wrong idea of Australia. A friend in Scotland has just sent me an item from a newspaper stating, "Princess Alexandra took a stroll through snake-infested Government House, Canberra."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Rosalind Storey, Mosman, N.S.W.

Privacy, please

I CONSIDER it is most improper for professional and business people to send unsealed letters for the sake of saving one halfpenny postage. It can be embarrassing to find business letters, which may have been read by others, under one's door.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Flora Saxton, Neutral Bay, Sydney.

For whom no Bell tolls

A MAN of genius like Alexander Graham Bell did not intend, I am sure, that a particular income group only should benefit from his great invention. Why are telephone rental charges outrageous in this country? The present rates make the telephone a luxury for average people who also have budgets to consider.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Massie, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

Australian-made for Princess?

OUR recent Royal visitor, Princess Alexandra, did away with much of the pomp and ceremony connected with Royal tours, but in photographs one always saw the inevitable long, dark automobile which seems to convey important members of society on their various journeys. Surely the young Princess would have preferred to travel in a truly Australian car? It may not have been as comfortable or impressive as the overseas makes, but would have shown her some of Australia's workmanship.

£1/1/- to "Jaym" (name supplied), Tamworth, N.S.W.

Philosophical

AGREEING with Mrs. E. Hamilton (9/9/59), whose son is called Peter, and complains because so are half the dogs in the district, my husband and I name our cats after characters in plays, and also noted authors, such as Sheridan and Omar Khayyam. Should we get a dog we will probably call him after a philosopher. No one, I'm sure, would call a son Plato.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Margaret Baxter, Applecross, W.A.

One-sided service

MAY I support Mr. N. McDonald's attack on self-service stores (9/9/59). I have yet to see them providing one real advantage to the public. There is certainly no waiting to be served, but instead it's a struggle through a crowd of women wheeling cumbersome baskets, and though you can see what you buy you have first to penetrate the crowd round the spot where the goods are situated. And how surprising it is the number of women who struggle through the store with toddlers in tow. Then, finally, there is the weary wait at the cashier's desk. Let's face it. The advantages of self-service are all on the owner's side.

£1/1/- to K. J. Klemm, Passmore, Qld.

Boatmen's ballads

VISITING the Hume Weir recently, we were entranced by the scene and the melodious voices of a boatload of New Australians, as they rowed across the lake, singing songs from their native land. We watched and listened until the voices died away when the boat disappeared from sight. Those carefree people will never know what joy their happy singing gave to others.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Moss, Benalla, Vic.

Let it pour

THERE are often newspaper reports of babies drowning in their baths while playing in them to cool off during hot spells. My young son has been having a shower after a nightly bath from the age of ten months, and he loves it. This summer he will be able to play for long periods in the bath under a tepid shower with no fear of drowning to worry me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan McArthur, Reservoir N.19, Vic.

Likes self-help

SELF-SERVICE stores have a lot to recommend them, Mr. McDonald (9/9/59). (He complains that women overspend their budget in them, and champions the grocer behind the counter.) One can take one's time and browse round, or choose quickly and leave. No time is wasted between the customer and the grocer in idle chatter. Regarding "extra articles," I think the self-service stores carry few luxury goods, and the prices are always clearly marked. One is not embarrassed by having to inquire the cost of items.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Davies, Toowong, Brisbane.

Matter of memory

ALTHOUGH I have had every issue of The Australian Women's Weekly since the first number, I have never read a more extraordinary letter than that of Mrs. C. Preston (16/9/59), who notes the number of the vehicle and approximate time of travel when using public transport, so that she is able easily to recover a left-behind "parasol." If she is going to exercise her mind to this extent, surely she could concentrate instead on remembering to pick up her belongings.

£1/1/- to "Merc Male" (name supplied), Prahran, Vic.

Can't rue the 'roo

AFTER reading Miss E. M. Martin's letter (9/9/59), I asked my husband about the lack of fresh kangaroo meat in shops. He said it was because it could not be got to the freezer or meatworks in the required time after killing. Unlike cattle, you can't drive 'roos to a railway siding for trucking, to sell them on the hoof.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Pauline Woodside, Guluguba, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE matching clothes idea is spreading, and I am not overjoyed.

It used to be limited to twins. There is something to be said, perhaps, for dressing small twins in identical clothes.

They provide a subject for conversation ("How does their mother tell them apart?").

But it doesn't pay twins to keep the game up for long.

Look at the Dapple girls, Rhonda and Wanda. They still wear matching clothes at 25 and it definitely hampers their romantic life. They are not moving off the shelves.

A man in a song used to say: "I wish that you were twins, you great big babykins." But in reality men shy away from sets of two, except for double-header ice-creams.

Matching mother-and-daughter clothes are another thing.

They are flattering to Mummy because they suggest that she is really a little cutie-pie. The trick

HIS AND HERS

may work when Mummy is very young, but after that — no.

I'm thinking of Mrs. Dingwattle, a plump matron who wore matching red playsuits with her daughter Roxane (14) last summer. Mrs. D. has given up the idea now that Roxane prefers black stockings and white lipstick.

The latest move is matching girl-friend-boy-friend wear. The fashion people say couples will soon frolic in identical, gaily patterned shirts and slacks.

It is meant to show the world that they are twin souls.

But if I were in the boy-friend class the idea would not appeal to me.

What men like about girls is that they are different from men. Why dress them up to look the same?

Great lovers of the past did not think it necessary. I have never heard that Antony and Cleopatra or Robert

Browning and Elizabeth Barrett wore matching boy-friend-girl-friend outfits.

There is a risk, too, when couples get into these love-uniforms.

Say Gloria Hugworth and Des Rockwell, at the beginning of summer, invest in identical Presley-purple rompers.

All goes well for a month, till they have a row as to who broke the transistor radio.

Gloria teams up next week with Merv Platter, who has a new set of emerald-green beachwear.

The color clash informs the whole district that there has been a bust-up.

Should Gloria scrap her purple togs and get a green outfit to match Merv? But she is broke, paying for her new record-player.

In the end Merv buys Des' purple playclothes from him for half price; but he is very embarrassed.

Human situations like this show the snag in matching girl-friend-boy-friend wear: love can wear out before clothes wear out.

Never Speak to a Stranger

A complete short story

By JAMES WELLARD

ILLUSTRATED BY BATTEN

ROBERT and Virginia Ward drove into Rome every morning from their villa just outside the city walls. Their route took them past the Catacombs, the Quo Vadis church, the Colosseum, and the Forum to the Piazza Venezia—a very pleasant journey, marked every few hundred yards by a historic ruin which they now regarded with the proprietary indifference of regular Romans.

They had long since ceased to exclaim over the Arch of Titus or Mussolini's Balcony, and actually looked forward far more to seeing the policeman who directed ten lanes of traffic at the intersection of the Piazza Venezia and the Via del Corso. To many Romans (as the Wards now considered themselves) this policeman was as much a monument of the city as the dome of St. Peter's.

He was a handsome man in the south Italian style, with the neat figure of a ballet dancer. Clad in spotless white from his pith helmet down to his shoes, he stood on a small raised platform like a conductor's podium, from which he directed the immense orchestra of the Roman traffic.

His calculations, timing, posture, pirouettes, gestures, signals, and directions were incomparably skilful. He was, in fact, one of the sights of Rome, and everybody agreed that he was a real virtuoso.

But that was not all. That was not even unusual for an Italian policeman. The truly remarkable characteristic of the man was that in addition to speeding thousands of cars, buses, motor-scooters, and pedestrians along the intricate channels of the city's busiest intersection with skill and grace, he simultaneously conducted a tremendous flirtation with every pretty woman who passed under his surveillance.

When the Wards first noticed this extraordinary spectacle—Robert Ward several days after his wife—they

agreed that the policeman's non-stop performance was the most memorable experience of their morning and evening ride into and out of the city, and they looked forward to seeing it with a kind of delighted incredulity.

Soon they had only to see the maestro (as they called him) throwing his arms wide in a dramatic gesture of stopping eight lanes of traffic and letting two go through, while simultaneously transmitting a whole love sonnet in a single beam of his fine eyes, to go on their way chuckling with inner mirth, with a new feeling of warmth towards each other and their fellow-men, with a new and gayer attitude towards life.

Robert Ward felt particularly conscious of the policeman's performance because Virginia, his wife, was always the recipient of one of the policeman's swift, sure, amatory messages. The message had to be swift, because there was probably another pretty woman in

To page 26

Virginia smiled and waved to the handsome Italian policeman as he directed the traffic.



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Where's the WETTEX!

The family pet created quite a sensation . . . a short story.

By ERNEST A. WICKES

OF course I am a crazy, mixed-up kid, to quote Dad. You would be, too, if your mother kept saying you knew more than was good for you and your sister insisted you still had a lot to learn and she did not mean arithmetic. But I know something that Marge (that's my sister) doesn't know, and that is what it feels like to have a nice big bomb ready to drop.

It is a nice warm feeling like a kitten must have just before it decides to upset a bucket of cream. Like the kitten, I am tempted to hurry up and get it over, and then again I want to savor all the fun of anticipation.

It is lovely out here on the verandah with only the hurricane lamp to give light. I can hear a murmur of voices as Marge and Henry make plans for their wedding. Through the kitchen window I can see the silver cups glinting on the mantelpiece and I know Mum will be looking at bridal fashions and that Dad will be reading about gardening.

My little sister, Susie, will be waiting in our room for me to whisper all is well before she dutifully goes off to sleep. Well, all isn't well and it's all on account of Pud.

Pud came from Mrs. Hyphen-Smith's, who is what Dad calls one of the "noobs." Mrs. Smith is viewed differently by the various members of our family. Because she is the mother of Oswald Hyphen-Smith, Marge is a bit mixed in her feelings. Mum is inclined to envy her and Dad detests her. To Susie, however, she is a sort of fairy who possesses all sorts of wonderful things in her house.

One day Mrs. Hyphen-Smith invited Susie to come in and see her little kittens, and Susie loved them so much that Mrs. Hyphen-Smith gave her one. Dad says it was probably preferable to providing board and lodging for Susie in the cathouse.

"Not another mouth to feed! Take it straight back," shouted Mum when she saw Susie coming in the gate with a pale grey kitten.

Susie put on one of her tantrums and Dad came out to see what all the trouble was about. After carefully inspecting it, he decided Susie could keep it.

"That's one of the old dame's pedigree Siamese and worth a packet. Anyway, I'd rather have one of her kittens hanging round than her worthless Oswald."

It was just as well Marge was not around to hear, because she thought Oswald and his little red sports car were the cat's whiskers. Dad considered, however, that if Mrs. Hyphen-Smith thought her son too good for Marge, he, on his part, would not consider Oswald or his car good enough for one of his daughters.

So Pud came to stay and stray just as it suited her. Soon she had taken possession of the house and Mum had forgotten her aversion to having animals tracking mud and leaving fur all over the place.

When Pud wasn't being dragged around by Susie or asleep on Mum's lap she would hide out in the shed or superintend Dad when he worked on his orchids. Dad liked to boast Pud could walk around the pots without disturbing a flower, and we would grin because Dad has the kind of orchids that never do grow flowers.

Our home is not very big, and Mum likes to keep it clean and tidy, which is difficult with Dad and us living in it. So if we leave any of our cherished possessions lying around, we have to take a chance on them being dumped down in the shed.

The shed is a lovely place to us but a horror to Mum. She says she can't bear to look inside it, and I imagine she closes her eyes when she throws our things in. Dad does his experimenting in it and we use it for storage, and I think Pud likes it because it smells of mice and fertiliser.

We were a happy, easy-going family until Aunt Flo's "interesting condition." We were all busy in the kitchen when Mum broached the subject.

"Aunt Flo," said Mum, and waited a second. "Aunt Flo wants to borrow the old cot." Seeing Dad had not heard her,



she raised her voice a bit higher. "I said, dear, that Auntie Florence has asked if she can borrow Susan's cot."

Dad shook his head as though a fly was worrying him and mumbled, "How interesting; so she wants a burrow."

Auntie Flo is Mum's sister, and she did not like the implication behind Dad's fumbled "burrow." "She's not a rabbit," she muttered, losing her patience and reaching across and snatching Dad's book away.

Dad did not seem aware of what she had done, for he stood up and took a small package out of his pocket and walked to the sink. From the package he took two small phials and held them up to the light. Apparently satisfied, he opened the cupboard and took out Mum's measuring-glass.

"What's all that claptrap and what do you think you are doing with my measure?" demanded Mum as she watched Dad messing around.

"It's a scientific experiment with Gibberillic acid, dear," answered Dad.

"What! What's that? What's it for?" Mum was suspicious. "It's to make plant atoms grow," replied Dad.

Mum seemed worried. Dad usually did his evil-smelling experiments down in the shed. "Gibber Gabber atoms," muttered Mum. "Gibber Gabber! Why, that's the paper Auntie Flo gets from Uncle George when he's up at the rocket range."

"Yes, Mum," Dad replied abstractedly. "OUT!" squealed Mum. "OUT! If you are going to start making atom bombs you will do it down in the shed, where it is safe."

Not understanding what all the fuss was about, Dad dutifully took the Gibberillic down to the shed.

Mum discreetly waited until Dad had gone to work the next morning before she ventured to get the cot. With muttered threats that she ought to burn the lot, she threw our treasures aside, at the same time bewailing that she would never get the cot in a sufficiently clean condition for Auntie Flo.

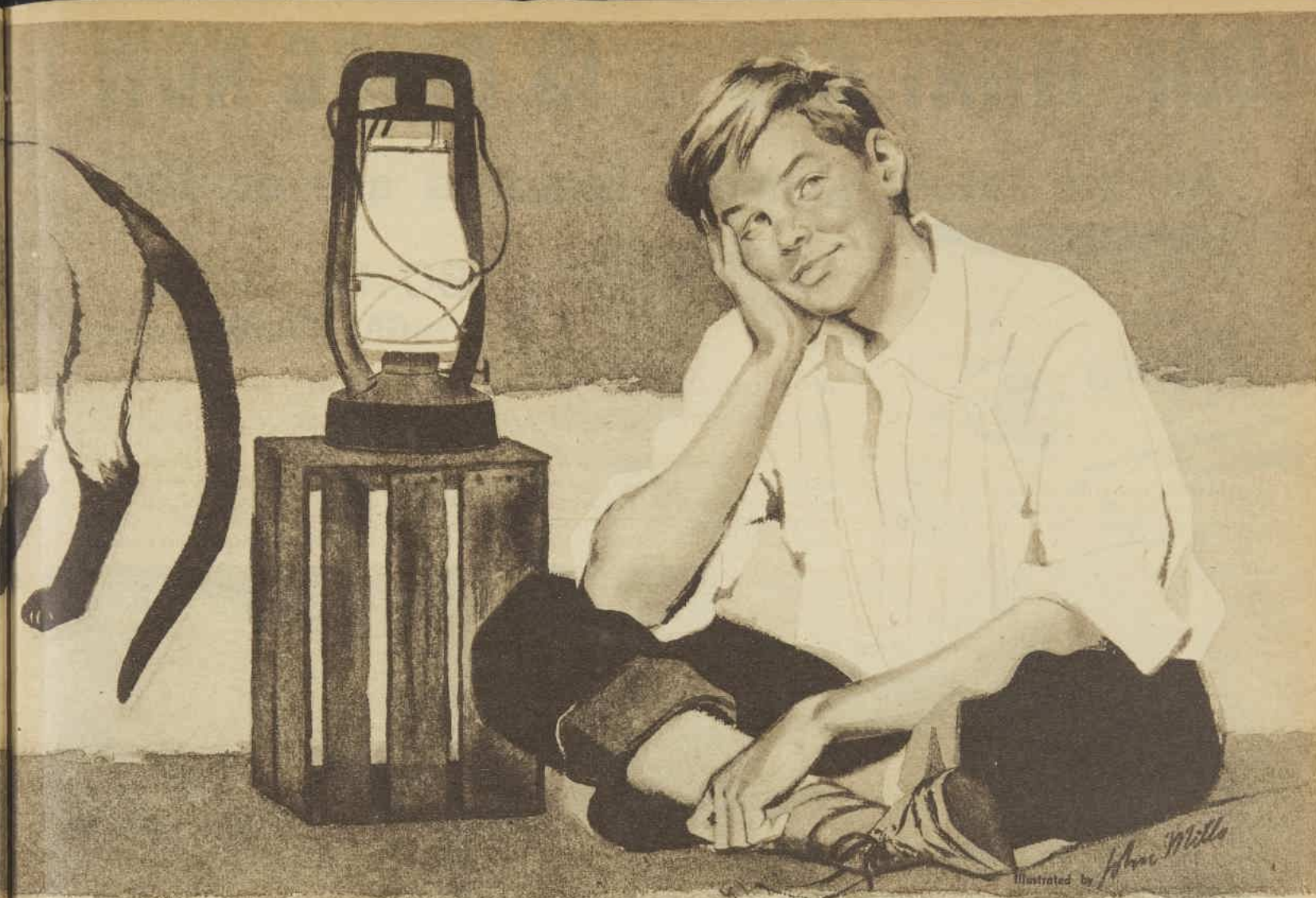
Dad had been using the cot as a bench to do experimenting on, and the cot held a bowl of bran mash as ground bait and some salted sardines for his Saturday fishing trip. Also there was a collection of various mixtures and packets of fertilisers, including his new wonder Gibberillic acid.

Mum could see she had no time to waste, so she put the bowl on the floor and put all the rest on top. Then she dragged the cot outside to repaint it.

Pud must have been watching from the rafters, and, being inquisitive, came down and investigated the mixture in the bowl. It must have been to her liking, for she gobbled it all up.

When Dad came home, he went straight down to the shed and then came rushing out. Perhaps he thought his secret barrel of home brew had blown up, but when he saw the newly painted cot he realised he had better be discreet.

"When you were cleaning up in the shed, dear, did you see my Gibberillic acid?" he asked Mum.



The hurricane lamp shed a weird light on the verandah where the boy sat dreaming of Pud.

Mum was getting the tea ready, and it took her a moment to register what Dad was talking about. Apparently a little conscience-stricken, she inquired, "Is it very expensive, dear?" "Oh, yes," said Dad. "It costs thousands of pounds an ounce."

Mum dropped the teapot. "What! Where did you get that sort of money?"

"Oh, I only had about thirty bobs' worth—just a couple of grains," said Dad.

Mum relaxed and consoled herself with the statement, "I think I saw Pud eating it."

"Oh, dear, I hope it didn't hurt her. Where is she?" exclaimed Dad.

Nobody had seen Pud around, and Susie raced all of us to the shed, where we found Pud near the ground-bait bowl with her stomach distended and her feet in the air.

"I'll drive her straight to the vet," declared Dad, and Susie and I went with him to hold Pud, who was making gurgling noises.

The vet's was crowded with people and animals and smelt a bit like the zoo. As we entered, a door marked "Surgery" opened and a woman in a white uniform came out and shouted, "Any more sick cats?" Dad did not wait, but handed Pud to her, ignoring a fat lady who claimed it was her turn.

"That's a pretty titty-looking cat," said the vet, grabbing Pud by the tail and inserting a thermometer into her mouth while her assistant handed her a big hypodermic syringe.

"What are you giving her," asked Dad, who thinks he is an expert since he had a few injections when he had pneumonia.

"Just an antibiotic," answered the vet as she jabbed the needle into Pud.

"Oh, I've had plenty of them," volunteered Dad.

"What? Did you have the cat's disease?" asked the vet.

"No, and neither has Pud," shouted Dad. "I had the dog's disease."

There might have been an argument only that Pud decided she had had enough indignity imposed upon her. Seeing an Alsatian who was recovering from an anaesthetic on the next table, she sprang upon him and sank her claws in his rump. The Alsatian recovered and fled through the door with Pud still clinging to him, and we chased after them.

It wasn't till we were nearly home that Dad remembered he had neither paid the vet nor left his name or address. "Serves her right for insulting Pud and me," said Dad.

That was the first time I ever knew of anything dishonest about Dad, and I had a feeling that things might never be the same again.

Pud had raced us home and was looking as chipper as

ever, and, whether it was the injection or the fight with the dog, it was evident she felt all right again.

It was not until next morning that we discovered how powerful these new chemicals are and what they had done to Pud. We were all tired out after the excitement and slept in a bit, except Pud, who was feeling hungry and getting impatient at being left outside so long. Hooking her claws around the edge of the wire door, she gave it a tentative pull and succeeded in splintering it into matchwood.

Dad was the first to discover what had happened, but he didn't know it at the time. He had just awakened with the crashing of the door when about five stone of friendly cat landed on him. He was shouting, "Earthquake—earthquake!" and woke Mum up.

She thought he was having a nightmare and gave him a shove to wake him up. When her fist sank into two inches of fur and she saw a paw as big as a tiger's near her face, she decided she was the one who was having the nightmare, and buried her head beneath the pillow.

But Pud was revelling in her new size and sense of importance. Purring like a tractor, she went romping around the house to see all of us. Her appetite was prodigious, and we went hungry ourselves as we fed her the contents of the refrigerator.

Pud seemed friendly enough, but Mum was a bit nervous and insisted Dad do something about it. Dad and I went to the police station, and when Dad told his story the fool policemen laughed their heads off. When he insisted it was true, they changed their tune and told him a joke was a joke, but it would be better if he went home and slept it off before they locked him up.

After I had finished giving them a bit of my mind, they let Dad ring the zoo. The zoo, however, was willing to accept wild animals, but weren't interested in overgrown domestic pets.

When we got back to our street, a crowd of excited people had gathered, including the mayor. Seeing Dad, they besieged him, demanding to know what he was going to do and shouting various versions of Pud's exploits. Apparently Pud had been enjoying herself.

There was a little fox terrier who delighted in barking at Pud and chasing her at every chance and making Pud's life a misery. On this occasion Dad had forgotten to shut the gate, and the little foxie had seized the opportunity to come rushing in looking for Pud.

Finding her, it had skidded to a terrified stop and departed squealing up the street. This had proved too much for Pud, who had gone bounding over the fence in pursuit. Our fence was not built to take a six-stone cat and came crashing to the ground with a noise that brought all the neighbors to their doors. Seeing Pud, they wisely stayed behind them.

From this apparent safety they had rung the authorities. Fortunately for their peace of mind they did not know about our back door. The mayor was all for shooting Pud, but Dad wouldn't agree. Pud, he said, was a very valuable cat, and if anyone hurt her he would sue them for thousands.

The crowd were giving Dad a pretty rough time, and then there was a cry and they started running and all disappeared. Apparently Pud had seen Dad and decided to come and meet us.

When they saw nearly seven stone of Siamese cat bounding up the street, they apparently thought discretion was better than valor. We were glad they saw that Pud was a friend.

"Come along, Pud," said Dad, and Pud padded along at our heels. She was a curious cat and always ready to follow Dad because she knew that with Dad anything could happen and she did not want to miss it if it did.

Dad did a lot of thinking and decided the answer was to go away on a holiday. It was a long time since we had had one. Mum was pleased with the idea and glad to escape from all the gossip that Pud had caused. Marge was crying but glad to go. She knew that now we were notorious it was certain that Mrs. Hyphen-Smith would see it was finished as far as Oswald was concerned.

Dad made Pud a lead out of some old harness and swapped the car for an old truck. Mum packed the caravan to the doors. Pud knew that a lead meant a trip and was as excited as could be. You could see she was dreaming of rabbits, and we couldn't tell her that they would look like mice to her.

Susie and I rode on the back with Pud when we left, and a lot of the neighbors came to their front gates to wave goodbye. I think they really liked Pud and had got over their fright, although they were still cautious.

All went well until we came to the Town Hall and saw the crowd waiting there. "Oh," wailed Mother, "it's the cat show and we were going to exhibit Pud."

"Why not?" asked Dad. "She's the biggest and best cat they will ever see. Where else can she go if not to a cat show?"

Apparently the news about Pud had spread, and when the crowd saw Dad stop and come to get Pud's lead they fled in all directions. Some mothers grabbed their children, but most rushed inside for their cats.

By the time we had eight stone of Pud inside the hall there wasn't a person or cat to be seen. Pud likes cat shows, but she seemed puzzled by all the empty cages or perhaps it was

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Magic Places

Illustrated by Kick

A short story complete on this page

By MARY JANE WALDO

THEY came to the seacoast in the middle of the night, when the salt air and the rhythmic surge of the surf are the proofs the sea offers. But later, with the excited children quiet at last, alone in the strange freedom of a bed to herself, Elaine dreamed of the tide pools she had seen here seven years before.

It was not a dream so much as re-creation, for how could a dream improve on the tide pools? Of such things are dreams made. Of such people as Elaine and Walter, honeymoon bewitched, standing young and new and full of wonder, staring down half-unbelieving through the clear, warm, limpid waters at the beauty beneath.

There had been sea anemones, palest orange and peach, delicate rose and lavender and silver-white, raising their living flower-fronts, swaying in the green water. Tiny coral crabs scuttled at the pool's edge; starfish lovely as a baby's hands clung to the scrubbed agate rocks.

"A small economy-sized ocean—"
"A portable sea for backyard installations—"
They had spoken at the same time, expressing the same thought, as they so often had in those first weeks. They'd turned and smiled at each other in slow delight. They had not even needed to clasp hands to be one person.

She woke full of the mystery, the communion they had shared in that time, and could scarcely believe the empty pillow beside her. A bitter taste of disappointment filled her mouth. Walter was not here; and even had he been here, he was not that Walter any more.

She heard the children's clamorous cries and swung her long legs over the side of the bed. Duty and habit were still here.

When one went on a second honeymoon, one wanted one's husband. This seemed simple enough—except to Walt, who could not "get away right now," but who would be perfectly able to escape the office when the hunting season came up.

"I love these two-layer beds," Gretchen announced. "But tonight Craig has to sleep in the bottom layer, and think about me falling on him."

"Nobody is falling on anybody," said Elaine. "Get dressed now, and I'll bring the groceries from the car." She opened the cabin door and the seacoast swarmed in, the light and smell and bold sun, the insistent murmur-and-splash, the joyful color and loud birdcry. But this, she knew, was only the prelude. Down by the rocks the tide pools lay waiting—the real, secret, private ocean.

They started out as soon as the dishes were washed. Elaine remembered certain landmarks: the salty-white old church, Marigold Street. But at the end of Marigold Street she stopped confused. Surely memory can be trusted for a mere seven years? Marigold Street no longer ended with a beach entry; instead, a new apartment house blocked the view.

They went back to the main street and followed signs like any tourists finding themselves at last at the edge of the water. The children threw themselves into the ocean like fish overcome by the alien air.

"The tide pools," she reminded them, but they would not leave the water. She would have to wait.

Everything looked so different from the way she remembered. She could not see the high rocks at all. There was an illusion of looking down on to the town, instead of up. Only the breakers in their lovely rise and fall remained the same.

In a little while, Elaine reminded herself, I will find the magic places.

She brought out the suntan lotion, the dark glasses, the book, smiling at the packing one must do even for trips to Paradise. But she could not read the book for thinking of Walter—the other, young Walter—and the enchanted, long-ago time. It was all sun, that memory, sun and tide pools, and blue mists rising; and they had invented love and constancy and unbearable excitement.

Where had it gone? What stealthy force had replaced it with oatmeal and timetables? No, that was unfair; there was merriment in place of joy, tenderness instead of excitement.

When the children were saturated they gave their grudging consent; the three trudged up the beach in search of the tide pools. They walked a long way and found nothing—no rocks, no hidden loveliness, only the white, endless beach and the sea.

"It's so silly," said Elaine. "All those big rocks. They couldn't just vanish."

She put out a hand to an old man who was passing by. "Excuse me. Do you live here?"

"There's them who call me a upstart," he said gravely. "I only been here sixty years. Come here when I was six."

"What happened to the tide pools?" she asked. "When



As Elaine looked down at the beach, it all seemed so different from the way she had remembered it. Only the sea remained the same.

I was here on my honeymoon seven years ago there were dozens of them."

"Sure there were," he agreed. "Big tourist attraction. But a year or two later, big storms came, winter storms, covered all the rocks up with sand. Shoreline changes all the time, missus. That's the best part of it."

At this casual dismissal of the rare, the beautiful, shock and grief made Elaine's voice tremble. "I thought they were the—the soul of this place."

The old man shrugged. "All the way you look at it, I guess. Now me, I always thought they was trimmings. Pretty, but just trimmings. What's real—what you can count on—well, that's the sea, missus." He made a great sweeping gesture that embraced the sun-drowned horizon, the breakers, the depths of the great waters. "That's the sea, missus," he repeated, and went on his way.

In the quiet evening as they ate their supper there was a call from Walt, and Elaine found herself running on the way to the manager's cottage to answer it.

"You all right?" came his familiar, steady voice. "Thought you'd call when you got in."

"I meant to," said Elaine. "But I spent a whole day looking for the tide pools, and Walt—Walt, they're gone."

"Sure they are," he replied. "Some big storm, lasted most of one winter, changed the coastline completely."

"You didn't tell me!" she cried.

"Why should I tell you a thing like that?" he asked. "You loved them so."

"Walt," said Elaine. "Do you think there's any chance you could come down for the weekend? We could have two days together here at least."

"Do you want me that much?" he marvelled.

She heard his honest surprise and was almost embarrassed at the urgency of her response. "Even if there aren't any tide pools, the ocean's still here," said Elaine. "And I need you."

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THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

First instalment of our romantic serial

By JOYCE DINGWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

A BITING wind pierced in from the Australian Alps as Prudence opened the long glass doors of the country hotel and stepped out on the wide balcony.

It blew from the south, and in its sharp sting came the local keenness and personal pinch of Mount Kosciusko.

The inn proprietor had told her this last night as Prudence had signed the register and hoped audibly that there would be a sufficiency of blankets and hot-water bottles.

"Sydney's weather was lovely," Prudence had said ruefully.

"Coora can be lovely," explained the proprietor as he watched Prue rub her fingers together to coax enough circulation to finish signing her entry—Miss P. Brierly, London—but not when old Kossie rules otherwise.

"Kossie?" Prue had echoed, puzzled.

"Kosciusko, Australia's highest mountain. Only a mere foothill by foreign standards, but it certainly packs a cold punch."

Prue had blotted her rather blurred name and home, only it's not home now, she reminded herself a little desolately. I left all that behind when I spent my last penny coming out here.

The proprietor had looked at her quizzically. "You're from England, aren't you, Miss Brierly?"

"Yes."

"The Old Country, eh, yet only a child compared to us."

"Surely," Prue had said, remembering her schooldays, "Australia is the youngest country."

"Historically, but not physically. Scientists tell us we were old when you had just begun. We're up to the process of being worn down again. And perhaps that is why old Kossie bites back when she wants to. She has reached the important age of being entitled, correct season or not, to please herself."

"Well, she doesn't please me," Prue had retorted bitterly. "I naturally anticipated a lower temperature in the south, but certainly not this low, not in February."

"Land of contrasts," had shrugged the friendly proprietor. "Don't judge us too harshly, Miss Brierly. Tomorrow could be quite hot."

But it was not; it was even colder.

Prudence had awakened to a freezing dawn with a penetrating wind that shook the leaves of the rather grotesque trees, snow gums, she had learned, outside her window.

At breakfast she had forgiven the cold a little. The food was so solidly comforting that she had remembered again her first exciting impressions of Coora last night...

...the virile, cosmopolitan air of this southern New South Wales town, similar, she imagined, to boom towns in the last century, when yellow seams were attracting crowds with their buried wealth. A rugged place. A man's place. Stimulating, challenging, a place to discover...

But now, as she stood on the windswept balcony and looked down on the windswept street, the excitement dwindled.

The cosmopolitan crowds had disappeared—they were working, of course, on the Snowy Mountains Scheme, that vast hydro-electric undertaking of world magnitude to whose list of employees her name would soon be added.

She knew she had no right to be complaining like this of the cold. The very

name of Snowy should have warned her. The pictures in Mr. Piper's Sydney office should have told her. But all the same it was not right; when one had travelled thousands of miles to get warm, to finish up thus.

As she rubbed her chilled fingers, her mind flew back to that night, equally chilly, only two weeks ago in London. Only there, it had been a familiar chill.

Clare's glib talk had dazzled her. The lure had been sun, and she had fallen for it. If it had been autumn or spring when her room-mate had made her announcement she might not have taken any notice; if it had been summer, decidedly she would not even have heard.

But it was the first of February, and February cold, Prudence always thought, was English cold at its worst. She had raced home to the flat in it, resenting it, hating it, and over the little gas fire had sat a gloating Clare, waving a letter aloft, announcing startling news.

"I'm leaving, Prue. I'm going out to Australia to get warm."

"You make it sound easy," she had said carelessly, extending her hands near to the fire.

"It is, in my case," Clare said, hugging the letter to her. "I've a job waiting, and I've saved the fare."

Prudence had stared at her at that. Resigned though she was to the unexpected in the unpredictable Clare, she had never anticipated actual plans.

"It's true, Prudence, and I'm telling you at once so that you can start picking your next room-mate. You'd better do it soon, too, because I leave next week."

"Isn't that sudden?"

Clare had smiled smugly. "The letter was sudden. Luckily I had enough cash on hand to book by air."

"Where are you going to in Australia?"

"Queensland."

"Why Queensland?"

"Nearer the equator, so nearer the sun, my dear."

Rain had been whipping the apartment window. There would be weeks more of this; there might even be months...

Like Clare, Prudence had no people to whom to say goodbye. For years there had been only Dad, and now even he was gone.

"How much," Prudence had asked boldly, "is the fare?"

Clare had understood immediately. "How much have you, pet?"

Prue had told her.

"There would be nothing left over. Best forget it—or go by ship."

"Could I get a job?"

"Yes, a secretary can be assured of a job."

"Could I get a bookkeeping?"

"There were," remembered Clare, "two vacancies. I took one."

The next morning Prudence had taken the other.

The next week she was gone.

The journey out had seemed unreal... just a string of similar airports with names she had only met before in a geography book.

At Mascot, Sydney's air terminal, Clare had climbed into a local plane bound for the north, and Prudence had stood on the

tarmac knowing the first cold fingers of doubt.

She could not join her friend because her money had been seriously depleted; Clare could not help her because she was similarly placed. The only thing to do was to find an employment agency, and find it at once.

There were plenty of positions; that, anyway, was a comfort. The remuneration, too, was high—but alarmingly high, as well, was the rent at the boarding-house to which Prue had been directed.

The next day the officer at the Commonwealth Personnel had read her papers and looked at her thoughtfully. "I think I'll send you along to Mr. Piper," he had proposed.

Mr. Piper had leafed through the credentials eagerly, murmured greedily, "Three

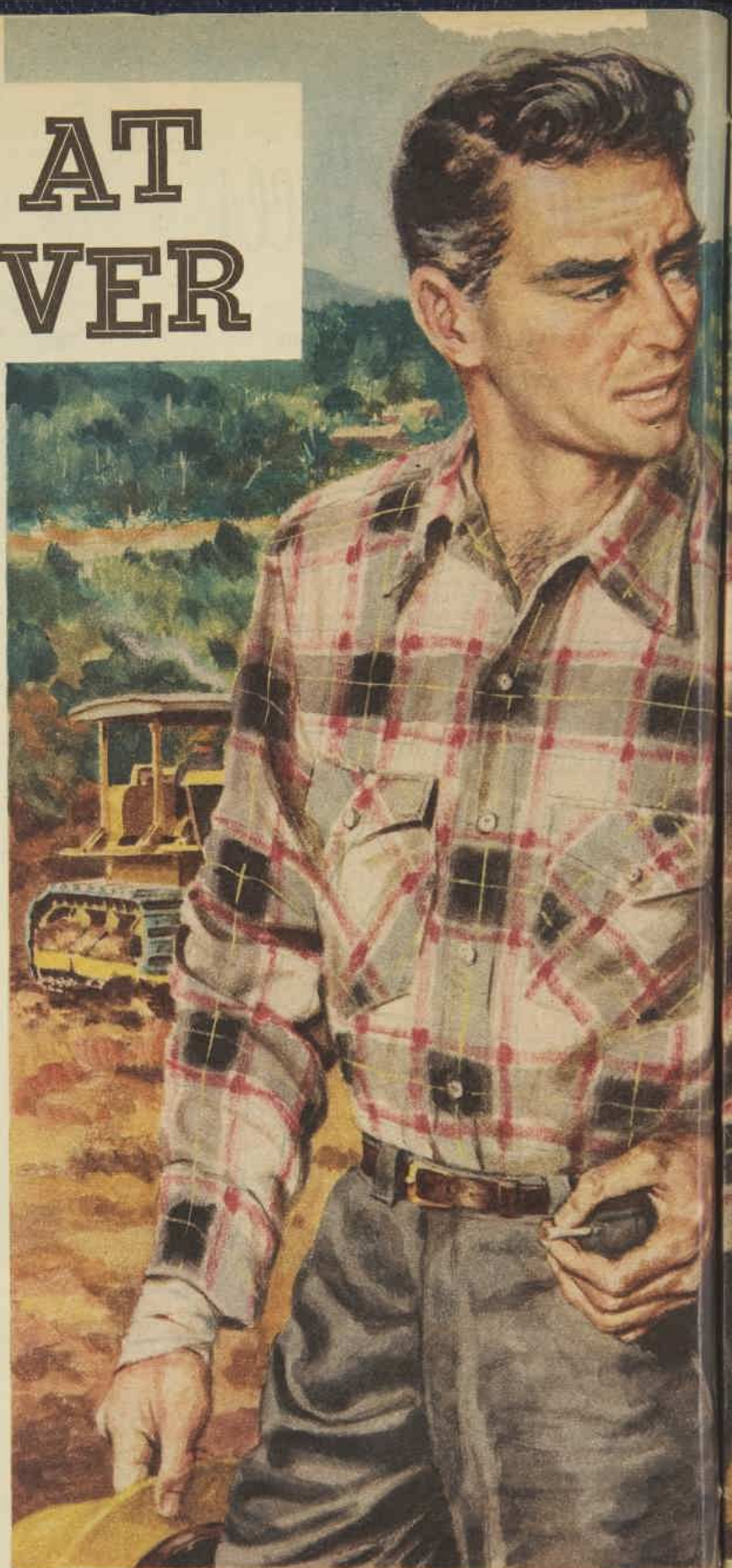
foreign languages, typing, stenography, experience in simple accountancy, spent childhood in diplomatic circles," then muttered darkly, "I'll send you down to Lawless."

"Lawless?"

Mr. Piper had kept murmuring aloud to himself. "Smoke won't like it, of course; probably make the wires run hot; but it can't be helped. There's everything here he needs. This time he must agree."

It was all so confusing that Prudence had turned her attention to the pictures on the wall.

They told the Snowy Mountains story in a series of construction photographs, maps, and scale graphs. It was very technical, yet at the same time rather exciting. Here, thought Prudence, was a country of insatiable





thirst and a wilful river that took the wrong turning, a river that must be disciplined, harnessed, stored in selected valleys. Her eyes went to the next picture, and she saw one of these valleys. It was so beautiful that her glance did not rove any more after that.

She had been vaguely aware that Mr. Piper was telling her the salary; known, too, that it was colossal—almost as high as her boss' would be in London; but somehow it did not matter.

Only the valley looking back at her seemed to matter—a lovely green saucer with a stream of crystal water, full of lush, inexpressible beauty, a valley beautiful and a valley that was to drown.

"It's glorious." She had spoken it aloud. "You can see it while you're down there,"

Mr. Piper's voice persuaded. Obviously he was bent on signing her up.

Prue had ignored the persuasion. She had known her own mind the moment she had seen the valley. "What is it called?" she begged.

"Jindabyne."

"Jindabyne." Why, even the name was music. She had looked at the dotted home-steads, the little granite church. How many months or years before it would all be under water?

She must see it before that happened. She must see this valley beautiful before it was inundated.

Forgetting Clare, forgetting the sun for which she had come all these thousands of miles, Prudence had put her name on a paper, accepted a string of tickets, an

"Follow me," Smoke Lawless told Prue after she donned the coat and was nervously clutching at her helmet. "But watch your step—one false move along here can be sudden death."

appointment card, and a permit and had said, "Yes, I'll be ready to leave tomorrow," and once more emerged to the busy street.

Now, two mornings afterwards, she stood on a wide balcony similar to those she had noted on all Australian country hotels, and came to her senses with an unpleasant thud.

Somewhere, miles north, Clare was undoubtedly warming herself in a hot, golden sun. In balmy midway Sydney, Mr. Piper probably was ringing Mr. Lawless that she was coming, though "Smoke"—recalling the muttered conversation—"won't like it, of course."

Who was this "Smoke Lawless" and what was it he wouldn't like?

Deciding she did not like anything much herself here, neither the absence of the valley beautiful or anything vaguely like the valley beautiful for which she really had come nor the harsh mountains, the uninviting range, old Kosciusko, the persistent, insidious cold, this entire wild, undisciplined country of far too much contrast, Prudence turned back to the door.

The lounge was not empty any more.

To page 50

È ARRIVATO!

(IT'S HERE)



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Continuing . . . NEVER SPEAK TO A STRANGER

from page 19

the car behind or in a car going in the opposite direction; and, as far as Ward could see, not a single one of them was missed. But the message was also quite specific.

The policeman said with his eyebrows, eyes, teeth, and his whole male body. "How pretty you look this morning. Yes, that hairstyle does things for you. You won't mind if I send a small kiss?"

Jealous? Outraged? Nonsense, Ward told himself. On the contrary, he was quite disappointed if the policeman happened to miss Virginia due to some sudden emergency.

His wife would give a small feminine gasp of shock and pleasure, and would momentarily look very girlish, the way a woman of thirty will when she has been unexpectedly admired and flattered.

One morning, to their mild embarrassment, the Wards met the amorous policeman face to face. They were in a little bar when he came in, immaculate in his white uniform and helmet.

He had evidently just been relieved at his post, in order to drop into the bar and take the espresso coffee which all Romans considered indispensable at eleven o'clock.

It was a slight shock to see their fabulous policeman on the ground, standing at the bar, ordering coffee with a crowd of ordinary, undistinguished citizens, though he was still the same handsome, smiling man they had seen on the pedestal, and his glance, whenever it met a woman's eyes, at once soft yet ardent, respectful yet bold.

As he passed the Wards' table, carrying his coffee and doughnut, he bowed graciously and then hesitated. All the tables were taken. Something seemed to be called for. On an impulse, Ward said: "Won't you accommodate yourself, signor agente?"

The policeman, scarcely showing by the flicker of an eyelid what he thought of this departure from etiquette, sat down at the table, and the first awkward words were exchanged.

They had to do with the heat of the mid-morning, the ardors of a policeman's duties, the need for a black coffee, the fact that the Wards were foreigners, and so to the beauties of Rome.

The usual progression. Then: "Martelli, Vincenzo," the policeman said suddenly.

"Ward, Robert. My wife, Virginia Ward," Ward said.

This exchange of names seemed to satisfy the policeman's sense of propriety; conversation now picked up, and a certain amount of personal information was forthcoming. Vincenzo Martelli came from Caserta, near Naples.

"Ah, bella Napoli," the Wards exclaimed.

Yes, the other agreed, with some laughing reservations. Naples was beautiful, but it was not clean. Now Rome! So clean, so historic, so full of wonderful monuments.

"Oh, yes, we enjoy them every time we drive in from the Appian Way," Virginia Ward said.

"The Appian Way? You live there?" the policeman said. "Ah, the Appian Way! What history! What beauty!"

"Yes, we are very fortunate," Virginia said.

"Fortunate indeed! There is no road like it in the world. I love to stroll along the Appian Way in the evening."

"Oh, you should come to see us," Virginia said. "Look in and have an aperitif."

"You are too generous, signora," the policeman said.

"We hope," Virginia said, her kitchen Italian deserting her.

"Yes, we hope," Ward said,

feeling her exploring foot against his leg.

"We hope it," the policeman said, rising, and, quickly getting back into character, again the maestro of the Roman traffic.

They watched him leave the bar and return to his podium to begin anew his superb performance of tossing metaphorical bouquets into the laps of ladies he never expected to meet.

The Wards didn't give their own poor performance in the bar much thought, except to remind each other of the dangers of talking in a strange language to strangers—even in uniform. They continued to pass under Vincenzo Martelli's dramatic arms twice a day, a little fearful at first, a little subdued.

But the policeman was the same poet in a pith helmet. His smile and message, swiftly shot to Virginia Ward, showed that the awkward moment in the bar had been forgotten; they were still far removed,

There is no personal charm so great as the charm of a cheerful temperament.

—Henry Van Dyke

infinitely separated, lovers, Dante and Beatrice, who would never speak to each other, but would always be bound by a beautiful, unexpressed, and inexpressible passion . . .

A couple of weeks later the Wards were taking their Sunday afternoon ease on the terrace of their villa when Anna, the maid, with a rolling of eyes reserved for domestic crises like the failure of the electricity just before a dinner party, came to the french windows and announced, "A certain Signor Martelli with Signora and children. Holy Mary! They are coming up the steps!"

Jumping up, hurriedly covering their near-nakedness with garments snatched from the backs of chairs, the Wards started to flee from the terrace. They were too late.

At the top of the steps stood a stout Roman matron who stared at them with undisguised distaste, and, strung out behind her, three pale children; and, bringing up the rear, flashing signals of friendship, the Piazza Venezia traffic policeman.

"Oh, my goodness!" Virginia Ward said, advancing to meet the callers with gracious cries of welcome.

"Behold, it is I!" the policeman said. He was wearing an orange shirt which stuck to his chest, tan trousers, and two-tone shoes. "We were taking our Sunday afternoon constitutional when I suddenly recalled my friends the Vardas."

"May I present my wife. Also Paolo, Silvana, Franco. But we are disturbing you."

"No, no!" Virginia Ward said. "No, no, no! How nice of you to come after all this time. We were hoping . . ."

"We are disturbing you," the policeman said, backing off down the steps. "We shall leave immediately."

"Please," Ward shouted. "It is nothing. Please accommodate."

And he began to march about, picking up glasses, books, magazines, pillows, and articles of clothing, offering chairs to the guests, trying to get them seated. This was not easy.

Mrs. Martelli stood like a broody hen, beady-eyed, and Ward, offering her a chair, could not remember how one

said. "Won't you sit down?" He stood grinning hideously, bending over the back of a chair, until the policeman broke the spell with a sudden dramatic gesture towards the chaise-longue, and said:

"And this must be where Signora Varda has been taking the sun. It explains all"—flashing, as he said it, one of his ardent messages to Virginia, who was standing on one leg, putting on her sandals. She saw the signal cut through the air like the circling beam of a lighthouse, and fled into the house, calling for Anna the maid.

Dragging furniture this way and that, Ward at last persuaded all five Martellis to perch on the edge of chairs, like a captive audience awaiting the rise of the curtain on an old, boring play. He began to declaim wildly, "Bella Italia! Bella Roma! The Via Appia!"

The Martellis listened with the meticulous politeness of Italians hearing their language massacred by a foreigner, only the policeman encouraging this flow of fact and fancy with a quizzical raising of his eyebrows. The children gaped open-mouthed, the woman stared stonily towards the distant Alban Hills.

"Bella Roma," Ward continued, noticing that there was a shift in their attention. They had turned their eyes from his bare shanks to the terrace window, where the maid had appeared carrying a tray of bottles and, behind her, his wife, now in a dress, the suntan lotion wiped from her face, a plate of cakes in each hand.

The policeman leapt to meet them, opening the door with a tremendous heave, and there was a period of animation, like the interval in a play, as Ward began opening bottles and dropping tinkling ice into glasses, and the maid circulated with the cakes, and the policeman snatched the plates from Virginia's hand. Only the policeman's wife sat immovable on the edge of her chair, scrutinising but refusing everything.

"Won't you take something, Signora?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"A little tea? Coffee?"

"Nothing. Perhaps a little lemon later."

"It is her liver," the policeman said.

"I eat nothing, Signora."

"Like a bird," the policeman said, carefully putting down his glass. There was something about the gesture which symbolised defeat.

"You have such beautiful children, Signora. You must be proud."

"Ah, the children! What a sacrifice!"

"Yes; they make much work."

"Not if one is rich and can afford a maid."

"One does what one can," the policeman said.

Robert Ward felt the powerful rays of his wife's thoughts penetrating his lowered eyelids. He stopped rattling his glass and ventured, "Traffic is certainly getting a problem in Rome."

"Yes. The streets are too narrow," the policeman said.

"Are the Communists giving you much trouble these days?"

"They would like to. But we police have their measure."

"Would you like to be a policeman like your papa when you are a man, Paolo?" Virginia asked.

"Please?" the boy said with an expression of pain and bewilderment.

"The signora asked you whether you wish to be a policeman, Paolo," the boy's father said. "Reply promptly and politely to all questions. Do you wish to become a policeman on becoming a man?"

"I don't know," the boy said. "What do you think, Sig-

nora?" Virginia said. "Perhaps you would like him to be a doctor."

"Oof!" the woman said.

"A policeman has a good life, always in the open air," Ward said.

"But in the higher echelons an enormous quantity of paper work," the policeman said.

At the end of an hour Signora Martelli suddenly stood up and held out her hand and said, "A pleasure."

"Oh, must you go so soon?" Virginia said.

Mrs. Martelli bowed and turned to Robert Ward, who hastily put down his glass.

"A pleasure," she said.

"A pleasure," Ward said, taking the soft, plump hand.

With the corseted dignity of a squat, top-heavy matron, Mrs. Martelli went on small, scate feet towards the steps, followed by her backward-gazing children.

Her husband, lingering, seemed to make an effort to recapture the old magic. He grasped Robert Ward's hand firmly, man to man, and flashed his eyes at Mrs. Ward, man to woman, and, giving a mock salute, he went down the steps after his family.

Standing on the terrace at the attitude of gracious hosts waving their guests goodbye, the Wards watched them go, the matron first, with the small girl holding on to her arm, then the policeman, flanked by his two sons. The little procession moved along the hedge and out of the gate.

"The poor man! The poor little man!" Virginia Ward said.

"Well, that's the end of a beautiful friendship," Robert Ward said.

They saw him as usual, as they waited next morning at the halted traffic, up on his podium, performing with his customary skill and grace. They could even detect the tender messages shot unerringly towards those cars containing pretty women.

When their turn came to pass under his outflung arm he automatically flashed to Virginia the special words his eyes kept for her; then, imperceptibly toned them down; and, at the last moment, substituted the official salute which he reserved for the passengers in the back seat of ministerial cars. Then was, then, already a difference in procedure—a hint of formality, a touch of chill.

"Oh, dear," Virginia said. "I guess we've had it!"

And each day the reception at the Piazza Venezia seemed to grow less friendly, less intimate, less gay. On the second day the policeman smiled and bowed, on rather, gave a slight twist to his lips and a slight inclination of his head in Mrs. Ward's direction. On the third morning this became a nod, with the merest shadow of a smile. On the fourth morning there was a nod, but no smile. A week later Martelli was making no movement of recognition at all.

"You've been struck off his list," Ward said. "He's cutting us."

"I know," Virginia said. "It's a pity. He really was rather special."

"Oh, he was awful, I suppose," Virginia said. "But he always noticed what I was wearing. Nobody else does."

"Well, don't get angry with me, Ginny."

"Still, he did. And I miss him. He always made me feel good."

"Me, too," Robert Ward said.

There was no need to go into it further, because, being husband and wife, each knew pretty well what the other was thinking. What it boiled down to was that Rome would never again be quite as good for either of them.

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SUSAN HAYWARD

starring in **"WOMAN OBSESSED"**
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● Women's talk about babies and shopping bored men, said Mrs. Leonie Kramer, Melbourne housewife and university lecturer, in an interview last month. This was why men didn't talk to them at parties. The interview brought many letters, and the points made in them are published below.



MRS. LEONIE KRAMER with daughters Hilary (left) and Jocelyn.

General opinion is:

It's the women who "call the tune"

● British comedienne Joyce Grenfell, who has also entered the controversy, agreed with this opinion. "It is up to the women to talk interestingly enough for men to want to listen," she said.



Joyce Grenfell

THE Australian habit of separating at parties is the exception rather than the rule in England," said Miss Grenfell.

"Women themselves have seen to this. Women should go out of their way to interest men, not in boring chatter but in things that make everybody's life more fun.

"During the last war, when I was entertaining troops, I visited many hospitals. I could always tell exactly what sort of hospital it was after meeting the matron. Even though it was actually administered by high-ranking officers, it was always the matron who set the pattern — the woman always does."

Miss Grenfell, who had been reported as saying that Australian men needed the "rough edges" filed off, said that this was not true. She considered the majority of them were charming.

But many readers do not agree with her.

Some think that the Australian male is "unsophisticated, socially lazy, and completely lacking in interesting conversation."

Others agree with Mrs. Kramer and go even further to say that women not only

bore men — they bore women, too.

Mrs. Kramer had said that the trouble was women talked too much about babies, shopping, and clothes.

"But how can a housewife and mother of three small children have any other interests," argues Mrs. Shirley Hilton, of Lilli Pili, N.S.W. "Especially when all three have the measles, as at present."

"Babies are so precious, why shouldn't we talk about them," writes Mrs. H. Brier, Fig Tree Pocket, Qld.

Segregation at parties probably had its roots in the early Australian ideals of "mateship," according to Mrs. Joyce S. Jenkins, Hobart. It was harking back to the days when the pioneers of the outback had to depend on men for their only companionship.

These are some of the points made by readers:

● Don't be content with narrow horizons when the whole world is stretching out all around you, and make a rule that there will be no "baby or recipe" conversation at mixed parties. Forget about children and bargain sales.

● As a hostess, be subtle if your guests start to segregate. Don't charge at the men with a militant glint in your eye which will frighten them.

● Don't let other women frighten you off in your attempts to make a mixed conversation enjoyable.

● Use every feminine wile in the bag and make your watchwords lightness and gaiety — not earnestness and heaviness.

● If you really wish to gain the admiration and interest of any man, make sure you do not try to outwit him.

● If you can't contribute to the subject being discussed, then listen and learn.

● Keep the party small and you will have no trouble keeping it together.

● Remember that in the majority of cases a man has a fair-minded view of his wife's intellectual capabilities and considerable respect for her conversational ability — otherwise he would not have chosen her as his life partner.

Unless both sexes are willing to venture into wider spheres of discussion, men will continue to utilise parties as an excuse to be "one of the boys," says "Pamela," of Scarborough, W.A.

• Maria Bueno, of Brazil, and Neale Fraser at Forest Hills last month. Maria took the women's singles and Neale defeated Olmedo for the U.S. tennis singles.



Family's faith kept him going

• Neale Fraser, 25-year-old Australian hero of the Forest Hills, U.S., tennis courts and the recent Davis Cup victory, might have thrown in his tennis career but for his parents' confidence in him.

NEALE, who comes from a brilliant family, is the son of Judge A. M. Fraser, of the Victorian Licensing Court, and Mrs. Fraser.

His older brother, Ian, is a doctor who practises at Flemington, Vic. His younger brother, John, is a resident doctor at St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne.

And both say that Neale would have shone scholastically if he had not devoted so much time to tennis.

John, whose resemblance to Neale is striking, and who many tennis experts believe could have been a greater player than Neale had he not chosen to study, said, "For as long as I can remember Neale has wanted to play tennis and I've wanted to be a doctor."

"Mum and Dad have never doubted their confidence in his ability, even when he was

constantly just missing the big titles. It could well be that their faith has kept him in tennis."

John, an A-grade pennant player who has been in two Victorian teams, never plays well against Neale.

"I usually like playing left-handers," he said, "but Neale mesmerises me with his serve."

"He's a colossal all-rounder. He represented our school, St. Kevin's, in swimming, athletics, football, tennis, and cricket. And if he concentrated, his golf would be terrific."

Father's humor

Judge Fraser and Mrs. Fraser are immensely proud of their sportsman son. Through all Neale's "near-misses" in tennis, Judge Fraser has covered his own disappointments with his sense of humor.

When, in England, he saw Neale lose the Queen's Club tournament final he said, "I've seen better at Nar Nar Goon."

With Mrs. Fraser, who is totally deaf, the judge has been studying hotel standards and licensing laws overseas. They returned to Melbourne in September.

Neale spends about one month in twelve at home in Osborne Street, South Yarra, but his homecomings are like Christmas morning for the family.

His gifts are thoughtfully chosen: a cowboy suit for a young nephew, an organdie party frock for a young niece, a superbly cut lounge suit for his young brother, material lengths for his mother, and



• Dr. John Fraser, young brother of tennis champion Neale.

sisters, Alicia (Mrs. Keith Simmonson, of Kew) and Marcia (Mrs. Bryan Handasyde, of Huntingdale).

When he returns this time there will be two new members of the family to meet—Gayle, daughter of Dr. Ian Fraser, and Alicia's son, David.

As far as his Melbourne friends know, Neale is still romance-free. John said: "He never talks much about girls, and at home he prefers a night out with the boys. But they say he's a lady-killer overseas, so I don't know what to think."

"I think the only thing that has changed in Neale is his ability in public speaking."

"Harry Hopman always dubs him in for speeches, and practice seems to have made him almost perfect."

John would like to follow Neale abroad. He hopes to plan his travels to do post-graduate study in the winter and play tennis in summer.

Neale writes home twice weekly. "He's painted the world so vividly for us in his letters that we've all got itchy feet," John said. "The only places he hasn't been to are Russia, China, and South America."

"It'll be good to have him home again. He's easy-going, good fun, and he doesn't snore."

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• Friend of the Frasers Brian Tobin has played tennis with Neale since 1952.



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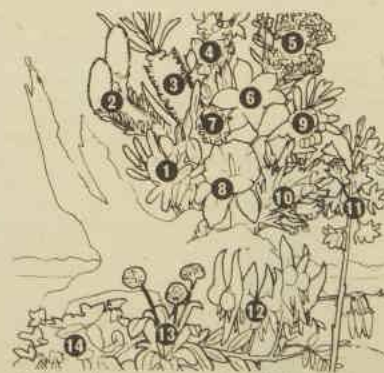
SOUTH AUSTRALIA . . LAND OF CONTRASTS

This great State stretching from its cool Southern Ocean shoreline to the colourful grandeur of "The Centre" offers tremendous variety for the tourist. Amongst its many attractions are its native wildflowers ranging from the delicate orchids of the southern hills to Sturt's famous desert pea, a particularly striking bloom found in the "desert" country to the northwards. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

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• Two of the Lido Quintet, Victor Mestichelli (left) and Tony Federici, show two Derby children how to play the accordion and the guitar.

LOCAL halls were packed and the nor'-westers went wild when a concert party recently travelled beyond Geraldton into the vast north of Western Australia.

The concerts were staged at Derby, Darwin, Port Hedland, Wittenoom Gorge, and Carnarvon.

Audiences travelled hundreds of miles from inland stations, and flocked into Darwin from Rum Jungle.

The concerts were given by the A.B.C. Lido Quintet, specially formed for the tour from the ranks of the A.B.C.'s Tipica Latina group, heard in the National relay.

"It was a wonderful experience, a wonderful place, with wonderful people," Tony Federici, the quintet's leader, told us.

But there were some behind-the-scenes difficulties to cope with.

Take the case of Mario Burini, the quintet's clarinetist.

His ears were affected by the plane trips. And at times he was so deaf he couldn't hear the other boys playing.

But he didn't give in. By following the boom-boom of Eric King's bass drum and counting bars, Mario didn't miss a beat.

And accordionist Victor Mestichelli was so airsick that he sat propped in his chair on stage with his accordion strapped to him—only staggering to his feet for solo numbers.

VETERAN B.B.C. announcer Freddy Grisewood was recalling an occasion in his early days when he put on a record of the "Tannhauser" overture.

Unfortunately, he moved a switch, making the turntable run so fast that the music was only just recognisable.

Letters of protest poured in. But one listener wrote kindly that he'd never heard "Tannhauser" played better.

Sir Thomas Beecham.

WORTH REPORTING

Moderation, mademoiselle!

COME, now. Let's have a little self-analysis. Do YOU look older than you are?

It's your own fault if you do—according to vivacious French Beauty specialist Jacqueline Durieux, who thinks many young Australian women and teenagers use far too much make-up. And that it adds years to their ages.

M'amselle Durieux has advice for all women: moderation, moderation in all things.

"A fair measure of work and play, food and drink, laughter and tears—although not always easy to arrange—makes not only for good living but for a long and happy life," she told us.

After three months in Australia she's off to the East and sighs nostalgically for Paris, which she will not see again until 1961.

Young man West goes

"THIS will be a best-seller," American publishers Morrow and Company told Australian author Morris West.

And, as it turns out, Morrow and Co. were quite right

in their prophecy about his latest book, "The Devil's Advocate."

Playwright Dore Schary has contracted to adapt the book and produce the play on Broadway as a Theatre Guild Production," Mr. West told us before he left for America and England earlier this month.

"The Devil's Advocate" is the story of a candidate for sainthood. When rumor spreads through Calabria, an

Italian provincial town, that Gemello Minore should be beatified, the Church sends an English monsignor to investigate.

As Devil's Advocate, it's the monsignor's job to uncover any facts to prejudice this claim.

Another of Morris West's books—"The Second Victory," a novel based on Allied occupation of Austria—is in the process of being filmed by Universal-International.



MORRIS WEST — another best-seller.

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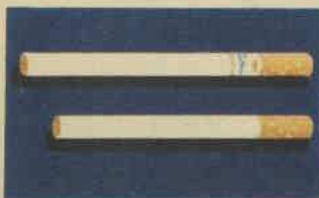
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1959



MORNING DEW

● This beautiful nature study of a frosty, dew-covered spider-web was photographed by Mr. David Crankshaw, of Malvern, Victoria, at his family's seaside home at Portsea. The flower is an anemone-scented double marguerite. Mr. Crankshaw is a second-year medical student.

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World-wide in their scope, unbiased in their facts, these volumes mirror the world to-day. Articles and illustrations about Australasia abound throughout the text. (Do you know the latest census figures of our cities? How many sheep we have? What's doing at Rum Jungle? You will find the answers in these pages.)

FACTS AT A GLANCE

Ask these books any question—from Aachen to Zygote, from Aardvark to Zoo, from Atomic Energy to World Politics, from Soil Conservation to Sports—and up comes the answer in a matter of minutes... defined in clearly expressed terms, with ample cross-references that lead to fascinating side-paths of information.

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These encyclopaedias have the stylish appearance, clear type faces and impeccable reproduction associated only with the most expensive works. Lavish illustrations provide a vast source of visual information. The handsome bindings are made to withstand a lifetime of hard wear.

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KNOWLEDGE IS OUR HERITAGE... CAN YOU DENY YOUR FAMILY THESE FOUNTS OF KNOWLEDGE?

SCIENTIST:

Professor Harry Messel
(Director of Nuclear Research,
University of Sydney.)

"How long is the Murray River?" Within a split second we had the answer—1,600 miles. And so it went on for four days: the Messel family setting themselves quiz questions on art, music, persons, etc. We always got the correct answer. The editors state that it is for the whole family—of this there can be no doubt. No family, with or without growing children, should be without a good encyclopaedia. It should form the basis of any home library. Just to give the encyclopaedia a final test, I thought I would see what it had to say about "parity"—a complex subject arising in theoretical physics. Two young American physicists, Yang and Lee, were recently awarded Nobel prizes for their discovery that the law of parity did not hold in certain cases. Hence, I thought a paragraph should appear on the matter. I suspected that it wouldn't, but it did.

EDUCATIONALIST:

Dr. George Mackaness, O.B.E., M.A., D. Litt.



As an educationalist of long experience, I feel competent to express a genuine opinion of the outstanding merits of the Golden Book Encyclopaedia.

I was charmed by the general appearance, and by the value of the contents. I examined the volumes, not only to verify the accuracy of certain typical selected entries, but also their up-to-dateness. I found that in every instance both these conditions were amply fulfilled. For example, Alaska was given as the new 49th American State. Similarly, there were articles describing the latest movements in aviation, medical research, inventions, historical and political events, as well as the arts generally.

For students, the new Encyclopaedia has particular value. It will assist pupils in preparing for their examinations, will improve their reading skills and extend their knowledge in an infinite number of fields of human activity.

CRITIC:

Mr. Kenneth Slessor
(Review in "The Daily Telegraph," Sydney)

The new edition of the "Universal" World Reference Encyclopaedia is sumptuously produced, clearly printed, easy to consult and read and as up-to-the-moment as a newspaper.

For example, there are eight pages about atomic bombs and atomic energy, with a full-page diagram of the inside of an A-bomb which you could probably build in a backyard if you had the materials and the do-it-yourself kit. The rocket entry goes right up to the launching of Sputnik II. The strongest feature of the whole encyclopaedia is its pictorial side. Unlike the smudgy illustrations which accompany most encyclopaedias, these plates are clear, modern and beautifully reproduced.

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- They are thrilled with their £7500 prize, which was given by Lend Lease Corporation Ltd.

THE spacious prize unit, in brand-new ten-story Ithaca Gardens, Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, has a harbor view, a charming yet functional layout, two bedrooms, plenty of cupboards, and every facility for easy, up-to-the-minute living.

The winners, Dr. and Mrs. Alan Grant, who compiled their joint entry together after weeks of thought, are the parents of two bonny children—a daughter, Nerez, aged three, and son, Seth, six months.

"This is a dream home—and it is really OURS," said Mrs. Gwynneth Grant with a happy sigh when they inspected their prize. Dr. Grant agreed.

They walked about on tiptoes in their excitement, not knowing what to look at first.

"I can still see the Harbor from here," Mrs. Grant exclaimed in the kitchen (she'd just seen the Harbor from the lounge) as she ran her fingers over the deep stainless-steel sink.

"This is the dream we've

talked about together ever since our marriage six years ago," said Dr. Grant.

"Home ownership is something I have longed for since boyhood—my parents always lived in rented houses.

"And now, to think this is ours—a real home of our own, perfect in every detail!"

For the past 12 months the Grants have been living in a rented house at Stockton,

Newcastle, where Dr. Grant, who is a radiologist, divides his time between the Maitland, Kurri Kurri, and Cessnock District Hospitals.

Non-smokers, and not even taking sugar in their tea, they are a budget-minded young couple who have been saving up so that one day they might buy a home which would be completely modern yet conform with their strict standards of value for the money.

But, as they explain, it was only a dream—till they entered the contest.

During the weeks when entrants were asked to study

and decide what features buyers most desired in home units, Dr. and Mrs. Grant went on a mental shopping spree.

They imagined they had pockets bulging with £7500 in cash to spend on their ideal home unit.

Mrs. Grant said:

"We thought and thought. Just before the contest closed we sat down side by side, and worked out our separate an-

swers to the lists of questions. It was from these we selected the answers for our joint entry."

Anything like the cost of the unit!

"It would be quite out of the question."

Until their daughter, Nerez, was born three years after her marriage, Mrs. Grant continued her career as violinist Gwynneth Brooks with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

"We were living at Pymble at the time," she recalls, "and some days I spent six hours travelling between home and

the city when I had a morning rehearsal and an evening performance.

Fares often amounted to 10/- a day.

"This, and other personal experience, helped us decide to give a high rating to such desirable home-unit features as 'closeness to city.'"

Ithaca Gardens is only minutes from the heart of Sydney, and Mrs. Grant added:

"I just can't tell you the joy I feel at the thought of getting on a bus, having a short ride to town for half an hour's shopping, and being home again in a twinkling."

"And it is wonderful to be able to purchase everyday household needs just round the corner, yet still live in a first-class residential area."

Almost waltzing between the landscape windows in the living-room and the main bedroom, which both overlook the Harbor, rushing to open commodious cupboards snugly fitted into the hallway, and returning again to admire the comparatively large but compact kitchen, Mrs. Grant said, "This is what we meant by 'imaginative planning.'"

"Even the door handles have been thoughtfully placed at a height which little children can reach."

"Just imagine having a drying machine as well as a washing machine as a community amenity in the building. There'll be no waiting for the weather to dry out nappies," said Mrs. Grant with a glance at baby Seth.

Dr. Grant said that in areas where there were parks and playgrounds handy, he believed children could grow up in greater safety, as home-unit dwellers, than they could in many suburban homes with

And it's perfect!



BIG THRILL for Dr. and Mrs. Alan Grant, with their baby Seth and three-year-old daughter Nerez, was the first peep in at the front door of their £7500 prize unit, Ithaca Gardens, Elizabeth Bay.

She dances with joy for a dream come true



A HAPPY DANCE by Mrs. Grant (above) marked the family's first entry into the lounge, which has landscape windows with a harbor view, and a built-in television aerial.

BIG, ROOMY cupboards took Mrs. Grant's eye (picture at right). The unit also has a fire-alarm device which goes off in the nearest fire station if temperature rises above a certain degree.

heavy traffic frontages, and backyards on various levels which resulted in falls, cuts, and bruises.

After completing his medical course Dr. Grant specialised in radiology and took his diploma at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

It was there he met Gwyneth, who was a patient. They married eighteen months later.

Although owning their own home has always been just beyond their reach, Dr. and Mrs. Grant have made a hobby of studying ideal home planning ever since they were first married.

"We haven't missed any kind of home exhibition in Sydney, and we have kept abreast of all the latest trends, studying Australian and overseas magazines with articles on homemaking and the newest building materials," said Mrs. Grant.

"In entering for the competition we felt we knew our subject, although we didn't think for a second that we could be so successful.

"We looked on the contest as a challenging opportunity to test our skill at determining scientifically sound principles which should be the watchword in home-buying.

What the five judges said

"We'd rather have this £7500 home unit at Ithaca Gardens than a cash prize many times its value, because we feel that here we have something that money just couldn't buy.

"It's our dream come true."

The judges of our contest each worked out individual entries, which were then computed by Mr. R. F. Mallon, Commonwealth Electoral Officer for N.S.W., to make a composite judges' decision.

The judges were:

Professor H. I. Ashworth, Professor of Architecture, University of Sydney.

Mr. M. Collard, President of the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

Lady Hall Best, well-known interior decorator.

Mr. W. J. Bryant, president of the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W.

Mrs. Esme Fenston, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The composite judges' decision on the Final Contest Coupon, in which competitors had to choose the 10 most important of 32 listed features of home units, numbering the most important 1, and the rest 2-10 in order of importance, was:

1. Superior planning by top-ranking architects.

2. Expensive locations made possible through sharing of cost.

3. Cheaper fares and less travelling time due to closeness to city.

4. "Built-in" incinerators and garbage disposal.

5. Imaginative planning to exploit permanent beautiful views.

6. Plenty of cupboard and storage space.

7. Closeness to local shops.

8. Quick and easy washing with modern machines and dryers.

9. Lower price than for a comparable modern house.

10. Garaging in your own building area.

In the winning entry, seven of the 10 placings corresponded exactly with the judges'.

Closest runners-up were two competitors who had five of the 10 correct, and, next, 10 competitors who had four out of 10.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant's entry for the Final Contest Coupon was:

1. Superior planning by top-ranking architects.

2. Expensive locations made possible through sharing of cost.

3. Cheaper fares and less travelling time due to closeness to city.

4. Lower price than for a comparable house.

5. Imaginative planning to exploit permanent beautiful views.

6. Plenty of cupboard and storage space.

7. Closeness to local shops.

8. Lighter housework because of compact design and easy-to-clean surfaces.

9. Quick and easy washing with modern machines and dryers.

10. Garaging in your own building area.





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THE CHECK LIST

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8. Sheraton for shining TV sets.

Among 30 nations— love finds a way

● Bring together people of different races and religions and most of them soon forget the prejudices and misunderstandings of centuries.

THEY even fall in love—an event that has happened with international regularity at Sydney's All Nations Club in the five years it has been in existence.

Although the All Nations in Bayswater Road, Kings Cross, is no lonely hearts club, with encouraging words like "view mat," in its constitution or aims, the international romances that have bloomed are proof, if proof is needed, that people are fundamentally much the same no matter where they come from.

The Nautas, the Newmans, and many more are good examples of this getting-togetherness.

Rick Nauta, a Dutch migrant, was studying engineering when, at a film group evening at the club, he met Jane Poole, an English migrant and graduate of the Oxford School of Architecture.

He had been in Australia four years. She had been here only four months.

Dutch tiles

They married, bought land at Killara, cleared the land with the help of club members, designed their home, and built much of it themselves, including a Dutch fireplace with 300-year-old blue tiles.

They have two babies.

Max Newman, a German-born migrant trained in London as an engineer at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, came to Australia in 1950 to join the Snowy Mountains Authority.

He is now lecturer in structural engineering at the University of N.S.W., and his wife, who is studying Arts at Sydney University, was Fay Thomp-

son, an Australian, whom he met at the club.

Margherita Hoffmann came to Australia as a child in 1939. Her father was Austrian, her mother Italian, and she was born in Milan.

She took an Arts degree at Sydney University and was interpreter at the Italian Embassy when, at a dance at the club, she met George Curtis.

George, in Australia since 1951, had been born in Vienna of Hungarian parents and brought up in England, where his real name, Kardos, was so often mangled on the phone into Curtis that he adopted that name for good.

Baby son

George, who is a company secretary, and Margherita designed their own home at Middle Cove and have a baby son, Frederic.

In their own way these marriages, and many more that have come from first meetings at the All Nations Club, are themselves symbols of the club's objectives—the closest understanding and friendship between Old and New Australians.

The four-story All Nations Club, which every taxi-driver in the city knows, is a little United Nations in the heart of metropolitan Sydney.

Founded by the late Sir Robert Garran, that great Australian who was the first Solicitor-General of the Commonwealth, it's one of this country's unique groups of people.

And from some of them, Monty Hamilton-Wilkes, the secretary, Richard Aspinall, Bernard Hammerman, and others, I learnt something about how this club operates.

The All Nations has 750 members, three-quarters of them unattached, from 30



CLUB TABLE in the dining-room, where the rule is to introduce oneself, join in the general talk, and pay for oneself. It is a "mixing" table.

nationalities, and a 50-50 balance is kept between Old and New Australians, and between men and women, though among the big waiting list women predominate.

National groups, on a percentage basis, more or less represent their total numbers in the community, except that the few Italian and Greek members are way below their national percentage.

Total membership includes about 30 Asians, some of them students, who can join the club for £3/3/- a year instead of the usual £7/7/-.

Racial, religious, national, and political toleration is a basic qualification for membership and in the relationships between members.

Absolute social equality among members—Jew and Gentile, Slav and Anglo-Saxon, Hindu and Moslem—is more than a club rule. It's a happy fact in a squabbling world.

The All Nations caters for every interest—from forums and guests of honor nights to fencing, films, drama,

fashion parades, barbecues, even picnics—and the overall

interest in cultural activities is high.

The international standard fencing group put up an enviable record in 1956, when six of the 18 members of Australia's fencing team in the Olympic Games in Melbourne came from this one club.

But the club's scrabble players claim an even better record: They play the game, with much argument, in seven languages, including impossible Polish, which has about 17 Zs.

There can be no argument, however, about the use of the TV room. If a member wants to watch a particular programme he books his channel and time—and that's that.

German sneezes

Although members speak practically every language, the club's language is English, but a mad tradition has developed, as traditions do, that anyone who sneezes must say "Gesundheit"—the German equivalent of the English "God Bless."

Unlike most clubs, membership of the All Nations puts a direct responsibility on members to help newcomers meet others and assimilate into the life of the club and the community.

Newcomers who wear a kangaroo pin silently proclaim: "I'm a new member. Please include me in your group."

They also attend welcoming cocktail parties and meet the heads of all committees and groups so that they know whom to approach when deciding the activity they wish to follow.

But a custom many clubs could well adopt is the "Club Table." If you sit at this long table in the All Nations dining-room you must introduce yourself, join in the general talk—private conversations are not allowed—and pay for yourself.

And that goes for both men and women, for this is one club in Australia where there is complete sex equality—to sit at the bar, play the poker-machines, which keep the club



CHESS PAIR, Francis Wheener (Austrian), left, and Dawn Walmsley (Australian), are watched by another club member, Jan Van Breemen (Dutch).

going, even pay for your dinner, at only 7/6 for a good three-course meal.

On New Year's Eve two years ago it was a woman who cracked the £12 jackpot on a one-arm bandit. She had never played before, and members will tell you, with sad headshakes, that she hasn't played since.

It is perhaps inevitable that the 30-nation All Nations Club, an extraordinary mixture of backgrounds, education, and language, should spawn many stories. Some are sad, some are funny, some can't be translated, and many can't be told.

But one revealing anecdote concerns the Federal Opposition Leader (Dr. Evatt), who has made thousands of speeches, but who, at the end

of a short talk at the club on abstract art, turned to his wife and whispered anxiously, "Did I do all right?"

But perhaps you prefer the evening when the only member who could play "God Save the Queen" to start a function was Chinese.

As Sir Robert Garran once said: "This club is not just another club. It is a club of a special kind for a special purpose . . . The club is what Americans call a mixing bowl, where old and new residents can meet as members, on equal terms, find out more about one another's ways, skill, and interests, and become real fellow-citizens and friends. If I may be allowed to play on words, the progress is from mates to intimates."



FENCING group has 10 nationalities, including, from left, Australians Jan Redman, Marlene Martin, Michael Diamond (Greek-Australian), and Gwen Martin (Australian).



INDOOR BOWLS—Kurt Zeisel (Czech) applauds Dick Huey (Australian) on knee. Tom Stee (Canadian) and Robert Lawson (English) stand by watching.

TASTE the **QUALITY** difference!

ANDERSONS famous **FRANKFURTS**



The "Franks" you come back for . . . again and again. Once you've tasted the quality and delicate, fresh flavour of our Frankfurts you'll be hard to satisfy with other brands. Why? Because we at Anderson's use only **prime** lean meat — specially selected and country-killed in our own abattoirs. And, our refrigerated vans are constantly delivering **fresh** supplies.

*Our "Franks"
are Branded*

Always look for our name — **Andersons** — because other brands of Frankfurts and Smallgoods are sometimes sold as Anderson's. Our name **Andersons** is your guarantee of prime quality at all times.



ANDERSONS "Golden Cure" **BACON**

*ready for the pan —
does not require boiling first.*

Pink, lean and tempting . . . that's the way you'll always buy our bacon. Sweet, tender and mild . . . how it will always taste. Prime, quality bacon, slowly, carefully "golden-cured" — that's our secret. Never harsh or "salty".



Ask for

ANDERSONS

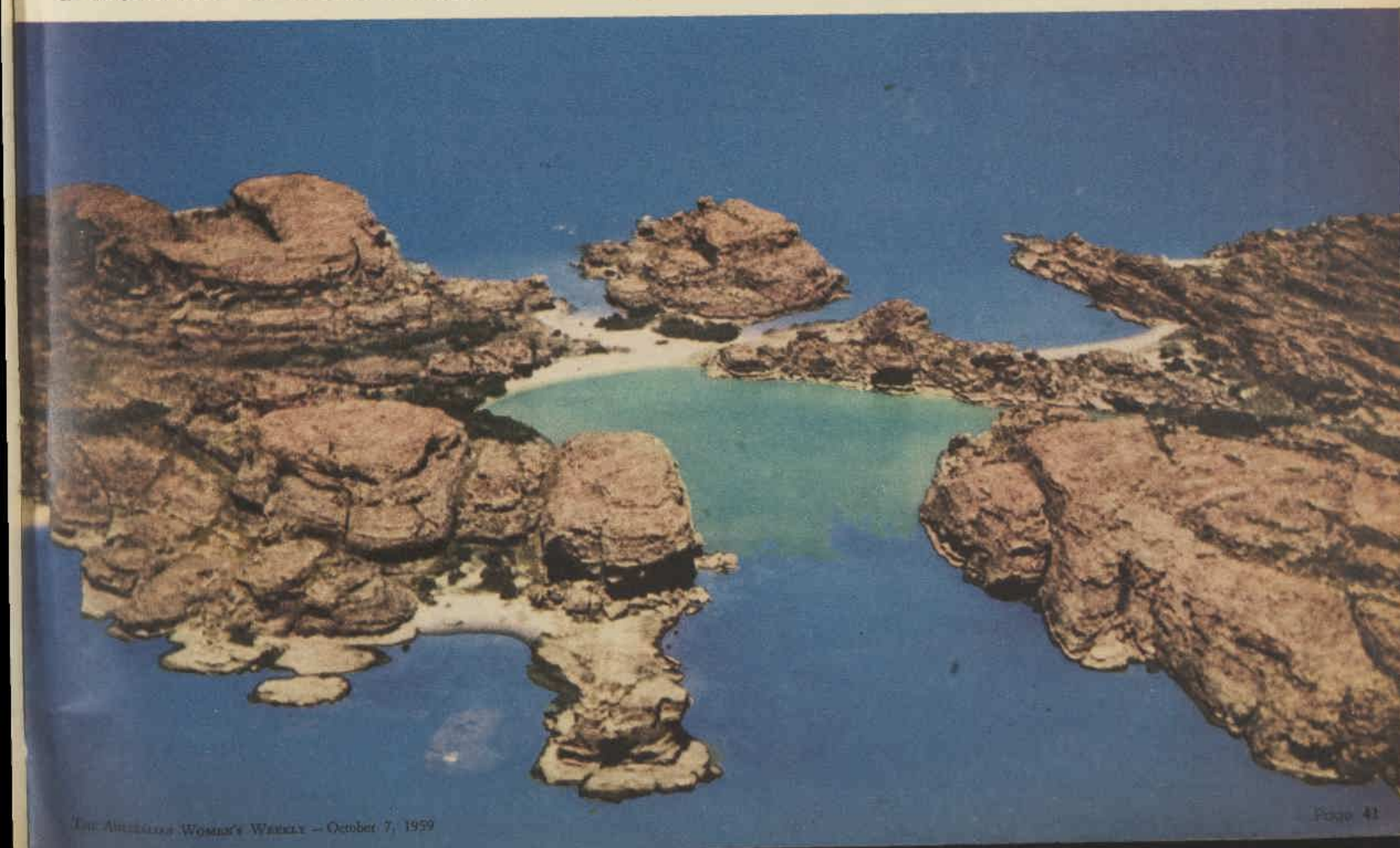
*Taste the
quality
difference*



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

• THE ROPER RIVER (above) twists and turns through mangrove flats as it enters the Gulf of Carpentaria after flowing eastward for about 250 miles across the Northern Territory. Below is the northernmost point of Groote Eylandt, the large aboriginal reserve island in the Gulf, off the east coast of Arnhem Land. There are two missions on the island, which was named by Tasman. Both these pictures were taken by Flying-Officer D. G. Purdie, of East Sale, Vic.

• To order "Australia From The Air" in book form, see coupon page 31.



'AKTA-VITE'

TRADE MARK

a power for health!



For all day energy
all through summer

A daily glass of 'AKTA-VITE' builds up energy reserves for those trying summer days!

In the hot weather it is easy to "go off your food", to feel tired and enervated. How refreshing it is to know that two teaspoons of delicious 'AKTA-VITE' in a long glass of cold milk and taken daily will do so much to build up energy reserves to see you through the long tiring days ahead.

'AKTA-VITE' is no ordinary 'milk-addition' food drink

Vitamins are essential to good health and 'AKTA-VITE' is the only milk addition food tonic which contains in each daily dose enough of the vitamins A, B, C and D to build up energy reserves for you and your family against the "hot weather slump". 'AKTA-VITE' with its delicious chocolate-malt flavour is the ideal way to get these vitamins—easily, pleasantly and in quantities sufficient to give you that "lift" for all day energy all through summer.

'AKTA-VITE' is easy to take

There are a variety of appetising ways in which to take 'AKTA-VITE'... straight from the spoon; sprinkled on cereals or sweet dishes; in sandwiches; but the most popular at this time of year is in a long glass of cold milk—*whenever you feel like it!* This has a refreshing, invigorating effect.

'AKTA-VITE' is a power for health for all the family

These days the average mother has a good knowledge of vitamins

and their function. She buys foods as much for vitamin content as for taste appeal, but as you well know, cooking often destroys many of the vitamins in food. So you can see how important it is to give that "something extra" to make sure everyone in your family gets his full share of those vitamins A, B, C and D so necessary for really good health.

Why 'AKTA-VITE' is so good

This is why 'AKTA-VITE' is so good... it gives you the vitamins. 'AKTA-VITE' contains in each daily dose enough of the vitamins A, B, C and D to lift you from being "just well" to really buoyant health.

'AKTA-VITE' contains these vitamins A, B, C and D in a highly concentrated form so that only a regular daily dose is needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Even if you were only slightly deficient (and even a hearty eater can be short on vitamins) daily 'AKTA-VITE' will soon give you a better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

A power for health

Daily 'AKTA-VITE'
costs only 2½ d. a day

DELICIOUS
'AKTA-VITE'

TRADE MARK

'AKTA-VITE' A power for health for people like these

FOR 'ENERGY BURNERS'

Many people continually overwork themselves, either because of their serious, conscientious nature or because of circumstances. They burn up energy. To all such people 'AKTA-VITE' is a great help. It improves the appetite, soothes the nerves and promotes sound, restful sleep.

FOR STRIVING STUDENTS AND ADOLESCENTS

Long hours of study can affect the health, particularly as most students are growing at the same time. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

FOR EXPECTANT AND NURSING MOTHERS

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also, 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.

FOR GROWING YOUNGSTERS

Growing children literally "burn" energy... and vitamins are essential to help build up their reserves. 'AKTA-VITE' gives them the vitamins in a delicious form children like. Children who dislike milk, love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.

FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS

People playing sport place an enormous strain on reserve physical power... they need all the energy their bodies can produce from the food they eat. The vitamins in 'AKTA-VITE' help the body use the food efficiently. 'AKTA-VITE' is recommended during training for any strenuous sports.

FOR TEENAGERS

The combination of growing, studying and "going out" is one which can tax a teenager's reserves severely. Meals often become mere snacks. 'AKTA-VITE' is a valuable vitamin supplement during these years... helping to keep vitamin reserves at a safe level for growth, energy and resistance.

FOR CONVALESCENTS

The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

ASK YOUR
FAMILY CHEMIST
HE KNOWS

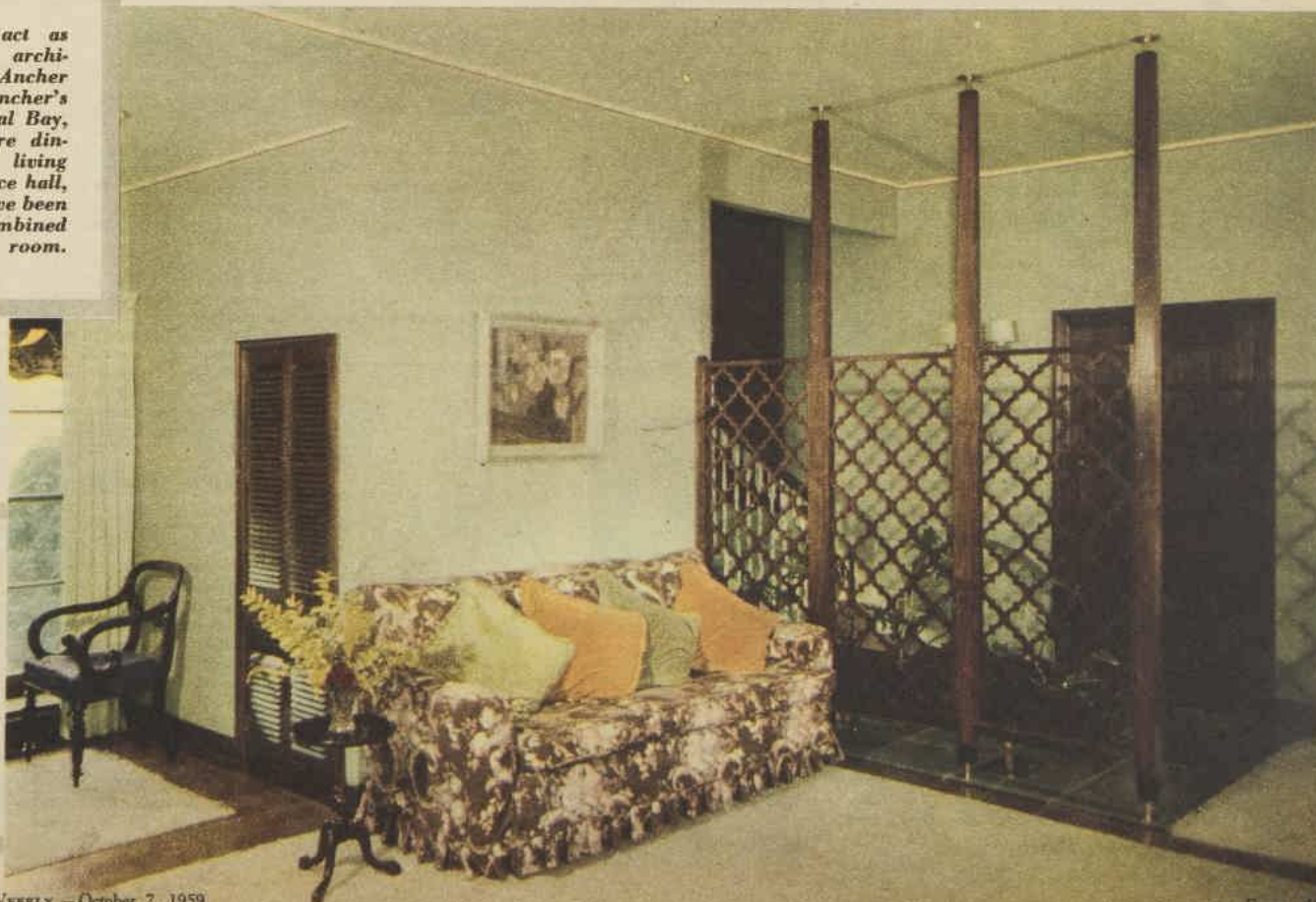
ROOM DIVIDERS

add interest to open areas

● The latest trend for open-plan living produces pleasant, spacious rooms. But people still feel the need for an atmosphere of privacy that dividers give.



CURTAINS act as dividers in architect Mr. S. Ancher and Mrs. Ancher's home, Neutral Bay, N.S.W., where dining and two living areas, entrance hall, and study have been cleverly combined in one vast room.

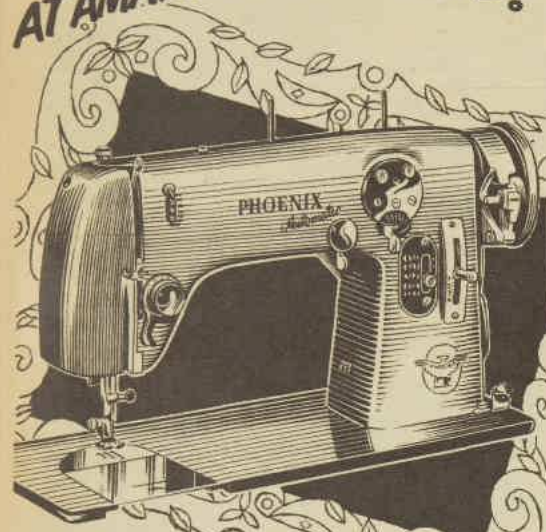


ARABESQUE design french-polished mahogany grille has replaced a wall in the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Billson at Oliver's Hill in Victoria. It blends with period furnishings.

The World-Famous

PHOENIX Automatic

GERMAN SEWING MACHINE
AT AMAZING LOW PRICE!



£98/1.



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Monograms Flowers



Buttons Buttonholes

There are no limits to creative sewing. No need to exchange cams for ornamental stitching; you can change from one motif to another. Many coloured ornamental seams make wonderful borders. Coloured ornamental piping in tricot goods as well as ornamental seams and hems sewn with one or two needles produce grand effects. Multi-coloured threads adorn the work and give it a special feature. But also all the other sewing work is child's play for the PHOENIX Automatic.

THEN, TOO, THERE IS
PLAIN-SEWING MODEL 350

PHOENIX

Low priced, yet incorporating all the quality and craftsmanship of the dearer Phoenix Models, the 350 sews forward and backward, hems, fells, quilts, sews in zips, in fact, does all a plain sewer can do. Available in Portable Carrying Case or in Cabinet Models.



£58/1.

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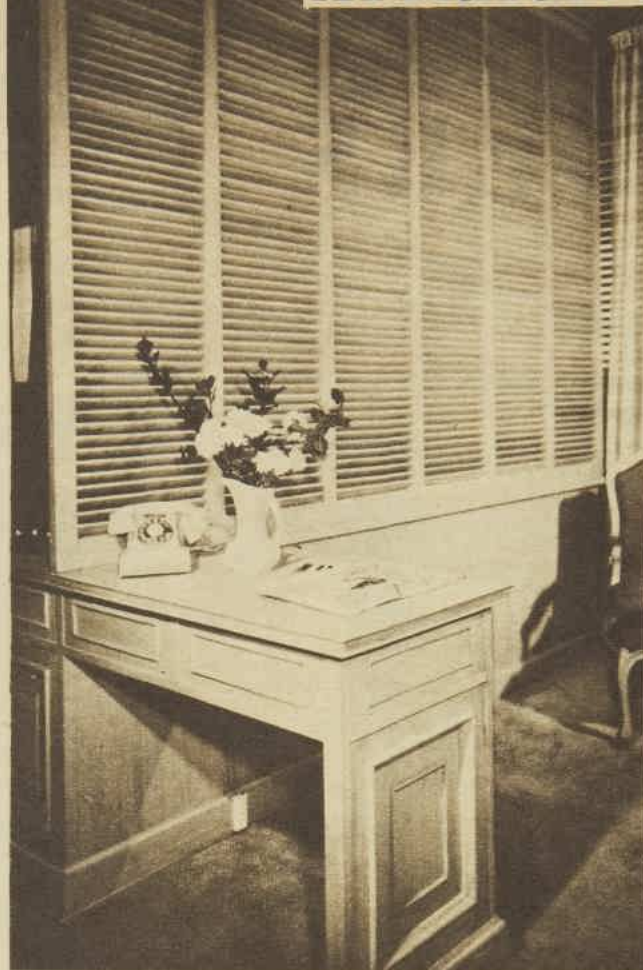
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Page 44

ATTRACTIVE CORNERS



A DESK has been incorporated in this attractive wooden room-divider. Shutter effect with angled slats allows light to filter through and bring a touch of brightness to the room.

● Here are more suggestions to add to the two colorful, good-looking room-dividers we show on the previous page. Ideally a divider should be light in appearance, in tune with the surrounding furnishings, and look as though it belongs to the room and is not merely an afterthought. The more interesting the texture used the more interesting the divider, but whether it's in wrought-iron, wood, or even basket cane, it can give a personal touch to a corner in your home.

THE large open-plan rooms that are becoming very much a part of life in modern homes need room-dividers which create an intimate atmosphere yet still retain the attractive feeling of spaciousness.

Dividers can also provide cupboard space, their lower part housing table linens, cutlery, and china, and the top half holding shelves for pieces of porcelain and books.

A room-divider can be as simple as a few lengths of

colored cord threaded between small hooks fixed to floor and ceiling. Small troughs containing pot-plants can be stood on each side and the plants allowed to grow up the cord.

Conversion

If you are converting your house and want to make two rooms into one by knocking down the centre wall—a job to be tackled only by the experienced—it is worth while considering knocking down the top half and leaving the bottom three feet standing. An entrance can be made through the middle of this or slightly to one side.

Wooden panels can be fitted on the top of the remaining sections of the wall, and on this a simple construction of vertical dowel-rods mounted to reach the ceiling.

A space-saving divider can be designed to include a television set and record-player with a simple plywood construction fitted around them topped with bookshelves.

Room-dividers should give a feeling of lightness, so avoid anything that even tends to look solid.

Even ordinary wooden garden lattice can look effective if it is painted a light color and small potted plants are fixed to it at intervals.

Another simple form of room-divider, which most handymen could tackle themselves, is a set of narrow, open shelves reaching from floor to ceiling.

Own design

The shelves look attractive made in varying widths and depths, some to hold books, others china pieces, colored glass, or odd-shaped bottles.

Although room-dividers can be bought at furniture stores, designing and making your own will give your room its own personal and individual appearance.

Room-dividers which include plants can look particularly attractive, for plants give a feeling of vitality to a room.

Whether you choose exotic rubber plants or simple ivy, the effect can be striking.

It is a wonderful idea for a town flat with no outside garden.

When buying plants, ask the florist or nurseryman for the plants' names, and how much water and sun they need. Too much or too little of either can prove deadly, depending on the plant.

Fresh air but no draughts is an important point to remember. If your plants are near a window they should be rotated every few days so that all sides of the plants get some light. If this is not done they will grow one-sided.

Watermelon begonia and cyclamen are popular indoor plants.

Trailing ivy is pretty, tough, and inexpensive to buy.

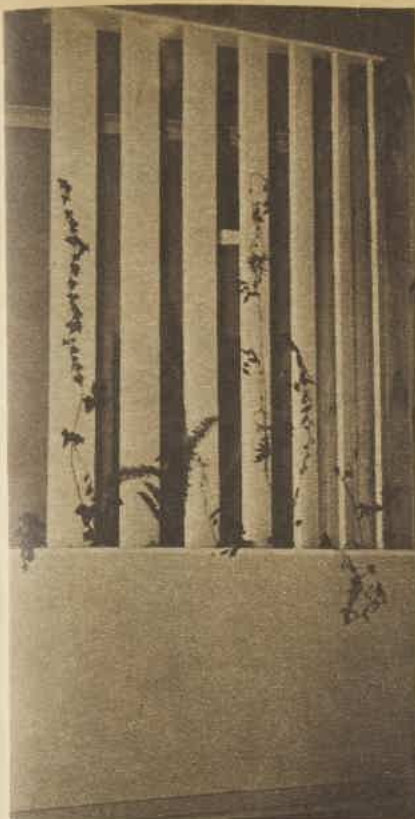
Another unusual idea is to include a fish tank in a divider. Fixed in the centre of a floor-to-ceiling design and surrounded with open-style panels, it could look attractive. At night it could be lit with strip lights and make an attractive focal point in a room.

Remember that dividers needn't cost you much. Even a simple construction of painted woodwork can add a good-looking touch to one of the rooms in your home.



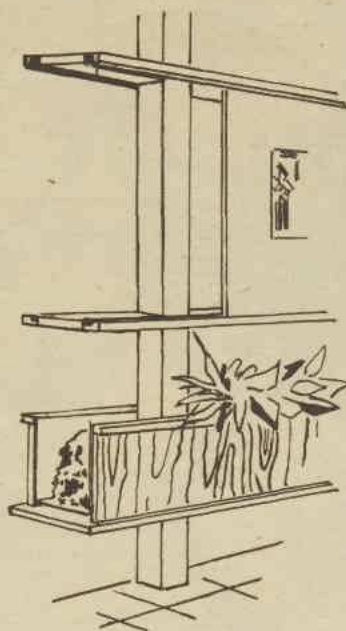
BLACK wrought-iron screen divides hall and living-room in Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fraser's home at North Balwyn, Vic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1959



SIMPLE WOOD frame covered with plywood or hardboard is the basis of this divider. Working details below.

Make - them - yourself screens and dividers



PAINTINGS AND PLANTS have been used in this unusual room-divider. The sectional drawing on left shows how the pictures slide into rebated tin strips. The flower-box can be made from coreboard panels with an inner lining of sheet copper. Full making instructions are given below.

FOUR CLEVER WAYS TO DIVIDE ROOMS

● Adapt these ideas to suit your home, varying the materials to blend in with your color schemes and furnishings. One divider incorporates cupboards, valuable where space is precious; the others use potted indoor plants and creepers to create a charming, eye-catching effect.

IN today's smaller homes room-dividers are beginning to play an increasingly important part by providing cupboard space that is not only useful but is of pleasant appearance.

Units can be two-faced, offering storage space on both sides.

A room-divider is also a good way to create a small hall where the front door opens directly into the living-room.

The photograph above

left shows one way to do this. A flower-box is surmounted by an attractive louver reaching to the ceiling. Vines and climbers in the flower-box are trained around louver blades.

Construction consists of a six-inch-wide frame covered on the outside with figured plywood (if to be finished with polish) or hardboard (if to be painted). The piece is finished with four-inch-deep skirting.

The container for potted plants could be a copper or galvanised tray of a depth to suit the pots to be used.

The vertical louver blades are of 6in. x 1in. softwood, such as Parana pine or Pacific maple. These blades are set at an angle which will provide privacy. They are housed into the top of the base and into a plate which is fixed to the ceiling.

A very attractive natural finish can be obtained by using one of the new paint-on plastics, which provide gloss alone, or a flat enamel. With enamel it is necessary to apply an undercoat plus two coats of the finish.

If you want to make it

match the existing woodwork, apply a flat stain before putting on any of the clear finishes, such as the paint-on plastics.

In the large sketch, above right, we show an idea for a divider which is designed to conceal a dining area. Paintings and plants have been used effectively.

It is constructed by housing 4in. x 1in. rails into 4in. x 4in. uprights.

Flower-box

Rebated tin strips for the track into which the pictures slide are then fastened to two upper rails to lap over the posts, so hiding the joints between posts and rails and giving a continuous line. (See sectional sketch above.)

The flower-box can be made from coreboard panels, with an inner lining of sheet copper.

The sketch on the right illustrates another way in which louvers can be used. Placed vertically behind a low brick pocket for plants, they make an excellent divider between hall and living-room.

If you want a room-divider that will also give additional storage space, the sketch on left illustrates one good way to achieve this. The entire bottom half is devoted to a spacious cupboard area.

With a sofa in front of it and shelves to take books which are at easy arm's reach, it makes a comfortable and attractive reading corner.

READING CORNER with books on easy-to-reach shelves. Lower part supplies plenty of cupboard space. The fitment could be mounted on bearings and moved about.




BRICKWORK POCKET for indoor plants makes a welcoming sight in a hall. Wooden louvers with trailing ivy act as an unusual dividing screen.



Appetising Snacks

made so easily with **RICE** RIVERINA GROWN

 RIVERINA-GROWN RICE gives you the delicious *natural* flavour of white rice just as *nature* intended. And in only 15 minutes you have the snowiest, fluffiest rice you've ever served—the perfect complement to *every* meal. It's easy on the budget, too. Yes, the best rice costs less—goes further. And remember, there's a wonderful 15-minute natural RIVERINA RICE RECIPE on every packet!

The Rice Marketing Board, working closely with the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture in testing and grading crops, ensures that the great Australian rice bowl (in the rich irrigation areas centring on Griffith, Leeton, Wakool and Deniliquin) yields only wholesome, hygienic rice of top world quality.

Listen to VOICE OF THE CHEF

2UE, Fri., 10.30 a.m. 2GF, Wed., 11 a.m.
2KO, Fri., 12.30 p.m. 2GN, Wed., 2.30 p.m.
2AY, Wed., 2.30 p.m. 2LM, Wed., 1.30 p.m.
2BN, Fri., 10 a.m. 2TM, Fri., 9.30 a.m.
2BS, Fri., 9.30 a.m. 2WL, Wed., 2.15 p.m.

Sponsored by the Rice Marketing Board.

Watch MENU FOR TOMORROW

Susan Lee Whyte's Advisory
Service, TCN 9
Mon.—Wed.—Fri., 3.58 p.m.

Try this Susan Lee Whyte BASIC RICE RECIPE

1 cup rice, 8 cups boiling water,
1 flat tsp. salt. Boil rapidly for
15 minutes with lid off saucepan.
Simply tip rice and water into
colander and allow to dry.

HOT DEVON RICE CUPS

6 slices of cut sausage (1/8 inch thick); 2 cups hot boiled rice; 1/4 teaspoon
Tabasco or Worcestershire sauce; 1/2 cup finely diced sharp cheese; 1/2 cup
concentrated cream of celery soup; 1/2 cup warm water. Strips of
capsicum, chopped parsley or red paprika powder for garnish.

Boil 2 cup Rice the easy Susan Lee Whyte method to make the
required 2 cups drained salted Rice. Prepare the sausage slices,
removing the skin edges. Place sausage slices in shallow griller
dish. Slices may touch but must not overlap. Now mix together
the drained boiled Rice, sauce, cheese, celery soup and water.
Place 3 cup of this mixture in the centre of each sausage slice.
Place under the griller for about 5 to 8 mins., keeping heat low
until the sausage slices curl around the filling. Serve with crisp
bacon curls. Serves 6.

NOTE: Paprika powder is red in colour but not hot, and gives meat and
rice savouries a special appetite appeal.

WRITE FOR — SUSAN LEE WHYTE KITCHEN-TESTED RECIPES: Rice Marketing Board, Box 151, P.O., Leeton.

because they seemed so small she thought it was a mice show.

Mum was still upset and crying that Pud would have won a prize. "Of course she would have," said Dad, "and seeing as the other contestants have forfeited, I consider she has won the lot." To make it legal he made the entries in a book on the table and gave us the trophies to pack on the truck.

Mum and Marge were in such a daze that they accepted the trophies and obeyed Dad meekly. Dad, however, wasn't finished. "Seeing as Pud is growing too big for her boots, she can keep us for a change," he muttered, and drove around to a sign painter.

Here he got the painter to rough up a big calico sign with the words: "PUD! THE BIGGEST PRIZEWINNING CAT IN THE WORLD."

When the man brought the sign out he had one look at Pud and rushed back inside without waiting for his money.

Mum was sobbing, "Oh, I never thought I would be married to a shyder sideshow man!" In spite of Marge trying to comfort her, she insisted on riding on the back with us and Pud, who, she said, was at least honest and respectable.

It looked like fun to me, and I was looking forward to our stay at the seaside resort where Dad was maintaining Pud would make our fortunes.

Dad had not counted on the truck boiling on the big hill and finding its load, plus the caravan, too heavy going. But Dad was not beaten. "All off," shouted Dad, "and push!"

Pud thought the whole business a game and made such a nuisance of herself that Dad hitched her harness to the bumper-bar and told Susie to lead her. "Might as well use every pound," reasoned Dad.

With Marge driving in low gear and all of us giving a hand, we were getting along all right until a couple of trucks passed us. They must have thought we looked funny, because they laughed so much they ran off the road. Not long after that a couple of speed-cops came up, screaming, "What do you think you are doing?"

Continuing . . . PUD

from page 21

"Going up the hill," said Dad, still pushing.

"What's the wild animal for?" asked one.

"It's not wild; it's our pet cat," was Dad's reply.

"Why is it so big," asked the other.

"Because we feed it well, I suppose," yelled Dad.

The policeman glared at Dad. "I don't like your face, mate, so how about getting your old cat out of here?"

Fortunately we reached the

she said. "Funny looking eyes and color, if you ask me."

Well, we didn't ask her and we did not ask her to push a hatpin into Pud to see if she was real.

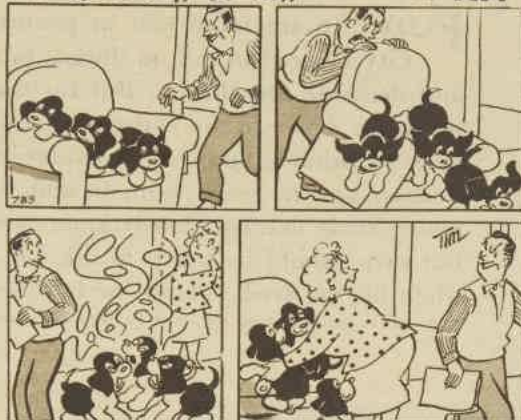
Pud was real all right—real mad, and had a few pins of her own to prove it. The old lady left in a hurry, but she left a lot of her woollies behind.

Pud liked playing with wool.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



top of the hill at the same time as a truck loaded with chooks ran off the road. While the police were trying to sort out that mess we unhitched Pud and went on our way.

The show business proved a great success, and Dad reckoned we would soon be able to buy an island on the Barrier Reef and retire. Marge, however, thought that would be lonely. She was beginning to enjoy the excitement of show business.

One night a fussy old lady reckoned Pud was a fake. "I never saw a cat like that,"

but Dad said we had better follow the old lady's example and get away from trouble as fast as we could.

From the beach we went to a little farm a few miles away. It was becoming evident that the effect of the Gibberillic acid was wearing off and Pud was regaining her normal size.

But we hadn't finished with Pud. Out on the farm she developed a habit of disappearing for days at a time, and Mum began worrying about the neighbors' chickens. It was not until we met Henry that we found out where she went.

Marge and I were on our

way to the local shop with Pud following at our heels when we saw a big English car coming down the road.

"Geel! Look at that. Isn't it a beaut?" I said.

"Handsome! Such lovely hair," replied Marge.

I looked at her to see if she was going off her rocker, and then I looked at the driver and saw what she meant.

The car slid to a stop alongside us and the young man demanded, "Is that your cat?"

We were dismayed and immediately thought of chickens. But we needn't have worried, as he was going into raptures.

"Lovely! Isn't she a beauty? What lovely dimensions!"

I don't know exactly when his attention shifted from Pud to Marge, but it didn't matter. Marge's statistics are not to be sneezed at, either.

"I am Henry and your cat is a great friend of my Prince," the young man introduced himself. Seeing our puzzled looks, he explained that Prince was his champion Siamese tomcat. "You just must come and see Prince," he said, opening the door.

It was easy to see Pud knew him, because she quickly jumped into the back of the car.

That was a few months ago and we have returned to our old home. Oswald often passes our home and waves to Marge, although she pretends she doesn't see him. Even Mrs. Hyphen-Smith nods to mother in the street when they pass. Perhaps our social standing has improved now there always seems to be a big car in the driveway.

As Dad says, "Everything in the garden is lovely," and Susie thinks he is talking about the five little sealpoint Siamese kittens Pud has down in the shed. Yes, everything in the garden is lovely as I wait to go and drop my bomb.

Down in the shed five little kittens have just finished eating Dad's groundbait, into which Pud has spilt Dad's new lot of Gibberillic and fertiliser.

Do you want a little kitty?

(Copyright)

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THE SHAPE OF TOMORROW REFRIGERATORS

Suddenly everything else seems old-fashioned . . . Dream of heavenly styling that's new and beautiful. Dream of 14 food storage aids to help you every day. Awaken lovely lady to . . . THE SHAPE OF TOMORROW.



CHECK perspiration... STOP odour 24 hours!

Yes, Tact Deodorant checks perspiration instantly! For there's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact that's not found in any other deodorant. Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour.

Yet Tact is safe for normal skin—harmless to clothes. Dries instantly.

Get Tact today—use it daily for personal freshness.

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TUBE 2/6 • JAR 3/9 • SPRAY 6/6 • STICK 7/11



CREAM



SPRAY



SWIVEL STICK

Tact for you in more ways than one

Bridal Flowers



FLOWERS are important in planning a wedding.

City brides can call on florists to make bouquets and decorate the church. But for those brides who prefer to decorate the church themselves, these pictures of suitable flowers are displayed with information on how to grow them. In addition to these are many hardy and half hardy annuals and perennials, but care should be taken to ask for white varieties when buying seeds, plants, or bushes.

Bouquet of roses, hyacinths, and lily of the valley, by Beatrice Stewart, of Sydney.



LILIUM CANDIDUM, or Madonna lily, is a snow-white, highly fragrant type suitable for summer blooms. Bulbs should be planted in semi-shade during the late winter. They will flower in November-December and bloom for about a fortnight, as the topmost buds open after the lower ones fade. They need well-drained soil, and can be limed lightly. Burn the ends of stems to lengthen their life after cutting.

CRINUM LILIES are highly fragrant flowers, eminently suitable for bouquets. They need good drainage and should be planted from July to September in well-worked, lime-free soil. Choose a shady, protected spot for the bulbs so that the blooms will not be blown about or burned by a hot afternoon sun. The bulbs will flower in the year in which they are planted.



ANDROMEDA PIERIS JAPONICA is a shrub of medium height suitable for cold districts such as Melbourne, Tasmania, Adelaide, and the mountains of N.S.W. It is a lime hater and requires acid, peaty soil that is moist. It will not withstand dry conditions or fierce heat. The trusses of white blooms last several days after cutting. Does best in semi-shade, will take several years to reach flowering size. This shrub has a faint scent, and should be planted in early spring.



MAGNOLIA STELLATA is a fairly tall, sprawling member of this family of shrubs. The generously borne flowers are star-shaped, snow white, and about 3in. across. They are sweetly scented. Like most magnolias, this is a lime hater and needs deep, rich soil. Does well in Tasmania, Victoria, and coastal N.S.W. up to North Coast. Plant in winter, though the shrubs will take several years to flower. Needs some protection from cold and hot winds, and blooms in early spring.



WHITE GINGER is a perennial plant that grows to about 5ft., and does well from the N.S.W. south coast to Queensland. It needs moist, rich soil and some shade while flowering in late summer. Blooms are highly perfumed, and suitable only for vase work. This is the ginger of commerce, and the edible roots are used for preserving. It needs a fair amount of space, as advanced plants will sprawl over an area of five feet or more.

from the Home Garden



ARUM LILIES are tuberous, or rhizomatous, plants that grow from fleshy roots or rhizomes. They do best in shade and require moist conditions where the soil is peaty and acid. They bloom several times a year in the warm districts of Australia. Flowers are large, pure white, and perfumed. Plants will flower the second year from planting out roots, and spread very rapidly. Plant roots deeply or the plants will topple over.



JASMINUM OFFICINALE is a long, slender, semi-climber. A native of Madeira, it has star-shaped, white, highly fragrant, small flowers that are very popular for bridal bouquets. Does well in Adelaide, Melbourne, and north to Rockhampton. Flowers in summer and autumn. Suitable to most soils, it is easily propagated from cuttings or layers, though it will take several years to flower from small plants. The blooms are borne freely through the year once the plant is established.

JAPANESE IRIS (*Kaempferi*) does best near marshes, streams, or the overflow from a garden pool. Grows about 3ft. high, and plants will bloom well the season after planting. Set them out during spring. There are many white varieties and pale colors. The bearded irises also include whites, and can be planted out about the same time. They all need a well-drained position, in full sunlight. Although scented, the flowers do not last more than a few hours after having been cut.



TUBEROSES are bulbous plants that test the average gardener's skill. This is mainly due to buying old bulbs that have already flowered. Buy clumps with close, needle-pointed crowns, and plant them in light soil about an inch deep after the danger of frost is over. Tuberoles are highly perfumed. Flowers appear in summer and autumn. Plant corms during cool months. There are double dwarf, double tall, and single tall varieties and all are suited to bouquet-making. They need full sunlight and protection from winds and frosts.



CAMELLIAS are ideal for bridal bouquet or decorative work. There are many lovely white single (*sasanqua*), semi-double and true double varieties. They are all shrubs and take several years to reach flowering stage after planting in the garden. Most need protection from boisterous winds and summer heat. The flowers appear from May until September, according to variety. They are all lime haters and need deep, rich acid soil and a fair amount of water during the summer months. Pukekura camellia is a lovely white semi-double variety.



STEPHANOTIS is one of the most popular white flowers for bridal bouquets, and is not always obtainable. It is suitable for outdoor growing only in warm, well-protected parts of Sydney, and north coast of N.S.W. and Queensland. It is a climber. Flowers are highly perfumed and generously borne on sturdy sprays of dark green foliage. Thrives best in turfy loam outdoors, but will grow in deep tubs or pots under glass in cool districts. The flowers last well after cutting. Takes several years to reach flowering stage.



BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

—but which would you say was
the most thoughtful?



An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.



Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the whole toilet will be sparkling clean... free of germs and unpleasant odours.

Pleasant way to really clean your toilet...

Sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

To keep your toilet clean and bright
Sprinkle Harpic every night

HARPIC

REGD.
Lavatory Cleanser

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

HP150 R

Continuing...

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 25

A man was sprawled indolently and untidily on the most comfortable chair. He was both broad and tall. It annoyed Prudence that he wore the district uniform, or so it had seemed to her since her arrival here, of bold plaid woollen shirt and tightly belted pants. It was quite in order outdoors, but surely in a lounge he could have chosen something more civilised.

A glance suggested strongly that he himself was not entirely civilised. The profile was hard and arrogant, there was a rather ruthless twist to the mouth, the chin was stubborn, the overall impression of him tough, durable, that of a man who demanded toughness and durability in return.

For a moment she stood irresolute, half tempted by a sudden instinctive dislike of this stranger to pass by him into the hall and then along to her room, half tempted in her newness and loneliness here to linger a moment to exchange a few words.

The need for human encounter won. She sat down on a less comfortable chair and remarked that it was cold.

He was reading the paper. He neither lowered it nor looked up at her as he answered uninterestedly, "Yes."

"You would think," she complained, "that they would light a fire."

He still did not lower the paper. "The wherewithal to do so is in the firebox at the hearth should you feel so inclined."

"I am not," said Prudence stiffly, "accustomed to lighting fires."

"You would need to learn," he answered rudely, "if you were a woman of the Alps."

"I am not," began Prudence again, "a woman of the Alps."

"Obviously."

"Why?"

When he did not reply she proffered, "My speech, perhaps?"

HE shook his head at that. "No, madam, sharp differences in accents are expected here. They are part and parcel of the project pattern. There are English, Americans, Norwegians, Danes — half a dozen other intonations. No, not your voice, not your clothes, but the air of you, you yourself."

By this time the paper was lowered. He was looking at her. Fascinated despite her steadily rising indignation, Prudence stared back.

It was a strong face that confronted her, cool, deliberate, impartial, just, but possibly a little cruel. The hair was dark and crisp, and, like the rest of him, faintly unruly, the skin was the deep red-bronze of outdoors, the teeth in comparison startlingly white, but it was none of these things that drew her attention: it was his eyes.

They were smoke color. Nothing else could have described them. They looked at you and weighed you up, considered you, discarded you, but all you received in return was that inscrutable, unrevealing sensation of smoke.

He came back to the subject of the fire.

"Why should it be lit?" he demanded. "It is summer."

"But as cold as winter."

"Have no illusions about that," he corrected harshly. "In winter there will be snow. Not much here in Coora, but out on the undertaking it will be six feet deep."

As she did not comment he went on: "If you were stopping over, Bill undoubtedly would light up. But you're going on,

aren't you, probably on the Authority bus."

"Yes, on the Authority bus." She paused, then asked, "How did you know?"

"I didn't know, but Coora isn't a tourist resort, it's a settling-off centre. There are no places to set off to from here that are not project settlements. What are you—a typist for New Damsite? A teacher for Ben's Bluff?"

She did not tell him. She said simply, "No," and he nodded his head, a dark strand of the unruly hair falling over the smoke-colored eyes.

"Woman's magazine," he hazarded, "doing a glossy story of the female contribution to the Snowy scheme?"

"What is the female contribution?"

"Nothing," he answered ungraciously. "Nil."

There was a slight silence between them. Prudence broke it with a cool, "You don't like women?"

"No," he returned uncomfortably, "I don't."

"Any reason?"

"Several. They can be found in the mountains out there"—he waved his arm towards the Alps—"under a small white cross."

She looked at him horrified. What on earth did he mean, what was he talking about?

"This is a man's world," he said. "There is no place for women here."

"Why did you say?"—she hesitated briefly—"a small white cross?"

"It is the usual insignia for the dead, isn't it?" The answer was brutal, deliberately and unnecessarily so.

"I don't understand you."

"Do you want to?"

Again she hesitated, then—"Yes."

He was rolling a cigarette. He did it with one hand. The other, she noticed, was bandaged.

He saw her eyes on it. "Minor crush in 7A tunnel," he drawled carelessly. "7A is a high-pressure undertaking. Lost a man there last month."

"You mean—what do you mean?" Prudence's voice was

To page 55

An information-packed article about your
Baby's care, feeding, growth and fun...

Fish Dinner? That's for me!



● Watch their eyes light up as Heinz new Junior Fish Dinner is introduced to your regular menu. This new arrival is the safe, sure way of giving baby one of his essential foods. No need to worry about bones. Every tiny particle has been removed with typical Heinz care. Simply open a can of this new Heinz red-labelled variety for a perfectly prepared meal of nutritious fish with added potatoes, carrots, milk, solids, wheaten semolina and cornflour. Junior Fish Dinner is now highlighted at your favourite Heinz Baby Dept.

● Breakfast News, too! Little appetites often assume large proportions first thing in the morning. It's so convenient to reach for a can of Heinz Junior Breakfast Cereal with Milk and Honey, the new, ready-to-serve way of supplying a balanced breakfast rich in protein, minerals and other body-building qualities. You'll find this new red-labelled Variety a must on your regular Heinz Baby Foods order.

● "See the Baby" is a fascinating game. At 4 or 5 months your cherub smiles or makes noises at that friend in the mirror, pats the baby, watches reflections of fingers. At 10 months, sitting back and soberly studying is a favourite pastime. A 1-year-old is much more cordial. Kisses the baby, offers toys, makes funny faces. Don't miss the fun!

● When Baby makes passes at grandmother's glasses, he's just using his hands at first. Later, he uses his head. Watch him study and examine what he's caught.

● Free Accident Insurance for every baby under 12 months! Heinz Infant Accident Insurance Plan entitles you to claim up to £100 for medical expenses incurred due to accidents. Completely free! For registration form, write to "Infant Accident Insurance", Box 57, Dandenong, Vic.



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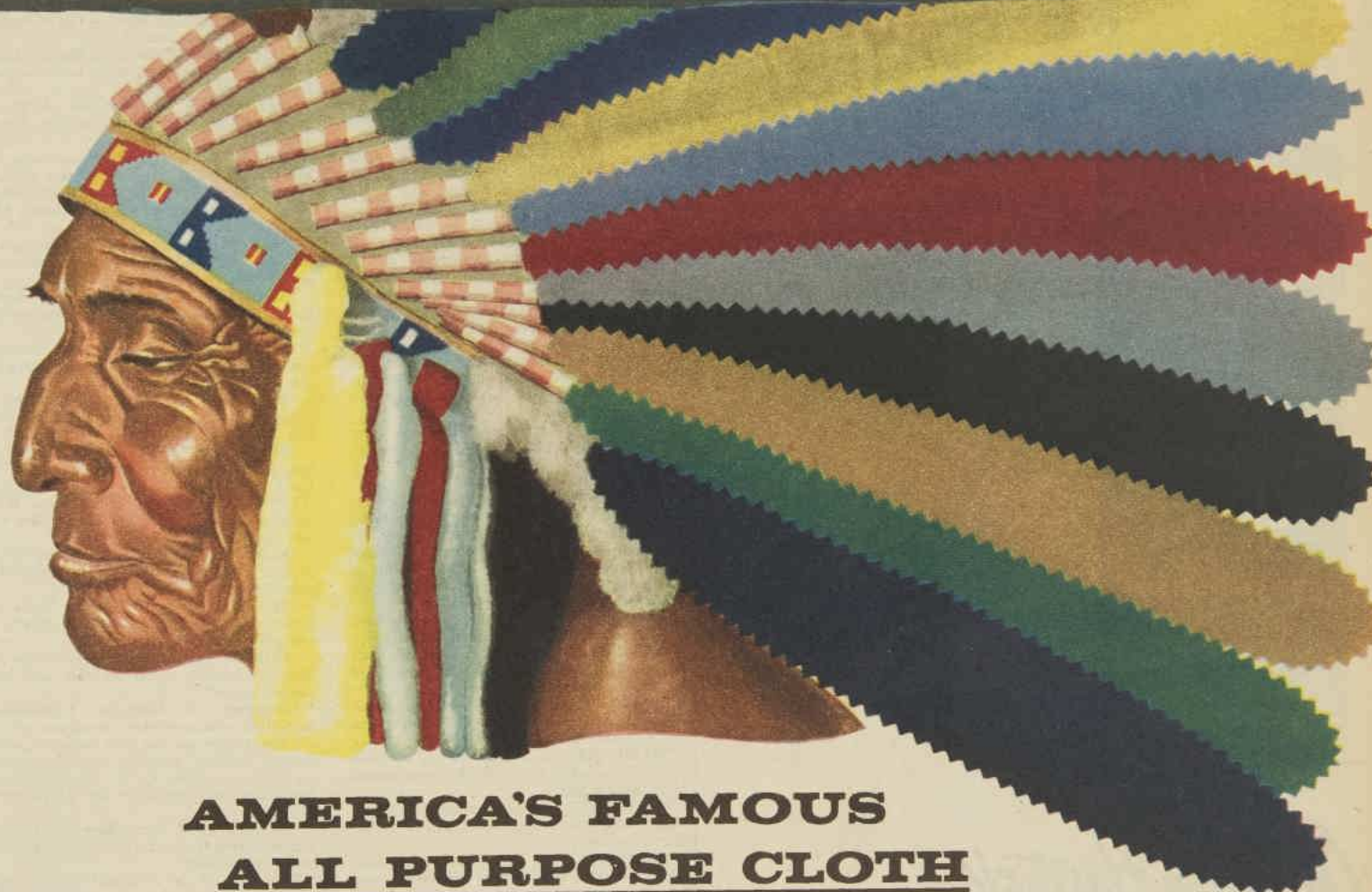
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Indian Head is easy to launder and iron, it's made of 100% pure cotton, and it's Sanforized*, guaranteed never to shrink out of fit. It's double sided, too—absolutely no dull-looking "wrong side." With Indian Head you put all these advantages into the most excitingly hued cotton goods and garments you've ever made—and you do it so very, very easily. When next you're sewing cotton, ask for "Indian Head"—the top favourite right now all over America!

* Regd. T.D.M.K. Shrink Fabric.

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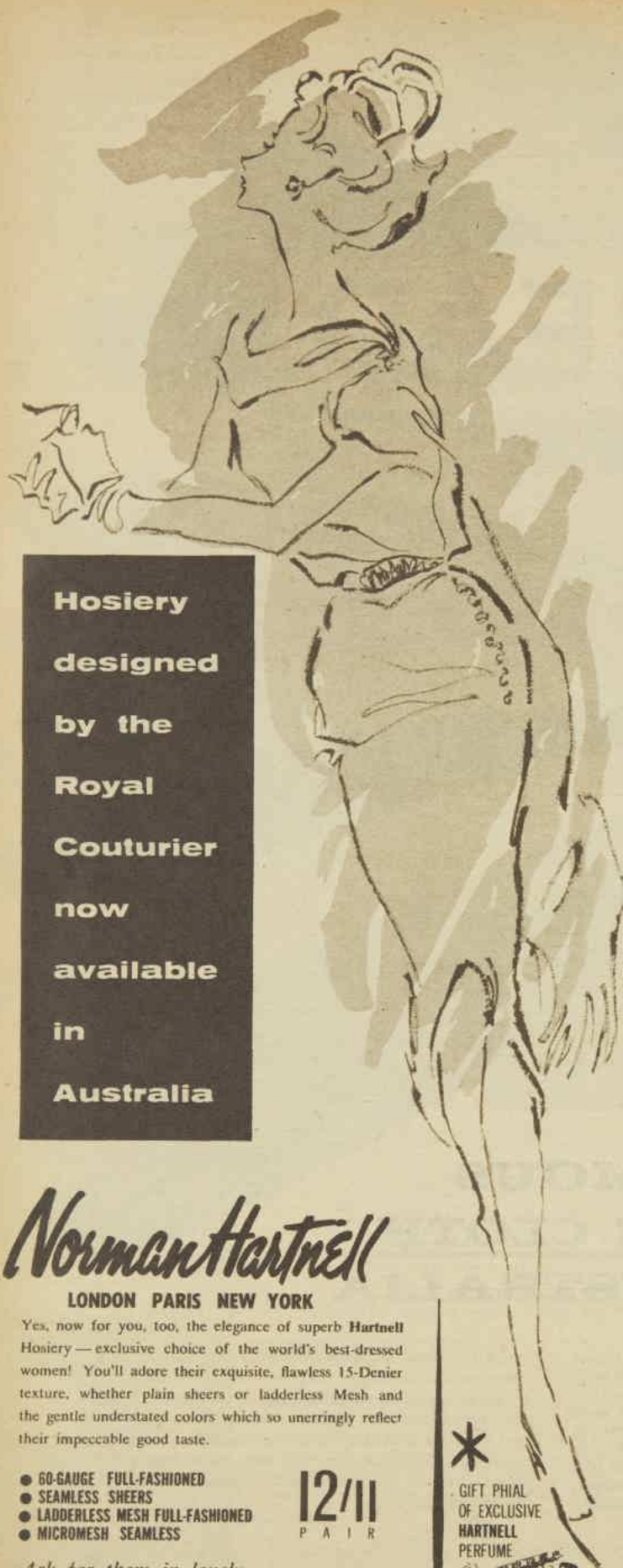
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Yes, now for you, too, the elegance of superb Hartnell Hosiery — exclusive choice of the world's best-dressed women! You'll adore their exquisite, flawless 15-Denier texture, whether plain sheers or ladderless Mesh and the gentle understated colors which so unerringly reflect their impeccable good taste.

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"LONDON PRIDE"

a spicy beige for "about town" wear — subtly sophisticated.

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With every purchase of exclusive Hartnell Hosiery, you will receive a gift phial of rare perfume created by Norman Hartnell.

Win this grand Paris wardrobe

● Every girl has dreamed of owning a French original model — this contest is your chance to own not one but six, each created by a famous Paris couturier for wear this summer.

TO win your wardrobe you must choose six models from the 22 described below which you consider would make a most desirable spring-summer wardrobe for a young Australian.

Pictures of the 22 models were on pages 28 and 29 in our September 16 issue. All of them, selected in Paris by our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, will be shown in our Paris Fashion Parades.

Many of the dresses have been in color in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Premiere of the Paris Parades was at the Myer Emporium in Melbourne on September 19; the other gala openings will be held at Mark Foy's in Sydney on October 3; at McWhirter's in Brisbane, October 17; and at the Myer Emporium, Adelaide, October 24.

The wardrobe you choose need not be complete. For instance, you need not necessarily include a topcoat and/or a raincoat and/or beach clothes.

Write on the coupon below the names of the six models you have chosen. Then write in 100 words or less the reasons why you have chosen them.

The person who sends in the best entry will win the six models named on his or her coupon.

These will have been worn by the mannequins in our Paris Parades, but will be dry-cleaned and pressed expertly before being handed over to the winner.

Anyone can enter the contest — a husband could win it for his wife — with as many entries as he wishes, provided that each entry is accompanied by a coupon.

Here are descriptions of the 22 models from which the choice of six must be made.

"CONFETTI," by Lanvin. White silk skirt, red-and-white printed silk blouse and jacket with matching hat.

"PALM BEACH," by Pierre Balmain. A one-piece dress in rose-and-white silk organza has alternate pleats in rose, white.

"ROBE 413," by Pierre Cardin. A dress of black-and-white houndstooth cotton tweed, black leather belt.

"ROBE 552," by Guy Laroche. Topcoat in white wool has a single-breasted fastening. Cut is casual.

"MAILLOT," by Nina Ricci. Navy-and-white striped wool jersey beachsuit and matching stole.

"COLIBRI," by Pierre Cardin. One-piece day dress in pale turquoise silk shantung, with self-material belt.

"VERSAILLES," by Lanvin. A strapless

evening dress of white tulle with a rose-pink ribbon bow-tie sash.

"SERIE NOIRE," by Jean Patou. Late-day separates in black silk shantung.

"MANDARINE," by Lanvin. Shorts, top, and belt in orange linen. The detachable skirt is white organza.

"TOURNESOL," by Nina Ricci. Dinner separates — lilac linen skirt, white organdie blouse, navy belt.

"FLORA," by Jacques Griffe. A graceful beige chiffon dress with matching pleated tunic, belted in self-material.

"ZAZA," by Dior. Grey flannel suit with black bow. White hat has red-rose trim.

"ARLEQUIN," by Jacques Heim. A beach outfit of shorts and a loose tunic top in blue-and-orange-striped cotton.

"MERINGUE," by Balmain. Short evening dress in white lace and organza, pink velvet sash.

"YACHTING," by Jacques Heim. Yellow slacks, a bikini, and coat in multi-striped cotton.

"PALAIS ROYAL," by Lanvin. Raincoat, umbrella, and hat in brown, yellow, and white silk.

"ROBE 139," by Nina Ricci. Day dress in yellow pleated silk shantung with matching belt.

"BELLE CYCLISTE," by Madame Carven. A navy-and-white-spotted silk dress, colored in white.

"INVITATION," by Jean Patou. White linen suit with jacket, black sleeveless vest, and big black hat.

"ROBE 612," by Guy Laroche. An evening dress in white self-coin-spotted tulle and white organdie.

"MIAMI," by Jacques Heim. Black silk jersey slacks and a loose tunic blouse of rose-pink linen.

"CORDE," by Carven. A dress in white silk shantung with a scoop neckline and rose-printed midriff.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and associated companies are not eligible to enter, nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters; neither are employees of Mark Foy's, Sydney; Myer's, Melbourne and Adelaide; and McWhirter's, Brisbane.

The decision of the judges will be final and no correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.

Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, addressed to "Paris Wardrobe Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, to reach there by 5 p.m. on November 9, 1959.

COUPON

IN the spaces below fill in the names of the six original models you have selected.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

Name and Address (block letters)

Attach this coupon to the 100-word (or less) written explanation of your choice, which should also bear your name and address.

Send in an envelope marked "PARIS WARDROBE CONTEST" to Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

PROUDLY STOCKED BY ALL GOOD STORES

Family afloat on home-built boat

By STEPHEN DEARNLEY

● You don't have to own a thirty-foot yacht and the income to run it to take your family sailing this summer. It can be done for less than £100 — and be a lot of fun, too.

WHEN my wife and I first came to Sydney as a young couple soon after the war, we fell in love with its beautiful harbor.

As soon as we could we bought an elderly sloop and spent many happy days pottering round the beaches and inlets of Port Jackson.

Eventually, though, as the children arrived and we had to buy a home, Dolphin II, the sloop, had to go.

However, we had had our taste of the water, and as soon as we could we looked around for ways and means to get back on the harbor again.

With three small children, expense was the governing factor and any boat we bought had to be cheap to buy and maintain, yet large enough to take us all.

All that seemed to be offering were classes of boats such as V.J.s or Moths, which could carry only one or two people, and small, open racing skiffs, hardly suitable for family sailing.

Garden mooring

We wanted a boat which was simple for a beginner to build, light enough to be carried on top of the car, or trailed behind it, and which could be kept at home when not in use — moored in the garden, as a friend put it.

Most importantly it had to cost less than £100.

After searching through many books and magazines I finally hit on what seemed to

On building his boat, Mr. Dearnley said: "I had no trouble working from the patterns, which were cut out of cartridge paper. Any man or woman could do it."

Costs for the Heron were: Sails, £25/10/-; fittings, plans, paint, ropes, £20; timber, £35. Total: £80/10/-.

About 18 boat owners now belong to The Yachting World Heron Sailing Association of Australia. Sails on boats carry the black insignia of a heron.

Plans of the boat are obtainable from "Yachting World Magazine," Dorset House, Stamford St., London, E.C.4.

be the perfect answer. Only 11ft. 3in. long, it was a small plywood sailing dinghy designed especially for home construction and which could be carried on top of a car.

I wrote to England for the plans—Heron, as this class of boat are called, are immensely popular there—and when they arrived, set to work on our bedroom verandah.

This was not a popular workshop with my wife, but it was the only place in the house where there was 12ft. of clear floor space.

As I had never built anything more elaborate than a few bits of furniture, I approached the problem of building a boat with a certain amount of trepidation.

In the end it turned out fairly simple, though I admit that I spent as much time

working out what to do next as actually doing it.

In spite of all this, it took only spare time from Christmas to Easter to build.

At the beginning of last summer we found two more couples who owned Herons, and we started meeting regularly at Clontarf Beach on Middle Harbor.

These outings became very popular with all the families joining in for swimming, sailing, and picnicking.

We were soon joined by two more Herons and, forming an association, decided to meet one Sunday each month for a picnic sailing day.

Short race

We would usually have "knockabout" sailing in the morning with a short but more serious race after lunch.

As the summer progressed so did the Herons and when we finally finished the season there were 12 boats sailing.

We keep Brolga, our boat, on a trailer in the garden. Whenever wind and weather look inviting we just pile picnic gear into the car, hook up, and drive down to the Lane Cove River, Middle Harbor, or even Pittwater for a pleasant sail.

Although she is only small, Brolga is stable and seaworthy, a delight to handle under sail. She can be rowed or driven by an outboard motor.

With the mast and spars stowed in the boat it is easy to get away: we can be sailing within half an hour of making up our minds to go.



It is cheap, too; no mooring or slipping fees, just a coat of paint or varnish once in a while.

For safety's sake there is a family rule that children on board must always wear life-jackets and be able to swim 50 yards unaided.

Our little Heron has given us many hours of happy sailing, introduced us to lots of new friends, and taken us to many new places.

● The Dearnley family afloat in the Heron class boat Mr. Dearnley built at home for just over £80. He has named the boat Brolga, "because that is the nearest thing to an Australian heron."



● A group of Heron boats on Clontarf Beach, in Sydney's Middle Harbor. The owners meet one Sunday a month. Mr. Dearnley marked out the numbers for the sails and tacked them into place. His wife sewed on the numbers and the Heron insignias.



● Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Dearnley with their children (from left) Clemency, aged 7, Hugh, 9, and Martin, 4. They have another child Alexa Smith, aged five months.



MELLAH SNOW 5 MINUTES COOKING

1 packet Vanilla Mellah Dessert. 2½ cups (18 ozs.) milk. 2 eggs, separated. 2 tablespoons sherry or fruit juice. 4 level tablespoons sugar. Peach halves.
Method: Place Mellah in a saucepan and blend gradually with the milk. Cook until the mixture boils and thickens, stirring all the time. Beat the egg yolks and sherry together then add to the Mellah and mix to combine without further cooking, then cool. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add the 4 tablespoons of sugar gradually and beat until dissolved. Add ¼ of this meringue mixture to the warm Mellah, mixing lightly. Spoon into individual dishes or one large dish, then chill. Place peach halves on top with some of the meringue mixture swirled into the hollow of the preserved or stewed peach. Chill before serving.



CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PIE 30 MINUTES COOKING

Make a 6 oz. quantity of Copha biscuit pastry using only 1 egg yolk. Line a 7" pie plate with pastry, decorate edge, bake in a moderately hot oven 12-15 minutes. Cool.
 Empty contents of a packet of Chocolate Mellah into a saucepan. Gradually add 1½ cups (12 ozs.) milk, blending until smooth. Stir over a medium heat until the Mellah boils and thickens. Cool slightly before spooning into the cooked pie shell. Beat egg white with a pinch of salt until stiff and gradually add 11 tablespoons of sugar, beating until smooth. Spoon a border of meringue around the edge of the pie and swirl attractively. Decorate with nuts if desired. Bake in a moderate oven 7-8 minutes to set and brown the meringue. Serve hot or cold cut into wedges.



HONEY CARAMEL SAUCE

4 MINUTES COOKING

Empty contents of a packet of Caramel Mellah into a saucepan. Blend gradually with 1 pint (20 fluid ounces) milk. Stir over a medium heat until the sauce boils and thickens. Add 1 cup (6 oz.) golden syrup or honey. Cool slightly.
 Serve warm as a sauce with ice cream, cream dessert cake or fruit parfaits.



MELLAH INSTANT DESSERT

NO COOKING! MADE IN 1 MINUTE

1. Place 1 pint (20 fluid oz.) cold milk in a basin.
 2. Sprinkle contents of packet of any Mellah Instant Dessert flavour (we show Raspberry here) over surface.
 3. Whisk or beat lightly for 1 minute, then allow to set (10-15 minutes).
 Serves 4. Serve plain or with nuts, cream, fruit—any topping of your choice.



Which will you make tonight... Mellah or Mellah Instant?

"Rush day or easy day – there's a Mellah Dessert for every day!"



says *Betty King* Home Economist of World Brands

In a rush? Then tonight's the night for Mellah Instant — the light 'n' lovely dessert you make in a minute, without cooking!

Got a few minutes? Then look what wonderful things you can cook with Mellah Dessert-and-Pie-Fillings! Luscious pies and creamy sauces are just the beginning. Gild them with meringue in the oven. You can top them with melted

marshmallows. Serve them hot or cold . . . as prettied up or plain as you please. There's no end to the variety! Fix them ahead of time too, if you like — Mellah Dessert-and-Pie-Fillings keep beautifully. Try some soon.

5 sensational flavours in Mellah Instant Dessert — Chocolate, Banana, Caramel, Raspberry and Vanilla. All of them really delicious.

8 Mellah Dessert-and-Pie-Filling flavours from which to choose — Chocolate, Caramel, Vanilla, Raspberry, Lemon Pie Filling, Orange Coconut, Banana Coconut, and Chocolate Coconut.

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

incredulous. Men weren't "lost" in tunnels.

"A fall of rock. Very quick mercifully."

"He was—killed?"

"Five tons of granite don't merely bruise," the man reminded. He finished rolling, then lit the cigarette.

"How can you speak like that?" burst out Prudence.

He shrugged. "This is a scheme of extraordinary magnitude. The men's remuneration is extraordinary. What else do you expect?"

Her question had not been answered. She knew it. He knew it.

Almost tremblingly she ventured. "But how do women come into it?"

"With their fears, their anxieties, their whinnings, their demands," he flung bitterly. "Put a man on a precipice and he will keep his head. Put a woman to watch him and he will go over the edge."

"You told me," she reminded him coolly, "that this was a man's world, that there was no place for women here. If they are not here how can they do all that?"

"It is a man's world; there is no room for women. But some of the misguided camps have permitted the female touch" — he smiled without amusement — "a wife or two, a teacher, a typist, a cook."

"And they cause death?" Her reply was caustic.

More caustically still he replied. "Yes, they cause death. Take Jones, for instance. That was not his name, of course."

"Jones managed to get a unit on the hill. He brought down his family. There were good wages, a comfortable living, but there was only an occasional movie, no monthly sales. She whined at him, she dogged him, she never let up. One night he went home from the shaft and she had cleared out. The next day he went down again—but he didn't come back."

Determinedly Prudence struck out. "But that is an isolated instance. Because it happens in your camp does not mean—"

He did not let her finish. "It does not happen in my camp, madam. Not any longer. Make no mistake about that. There are no women now, and there never will be women at Falcon's Neck."

The man resumed his reading of the paper. The girl sat staring straight ahead.

She was thinking with alarm of Mr. Piper and what he had been muttering in the Sydney office.

"I'll send you down to Lawless," he had decided, and then he had murmured, "Smoke won't like it . . . probably make the wires run hot . . . can't be helped."

This person must be Smoke. He couldn't be anyone else. Not with those inscrutable, smoke-colored eyes.

He couldn't know, then. The letter couldn't have reached him, or if it had he hadn't opened it yet. He was not aware that there was to be a woman in the camp.

The silence grew. In spite of herself Prudence shivered.

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and this time it was not the cold.

For upstairs in her handbag was the last of a string of tickets, an appointment card, and a little red permit.

The appointment card and the permit for one P. Brierly, the destination, Falcon's Neck.

Presently Prudence rose quietly and went to her room and sat on the bed beside the mohair coat flung ready to be grabbed up in a hurry when the Authority bus came along.

Could she catch that bus? Could she go deliberately out to a job that, for her, anyway, was to be non-existent? Her pride said no. Her purse urged yes.

Self-control is only courage in another form.

—Samuel Smiles

Her fare had been prepaid by the Authority. If she forfeited the position before she even took it she would have to refund the money. She simply did not have the money. Perhaps — hopefully — she could find work here.

Almost as though he sensed her predicament the proprietor came breezing down the long corridor.

"Paging Miss Brierly," he called humorously, then when she came to the door, "Coffee's waiting downstairs. I thought you'd need a bit of something before you got in the bus."

"Mr. Fulton, I don't think I can go."

He looked at her shrewdly. "Where were you going?" he asked.

"Falcon's Neck," she said.

"So they've caught up on Lawless at last. Serves him right."

PRUDENCE looked worried. "It may be amusing to you, but it's not to me. I've been speaking with Mr. Lawless in the lounge. I — I didn't expect that."

"What did you expect, Miss Brierly?"

"Well—fairness," she said at length, "no concessions, but a reasonable outlook; if not exactly kindness, justice; a chance at least."

"And what makes you think Smoke would not possess those capacities?"

In reply she flung, "What makes you think he would retain me long enough for me to find out?"

Bill Fulton looked down at her thoughtfully. "A point," he conceded. "He is an impetuous cuss. The thing is, are you just arriving there or have you been sent by the Authority?"

"By the Authority, of course."

"Then you're home and dry. He'll have to take you. He'll raise the devil, of course. Might even get his own way in the long run. But meanwhile you'll be out at the Neck and drawing a fat salary, and that, forgive me, Miss Brierly, is what's worrying you, I guess."

"Yes, it is," Prudence spoke gratefully. "I put all my savings into my fares from England. I haven't anything left."

A cloud went over her face. "I don't want to work for him, though."

"You'd be working for the Authority."

"By his attitude he is the Authority," Prudence heard

Bill Fulton's appreciative chuckle, but went earnestly on. "Mr. Fulton, what would be my chances of a job here in the town?"

"You'd get one," he assured, then, as her face brightened, "but at half the money."

"Money isn't everything." "It's a great deal when I tell you how much you'd have to pay out of your weekly envelope to refund your fare to the Authority as well as live."

Bill Fulton proceeded ruthlessly to do so.

Prudence gasped, then sighed. "You sound as though you want me to go ahead, Mr. Fulton."

"At the risk of being a bore, I do," he said. "This project is a 'thing' with me, Miss Brierly; with all of us. Yes, I think the entire town feels that way down here. It's different in Sydney — in any of the capitals. They are not near the Undertaking. They don't breathe its air. It's big, Miss Brierly. In time it gets you. It's going to become one of the greatest milestones on the march of Australia to national development. You, too, will be won over. You, too, must be on the ground floor."

"Even if I felt as you do," retorted Prudence, "which I know I never shall, how can I help, a mere woman, a woman at Falcon's Neck?"

He was not laughing now. He was serious. "I think you can," he said. "I think you are needed because you are a woman. I think all women are needed." He paused. "Rolf thinks so as well."

"Rolf?"

"You will meet him at the Neck. You will like him."

"If I go —" She still stood hesitant.

Again Fulton's shrewd look. "There's not much choice, is there, Miss Brierly? Have you consulted the tariff behind your door?"

Prudence did not move. She saw the reason in his words. For her, for several weeks, anyway, until she managed to save something from her wages, there could be no choice.

"Come downstairs, grab some coffee, then take your place in the bus. That's my advice, Miss Brierly. You either make an appearance at the Neck or forfeit your fare money. You can't do that and you know it, so you go on as you planned."

"My words sound cold-blooded, but they're not really, and the results won't be, either. I'd stake my hotel on that. You will shake down. Even Lawless will shake down in time. And one future morning you will wake up, to snow or sleet probably, to harsh country, harsh conditions, perhaps harsh men — but to something else as well. You, too, Miss Brierly, will feel what we feel. The pride, the attachment, the part of the milestone. You, too, will have a 'thing'."

She looked at him, faintly understanding. She turned and grabbed the coat.

"Good girl," commended Fulton. He took up her suitcase and led her down the corridor.

"I only hope," said Prudence desperately behind him, "that that coffee's strong and hot."

"You will get good coffee all through the Authority," he assured her. "Where there are coffee drinkers there is always a good brew, and there are more coffee addicts here than tea. Umberto made this. It's Italian method. Bert was out at Falcon's Neck but he missed

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lots of
work
for
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1959

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1959

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Q. Do you know perspiration is caused by emotional excitement as well as by exertion?

A. It's true! Whenever you are anxious or excited you experience "emotional" or "nervous" perspiration. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in under-arm stains and odour.



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Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself
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CM166

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 55

the bright spots, so came to town."

"Bright spots," echoed Prudence a little blandly, and she looked out at the main street.

"Oh, I admit we're no Sydney," grinned Bill Fulton, "but think of it comparatively. Take that woman there, for instance. She has come in to do some shopping. To her, after the camp stores, Coora must be Piccadilly itself."

"Then there are stores and there are women."

"You said that in the wrong order, where there are women there will always be stores."

Bill lit a cigarette and looked at her quizzically.

"Oh, yes," he informed her, "the Authority has its female quota, but a very low one compared to the male. I can't tell you exactly. Perhaps Ben's Bluff has fifteen men to one woman, twenty to one at Miggin's Lob. At Goshawk it is an even lower ratio, and at Falcon's Neck —"

"There are none at all."

"There were none," corrected Fulton. "Now there is one."

She glanced nervously around her.

Fulton guessed whom she was looking for and assured her that Lawless would not be taking coffee.

"It's a wet canteen at Falcon, but as Big Chief he thinks it best to hold off; consequently when he comes to town he relaxes that rule and does not take refreshment in a cup."

The bus outside the door was slowly filling. Fulton drew Prudence's attention to the headgear of the men. "I always say," he maintained, "you can tell a man's nationality here by his hat. The berets, of course, are the Frenchies; the Czechs wear a tyrolean and the Americans a small ski cap. The old square peak for the Englishmen and those without any headgear at all are the Italians." He smiled, touching his own skull regretfully. "They have the best cover of hair."

"What of the Australians?"

"The wide-brimmed felt. Winter or summer, cold or hot, you won't part the Aussie country man from that."

"There are not," observed Prudence, "many Australians then."

The proprietor agreed. "Neither in the bus nor in the Authority. Not in any considerable numbers. It's an Australian undertaking but a world effort. When it comes to working here, the Australian finds he has thin blood. It's the sun he has to have, and the sun he insists on, big money or not."

"Yes," said Prudence desolately, "I was once like that."

At the far end of the corridor she saw a figure turning the corner. He was even bigger than she had estimated when she had seen him before sprawling untidily on the most comfortable chair in the lounge. She saw that he was placing, well back from his forehead, a wide-brimmed felt hat.

"I presume," her voice was edged — "that Mr. Lawless is Australian. Evidently the climate suits him."

"Yes, but Smoke's a different story. He's Snowy River stock, and, of course, you know about that."

"Should I?"

Fulton smiled deprecatingly. "I think so. Down this way we all think so. Australia's poet A. B. Paterson thought so."

Quietly he quoted Paterson:

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side, Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough, Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint-stones every stride, The man that holds his own is good enough."

The figure down the corridor was swinging towards the street. He walked with that curious relaxed loping stride of the seasoned horseman, but this was a machine age, thought Prudence, a machine project. You would need no horsemen here.

Fulton smiled when she remarked on this.

Do all the good you can, and make as little fuss as possible about it.

— Charles Dickens

"What of the initial surveys?" he asked. "Do you think they just struck off in a jeep through the bush? Smoke Lawless was in this thing right from the kick-off. He was born and bred here. He knew every mountain, every valley. He could tell which would be easy drilling and which would bring a hazard of rock."

"A little king, in fact."

Fulton gave her a quick side-long glance. "Not so little at that."

Before she could reply he took the coffee cup from her hand and began steering her towards the door.

"See you in two weeks' time, Miss Brierly. You'll be in with Smoke for the fortnightly payroll then, I guess. You'll have to keep your hand on the trigger on the way back. But, perhaps — at her look of alarm — "You drive, do you? In that case Smoke can hold the gun."

NOT allowing her a retort he hustled her into the long bus, called a greeting in French, another in Italian, found her the last seat near a window, shook her hand, and climbed out again after whispering an encouraging "Good luck."

The driver raced the engine warningly to attract the attention of one final traveller and Smoke Lawless withdrew from a crowd of men and jumped nimbly into the bus.

At once half a dozen voices shouted out to him and he answered back in their mother tongues — answered fluently, judged Prudence, who had been a linguist all her life.

She saw him answer a German inquiry as to why the Falcon jeep was not in use by a nod towards his injured hand.

"No good on the hairpin bends," he grinned back, "and Rolf's too busy to be spared."

"When," asked an Italian voice, "are they going to supply you with a chauffeur?"

"Soon, my friend, probably the details are in this mail-bag. The poor bloke does not know this yet — my future secretary, I mean — but as well as doing my letters, accounts, and a dozen other things besides, he'll be driving me about."

"You're happier on horseback." The voice was French now.

"Much happier than on this clipper, especially when I have to stand. Have you cusses hogged all the seats?"

"One near the lady," called someone in English and Lawless half turned, saw Prudence, and advancing claimed the portion beside her.

"You should be grateful," he informed her, sinking down and taking more than his share, "that that was not an American, else he might have said dame. Not that I myself am anything but wholly enthusiastic over Americans," went on Lawless. "For instance, take this road."

"Why, did the Americans build it?"

"They agitated until it was built. You must give it to Uncle Sam, he gets things done."

"Does the road go right through?"

"Through to where?" His smoke-colored eyes were looking at her with unconcealed curiosity.

"To wherever it is supposed to go," evaded Prudence, "the different projects, I mean."

"No, madam, the good road does not go through. To reach Miggin's Lob, Goshawk, Ben's Bluff, one has to take one's life in one's careful hands."

"And Falcon's Neck?"

"What do you know of Falcon's Neck?"

"You mentioned it in the hotel."

He considered that, then let it pass. "There," he said, "one is lucky to get through without hurtling five thousand feet to the bottom of the gorge."

Prudence said faintly, "Oh—"

She looked out at the country around her. It was wild, virile terrain. The trees were the grotesque snow gums. A narrow stream ran sharply towards the direction whence they had come, the verge of it carpeted by great thicknesses of moss and humus.

"The Snowy, or part of."

Lawless said.

Prudence stared amazed. "But it's not big." How could such a small river become a national development, she thought.

"It's constant. It's so constant it wastes half a million gallons a minute into the sea. In a land of insatiable thirst like Australia, this is a sin. Therefore it has to be disciplined. All water, like all women, should be that."

She turned indignantly, only to meet the taunting laughter in his unrevealing smoky eyes.

"I can see the value to industry of a disciplined river," she said coldly, "but surely it has been doing a good job already, disciplined or not. It has been watering a countryside."

"I told you it empties into the ocean. It hurries away from the haunts of men and goes down to the coast. Therefore it has to be harnessed."

"Like horses — or like women?" The man's words still rankled in Prudence.

"Women prefer double harness," he answered promptly. "That's why they have flocked here whenever and wherever given a chance, which is fortunately seldom and far between."

Prudence murmured as she had murmured previously this morning, "You don't like women."

"I gave you a reason," he flung harshly back. "A small white cross."

There was silence for a few miles.

The bus slackened speed to let out three Americans. She knew them for that by the small

To page 68

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Carrots
Green Peas
Green Beans
Mixed Vegetables

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Pears
Pineapple Pudding
Chocolate Custard
Egg Custard
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Beef Dinner with Vegetables
Lamb Dinner with Vegetables
Liver and Bacon Dinner with Vegetables
Macaroni and Beef Dinner with Vegetables
Lamb Brains and Macaroni Dinner
Mixed Vegetables



EDGELL-GERBER *baby foods*

NEWEST MEMBER OF THE EDGELL FAMILY OF FINE FOODS

bringing up baby



hints collected by Mrs. Una Venn-Brown, Consulting Nutritionist, Gordon Edgell & Sons Ltd.

During the first few months of life, baby's little daily routines add up to his only real diversion. Bathing, feeding, "mothering period," and outdoor excursions are his primary distractions. You can do a lot to make these routines enjoyable by enjoying them yourself. If you go about these tasks in an unhurried, unhurried manner—and keep the atmosphere smiling—chances are baby will come to look upon you as a "partner in pleasure," not a demanding taskmaster.

FEEDINGS SHOULD BE FUN

... and usually are if you feed baby in a relaxed atmosphere, and serve foods that look good as well as taste good. That's easy with new Edgell-Gerber Baby Foods! Thirty-three varieties, all are notable for naturally tempting flavours and appetising colours. All are specially cooked to preserve the utmost in nutritive values. 8 Fruits, 5 Vegetables, 8 Strained Vegetable and Meat Combinations, 6 Junior Dinners, 6 Desserts. You can make many combinations to keep baby's menus interesting *ad infinitum*.



DOORWAY TO SAFETY—"Try anything" toddlers discover all too soon how to lock the bathroom door. If your little "mechanical genius" has learned this trick you'll be interested in this safety tip: Two pieces of strapping plaster, cross-slashed over the bolt of the bathroom door, will prevent a toddler from locking himself in.

SELF-FEEDERS favour foods with lots of flavour interest and a more "grown-up" texture. That's probably why Edgell-Gerber Junior Dinners are so popular with high chair heroes and heroines. They're especially tasty (and nourishing) because they combine 3 important food groups: vegetables, meat and cereal... seasoned to suit the more educated taste buds of toddlers. Then, too, the texture is evenly chopped to encourage chewing and pave the way for the eventual acceptance of coarser-textured foods.



OUTDOOR WARNINGS: (1) If baby takes his sleep outside in the pram, be sure to park it in a shady spot. Sun heating down on the pram hood can turn baby's "little bedroom" into an oven. (2) Cover pram with elasticised mosquito netting to protect baby from flies and other insect pests.

HAPPY MEALTIME DIVERSION

You can always make a hit with your sweetie when you serve Edgell-Gerber Strained and Junior Fruits. Plump, choice fruits, sweetened by the kiss of the sun, are ever so carefully processed to preserve natural colours and true-to-nature flavours. Add to this a smooth texture that's just right for initial feeding acceptance and you've the makings of a palate-pleasing dessert.



EDGELL-GERBER
baby foods

NEWEST MEMBER OF THE EDGELL FAMILY OF FINE FOODS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1959

NEW WAYS WITH JELLY CRYSTALS

● Packets of jelly crystals are kept in almost every kitchen cupboard. Instead of using them for the ordinary jelly dessert, try some of these ideas for making new dishes and adding interest to some of your old favorites.



FROST CUP CAKES with soft butter icing. While icing is still soft, sprinkle the cakes with green or red jelly crystals for a children's party treat. Whipped cream could be used instead of the icing.



MARSHMALLOWS: Soften 1 packet jelly in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water. Boil, cook 8 minutes, cool. Beat until thick, adding 1 cup icing sugar. Pour into wetted tin. When firm cut in squares. Toss in coconut.



SPREAD MERINGUE thickly over top of a baked milk pudding. Swirl into circles, and in each circle place $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon jelly crystals, alternating red and green. Return to oven to color meringue.



QUICK DESSERT: Put 1 packet jelly in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot water. Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ tin evaporated milk with 1 tablespoon lemon juice until thick. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and cold, unset jelly. Beat until thick. Chill.



SPEEDY SETTING JELLY: Dissolve crystals in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water. Add ice-cubes to make up to 1 pint. When melted pour into ice-tray and put in refrigerator until cold. Pour in moulds to set.



At High Speed To Save Life

The records of the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service are increased day by day by accounts of lives that have been saved by the high speed with which Red Cross acts in emergencies. "I wonder do other people realise", wrote a grateful mother, "how I, as a grieving parent, felt the relief and confidence when I heard the siren and saw the Transfusion car race into St. George Hospital with the blood that was necessary to save our little girl..."

The blood given by voluntary donors through the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service is free to all.

THIS IS THE
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CENTENARY YEAR

Australian Red Cross Society (N.S.W. Division)
27 Jamison Street, Sydney

Q1221

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Shrubs for all seasons

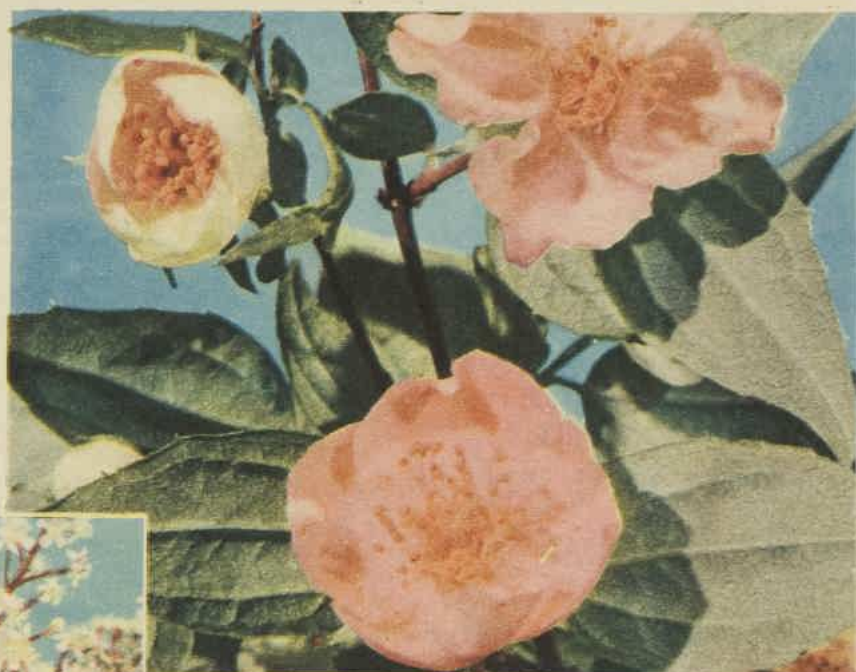
● Here are pictures and details of the culture of seven choice shrubs, each one a jewel in its own right. Two of them are famed for their fragrance, the remainder for their brightly colored flowers and decorative features. They ask little beyond a place in the sun, sensible watering, and nourishment. Some, like the poinsettias and browallia, flower in winter, others in early spring, and the rest during summer months.



● Poinsettias need protection from frost and cold winds. They grow tall, and should be cut back hard in spring after bracts and leaves fall. Cuttings of old wood taken after flowering finishes will root easily in water.

GARDENING

● *Philadelphus gracilis*, a fragrant variety, is slender and drooping. Prune after flowering. Protect from cold and hot winds and summer sun. It tip-layers easily. Rooted pieces can be transplanted now.



● Yellow hibiscus, variety *Chrysantha*, grown by Mrs. Balcombe Quick, of Toorak, Vic., from a cutting. It is 5ft. tall. Needs rich soil, plenty of water, and protection from frost. Cut back lightly late in winter and much in summer. Cuttings struck in sand after pruning old bushes will strike readily.



● Mint Bush (*Prostanthera ovalifolia*), one of the most fragrant native bushes, is indigenous to Victoria and N.S.W. Flowers in many colors, from white to pink, mauve, violet, and deep purple. Grows to about 8ft. and needs light pruning after flowering. Does best in a well-drained bed by itself, where surface soil is not cultivated or disturbed.



● *Photinia serrulata*, a handsome evergreen, makes a fine hedge, a dense windbreak, or lawn specimen. The young foliage is brilliant red. Flowers are borne in panicles in spring, and followed by red berries. Grows to 15ft. unless topped. Other varieties are *glabra robusta*, *glabra rubens*, *villosa*.



● *Browallia Jamesonii*, a tender evergreen of great beauty. Flowers are a deep orange and yellow. Needs cutting back after flowering, and is easily grown in any good garden soil. Cuttings should be struck in sandy loam during the winter.



● *Brunfelsia latifolia* has blue blooms which change to white as they age. Subject to spotted wilt. Small plants will grow in pots. Needs rich feeding. It is easily raised from winter cuttings.

SIMPLE SMOCKING FOR A CHILD'S DRESS AND A BABY'S JACKET

● Add charm to a child's dress with a wide smocked yoke. Diagrams and instructions below are easy to follow.

Materials Required: Two skeins white, 1 skein each 408 (Gobelin-green), 443 (gorse-yellow), and 750 (carmine-rose), Clark's Anchor stranded cotton (use 3 strands throughout). Pattern of child's dress for smocking: white voile, poplin, or other suitable material for dress (amount stated in pattern); Milward's Gold Seal crewel needle No. 6.

A pattern for a child's dress, suitable for smocking, to fit 4- to 10-year-olds, can be obtained from our Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 3/-. When ordering, please quote pattern No. 2964.

Cut out dress from pattern. Trace 13 rows of dots 1/4 in. apart on to wrong side of skirt front and back 1/4 in. from top edge (this includes 1/4 in. for seam of yoke joining); discontinue dots 1/4 in. from edge at armhole shaping. Gather up the rows of dots (see diagram 1), using a separate thread for each row.

Commence at right-hand side with a knot and a small back-stitch to secure the thread, and, picking up the dot only, work to end of row, leaving a loose thread. Draw up lines of stitching to form pleats, but do not pull too tightly, as the pleats must be movable for working the smocking. Tie loose threads two by two.

Follow diagram 2 and number key for design and placing of colors (work on right side).

Diagram 2 gives a section which is repeated across the

dress. The dotted lines on diagram 2 indicate the rows of gathers and show the placing of stitches. The straight lines of background represent pleats.

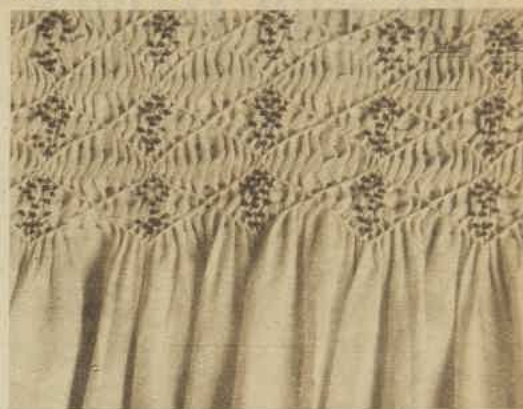
Diagram 3 shows the method of working the wave-stitch: Secure the thread on first pleat and take a stitch through second pleat on same level, with the thread below the needle. Take a stitch through 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th pleats, each slightly higher than previous stitch and having thread below needle in each case. This completes the upward slope.

On downward slope take a stitch through 8th pleat on same level as last stitch, with the thread above the needle, then work downwards, each stitch corresponding with upward slope (thread above needle). Continue in this manner across dress for first row.

Second row is worked in reverse manner to form pattern.

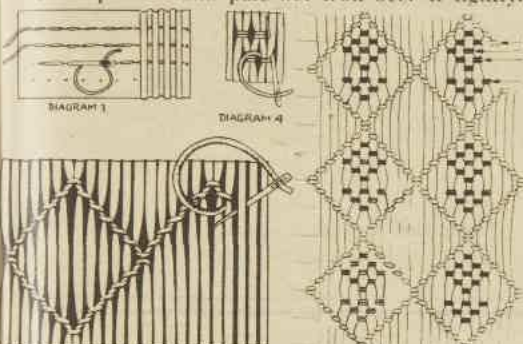
Diagram 4 shows the method of working honeycomb-stitch (two small stitches into same place over 2 pleats). Work a row of stem-stitch, using white cotton over alternate rows of dots on wrong side of skirt.

Lay finished smocking wrong side up on ironing table, place damp cloth on top, and pass a hot iron lightly over (do not press). This sets the smocking. Remove gathering threads and make up dress. Work two rows of stem-stitch on yoke above smocking and round collar.



CLOSE-UP of the finished stitches. Smocking is so easy to work, and it will add color and charm to a plain dress, making it suitable for party time. White voile is a good material to use for the dress.

PRETTY for a party. To set finished smocking, use damp cloth and pass hot iron over it lightly.



DIAGRAMS: 1, gathering; 3, trellis pattern; 4, honeycomb stitch. Diagram 2, design of stitches, key (top right): 1—white trellis pattern, 2—yellow, 3—rose, 4—green, all honeycomb stitch.

PRETTY BOW DESIGN FOR BABY'S CLOTHES

● Instructions for working smocked bows on a baby's jacket are given below. Use diagrams above for reference.

Materials Required: Pattern for baby's raglan-sleeved jacket, poplin or other suitable material (amount stated in pattern), crewel needle, 2 skeins colored stranded cotton for smocking.

Join sleeves to back and front bodices. Working on wrong side of material in gathering stitch (diagram 1 above), or using the ruffler on your machine, stitch a row along the cut edge where it is to join the yoke.

Mark the centre front, shoulders, and halfway between these points with a tacking thread which will be removed later.

Gather up work to fit the yoke. Join main body of the garment to the yoke. This is necessary before beginning smocking, because there are sections without smocking and the design must be in the correct position.

When yoke and main body of garment are joined, "stroke" the pleats or gathers with the eye of a needle.

Now gather 7 rows below the yoke, approximately 3/16 in. apart, making sure to pick up each gather evenly.

Smocking bows are worked in wave-stitch (see trellis pattern in diagram 3 above). Using thread markers as guide, be sure to plan your design spaces exactly before beginning smocking.

Start at centre front, catch 2 centre pleats together with a satin-stitch spot on the 3rd row of gather lines. Begin the wave-stitch from this point, working on the 1st pleat. Take a stitch through the 2nd pleat on the same level with thread below the needle. Take a stitch in the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th pleats, each slightly higher than the previous stitch, with thread below the needle in each case.

The last stitch completes the upward slope of the wave and ends on the 2nd row of gathers.

On the downward slope take a stitch in the 8th pleat on the same level as the last stitch with the thread above the needle and work downwards, spacing these stitches further apart, so that when you come to the 3rd row of gathering you have only taken 5 pleats in your work.

Using the same principle,



SMOCKED BOWS on the yoke of a baby's raglan-sleeved jacket are simple to work. Scalloped neck is finished in buttonhole stitch. Cuffs are smocked.

work the lower section of the bow, which will bring you to the 5th row of gathers. A smaller diamond is now worked in the centre of this part of the bow.

To work the ends of the bow, begin in wave-stitch at the bottom of the satin-stitch spot and finish on the 7th row of gathers on the 7th pleat so that the end finishes in the same pleat as the turn for the bow.

Work the other bows on each shoulder position. When they are complete, work a smaller diamond in the centre positions between the three bows.

For diamonds also use wave-stitch. Begin on 3rd row of

gathers, going upward to the 1st row with only 5 pleats taken up in the wave, and then down 5 pleats on the other side.

Reverse this, going down to the 5th row of gathers. When completed, work a smaller diamond inside and then, in the centre of that, work a satin-stitch spot.

"Set" smocking by placing damp cloth over wrong side and passing a hot iron lightly over (do not press). Remove tacking thread markers and gathering threads. Trim scalloped neck in buttonhole-stitch. Gather cuffs with three rows of gathering-stitch. Smock with three straight rows of wave-stitch.



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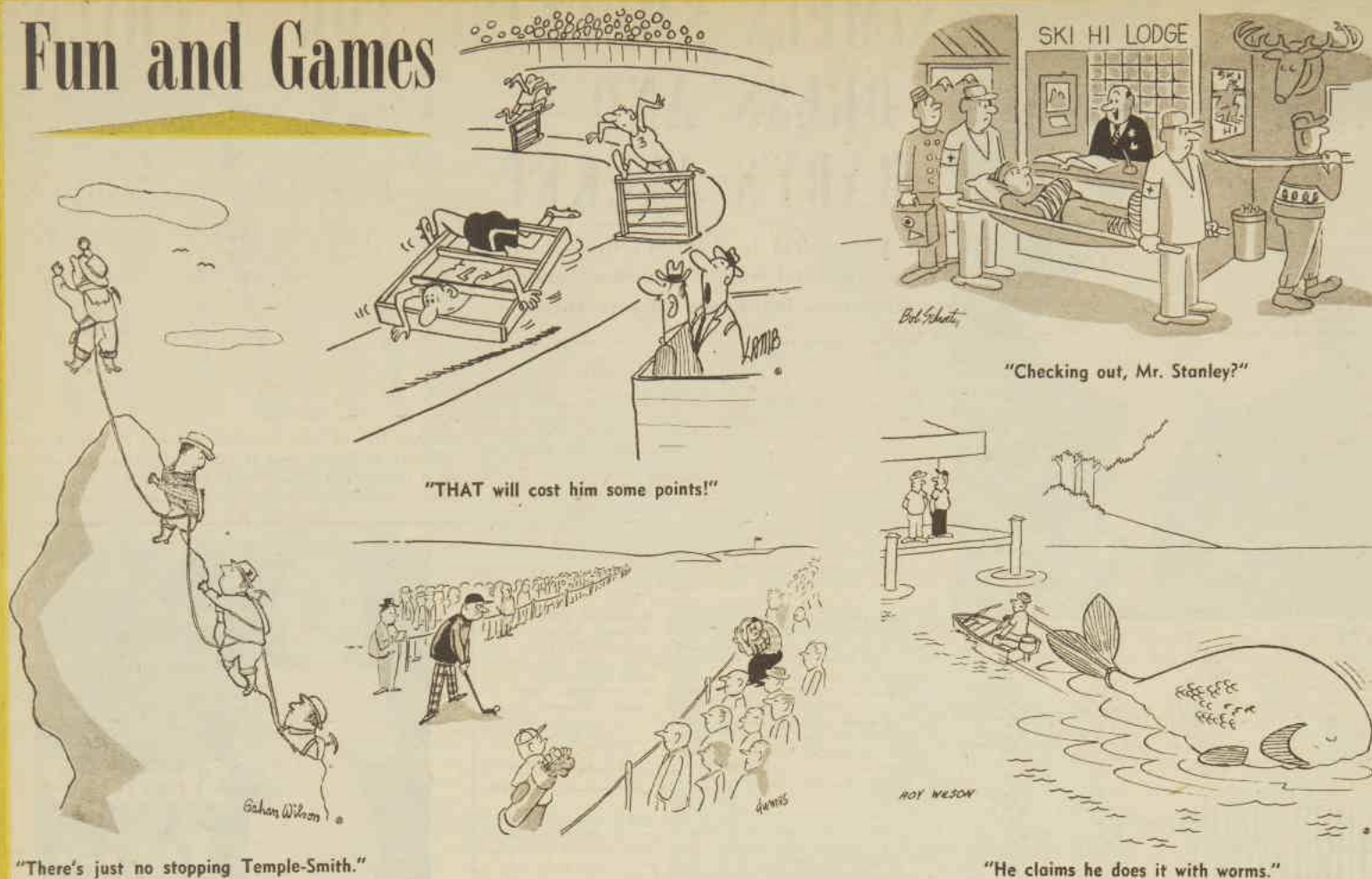
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DRESS SENSE

by
Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress illustrated above is my choice for a reader who asks for a simple basic design to wear in hot weather.

HERE is her letter, and my reply:

"My problem is a basic design to use for simple cotton dresses suitable for a hot climate. I want to run up several pretty cottons and don't want anything too difficult to make, but want the dresses to look neat and tidy."

A self-belt gives the design above a tidy put-together look. The bodice is sleeveless and skirt has enough fullness for comfort. I hope you will like the design sufficiently well to order the pattern. The latter is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. On the picture you will find further details, and how to order.

"WOULD it be correct to have a bridal gown made with a peacock hemline? The dress material is a rather stiff moire silk with lace appliques used for a trimming. The lace is in the form of individual flowers. I hope you can offer a few ideas."

A dipped hemline would be quite correct, and pretty, too, for the skirt of a bridal dress.

The best proportions would be approx. 3in. above the ankle in front, sweeping into a slight train at back. Have the bodice form-fitting, neckline oval, and finished with short or long sleeves according to taste. Scattered lace appliques on the skirt would make an attractive trim.

"COULD you please tell me what type of sleeve the kimono is?"

The kimono is a loose sleeve, cut in one with the body of the garment.

"WOULD a colored taffeta coat be suitable to wear over a net evening frock with a short, very full skirt?"

Yes, it would. Many evening coats are designed with an ample cut specifically to cover short bouffant evening skirts.

"DO you think an all-black linen frock would be too dark for summer? The frock is a fitted sheath finished with short sleeves and a round collarless neckline."

Personally, I'm of the school of thought that thinks all black can look wonderful in summer — especially if the wearer has a deep suntan. However, if you have any doubts, offset the dress with white — short white gloves, a wide-brimmed, coarse white straw hat, plus a frosty-white many-stranded bead choker.



DS372. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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There's new fashion in the firmly belted waistline, the graceful skirt width and lace-trimmed bodice. The dress looks much too pretty to be practical, but it washes like a dream and is color fast.

The material (we mentioned it before) is woven check gingham. The color range includes mauve and white, yellow and white, pink and white, green and white, red and white, blue and white, and black and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 30, 32, and 34in. bust 63/6; 36 and 38in. bust 66/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

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ski caps that Mr. Fulton had told her they wore.

A jeep awaited them and they got in and started immediately into the mountains along a narrow and rather tortuous-looking track.

"That's what I like about Americans," nodded Lawless, "everything clockwork. Now these poor coves" — as the bus stopped again — "will have to hitch a ride to Miggin's Lob."

Curiosity got the better of Prudence's anger. "I don't understand," she admitted, "and I'd like to, very much. Why are there so many different camps?"

"Different sections of the project have been successfully contracted for by different countries. The French an underground power station, the Norwegians a gravity storage unit, the Americans a dam which will be one of the largest earth-and-rock dams in the world and will hold back a quantity of water equal to eight times the volume of Sydney Harbor."

Prudence thought of her own valley, her valley beautiful, the crystal stream, the little doomed church.

"Will that dam be in the Jindabyne Valley?" she asked. He looked at her again with curiosity. "What do you know of Jindabyne?"

"I saw a picture of it. It was lovely."

There was a brief silence. "No, not Jindabyne," he answered at length, "a bigger project. Old Damsite. Not so pretty a valley by female standards, I suppose."

His lip curled a little. "Here is New Damsite now. The doomed town is several miles south."

The bus had come to a stop. Almost all the passengers were getting out.

To her right Prudence saw a partly erected village wisely

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 58

sheltered from the southerly winds and built off the busy highway, but with handy access to it only a few hundred yards.

"Carefully planned," shrugged Lawless with faint disparagement, "designed in a university."

"Is that a disadvantage?" she demanded.

"I didn't say so, did I? I was only thinking that for an oldster who has looked out on familiar hills for sixty years there is poor compensation in a well-chosen but strange site."

"That is not the pattern of this Authority," reminded Prudence, "the theme, I believe, is the future and the future alone."

"You appear to have studied the situation."

ONCE more the bus gained speed. After a mile it deserted the highway for a narrow road leading up a steep mountain.

"Mad Sam," Lawless said.

Prudence sat very still. Something inside warned her that she was getting nearer to journey's end. She looked ahead and saw the track growing steeper, rougher, and narrower as it proceeded upward. It was only with supreme effort that she did not close her eyes.

Then Mad Sam loomed into sight — or should it be "squat-tered." Prudence asked herself.

She looked, horrified, at the prefabricated houses set like matchboxes on narrow excavated contours round the mountains, houses perched so perilously high that some had to be reached by crude wooden ladders.

They were frightening; they were frontier-like.

"It's horrible," she said.

"Not pretty," he admitted. "That's unnecessary. As I told you before this is a man's world."

"How many men?"

He considered that question. "Mad Sam has a high number, but not the highest. However, don't be discouraged, you can still rest assured you will be a novelty here."

"I am not alighting."

"No?" One brow had shot up. "Goshawk then. Goshawk's the next stop and the last before the terminus, Falcon's Neck. At Goshawk you will find a still larger number of males. That should suit you."

She did not answer him. Her attention was on the road once more. She felt a little sickened. Approaching her was another camp set even more perilously round an outcrop of rock that looked ready at any moment to crumble and tumble.

She dared a look and wished she hadn't.

Lawless was smiling, but although the smile curved the corners of his long, rather sensuous mouth, there was no real laughter in it. Prudence could see that the laughter was within him and at her expense. He was plainly entertained because obviously, undeniably, she was scared.

"If Goshawk does that to you, you should see Falcon's Neck. However, you won't be seeing it, will you, so there is no need for further alarm. I'll wish you goodbye, madam — and a set of obedient pupils. Or is it an article for a magazine that has brought you here?"

He did not wait for an answer but turned and went down the aisle of the bus. "Hold on a moment, Mick," he instructed, "I want to have a word with Paul Fletcher."

Presently Lawless came back. He did not glance down the aisle again to Prudence. Apparently he took it for granted that the second last passenger on the trip had now gone.

Prudence was aware of another sickening descent, another treacherous mountain, then a worse frontier town, with houses again like matchboxes on a hill.

The bus came to the end of the cliff.

The driver looked over his shoulder and called, "Falcon's Neck, lady."

Sharply, furiously, protestingly, incredulously, Smoke Lawless turned as well.

For a long moment there was a dead silence.

Then Lawless broke it meaningfully, imperatively. "Just a moment." He had planted himself between her and the bus exit. "You don't get out here."

"But I do." Prudence did not know whence came her courage, but all at once she felt able — and somehow compelled — to stand up to this man.

"Look," she said, handing over her last transport slip of all, "Falcon's Neck."

"There must be some mistake," he was staring at it disbelievingly.

"No," she corrected, "Falcon's Neck. There's no mistake there. Can't you read?"

"Not that." He waved the card aside impatiently. "Your

To page 69



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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

having come here at all, I meant."

"Why not? I was appointed."

"By whom?"

"The same body of officials, I should imagine, who appointed you. The Snowy Mountains Authority." As she said it Prudence remembered remarking to Bill Fulton that to all purposes Lawless was the Authority himself. She still thought so, but she was determined not to be browbeaten by this man.

"Whom did you see at Sydney H.Q.?"

"Mr. Piper."

"I'll have a word with Piper." He wheeled round towards one of the matchbox units. It would be a three-hundred-mile trunk-line to Sydney, but he strode to the office as though Piper was only as far away as the next room.

His hand on the door, he wheeled again. "Don't alight, madam," he called, "and Mick, don't leave before I give you the word."

The driver grumbled something about his timetable and began reversing the bus in preparation for the home trip. Disobeying Lawless' order, Prudence took out her luggage.

She stood in the middle of the track with her suitcase, her overnight bag, her rug, and her hatbox beside her. She would have liked to disobey Lawless further, but she did not know to which matchbox to proceed. The wind cut through her.

from page 68

She had thought it cold at Coora last night, but Coora was mild compared to this. She stared around. The crudeness of the place appalled her. If those other projects had been frontier-like, this project was the last frontier of all. There was not one softening touch to it.

She became aware of noise, harsh, penetrating, perpetual noise. It sounded like a huge electric drill. Beneath it came a throb of engines, somewhere farther away a shattering blast, and then, marking the end of a shift, perhaps, or beginning another, a long, shrill, strident whistle.

Her next sensation was eyes. She felt them first, then she saw them. Hundreds of eyes beneath mining helmets, their owners staring curiously at her as they trudged past to their barracks. They were all friendly, eagerly friendly, anxiously friendly—some even desperately friendly, though Prudence edged uneasily nearer her bags.

Then she met another pair of eyes, dark brown and kind and extraordinarily gentle.

But for those eyes, Prudence realised later, she would have jumped back into the bus that even now, without the assent of Lawless, was pulling out from the project.

"I am Rolf," said the man

who had crossed to her side. He bent over, took and kissed her hand in the European fashion. "There is another name, but it is cumbersome," he smiled.

"Or on our lips clumsy?" she suggested with a smile in return. She had not thought anyone could coax her to smile again.

"We shall go inside," Rolf said. "It is very cold here."

"Isn't it cold everywhere?" she asked with a shiver.

"Not in the office, I have lit a fire. We do not start the heating system for another month yet." He laughed as he explained. "It is summer. Tomorrow it could be hot. That is the pattern of this place."

"I know," nodded Prudence feelingly. "Land of contrasts."

She allowed herself to be led across the rough yard to the nearest matchbox unit.

The man called Rolf was right. It was warm inside. Better even than the warmth—to Prudence—was the absence of Lawless, though she could hear, above the harsh, penetrating noise of the project, his voice somewhere on a line.

"You know my views, Piper," he was shouting.

There was a pause during which Mr. Piper apparently answered back.

"All right," returned Lawless, "we'll see about that. I'll go above your head and contact Trengard at once."

There was the sound of a slammed phone, an imperious voice demanding, "Long Distance, get me—"

She looked around the room. It was bare almost to hideousness. The man Rolf looked with her. "It is not lovely," he admitted, then quietly, "It needs a woman for that."

She caught his meaning instantly. "A woman might not want to stop."

"Perhaps she would be obliged to—a little time. I"—apologetically—"have sent away the bus."

IN the other room a voice on the wires was raised again. Smoke Lawless undoubtedly was very angry.

"Then unlike Mr. Lawless you believe there is a place for women at Falcon's Neck?" Prudence asked.

For reply Rolf reminded simply. "The Bible says: Male and female created He them. It also says of male and female: And God saw that it was good."

Prudence, very touched, asked, "And you believe it is good that there is a woman here now, Rolf?"

Rolf nodded earnestly. "Yes, indeed, I believe it is very good."

She gazed regretfully back at him. "A pity your chief is so intolerant."

Rolf shook his head emphatically at that. "But he is not. It is simply that he looks upon the Authority as a vast entirety; it has no side issues such as women; it is one immense scheme."

"In other words he lacks any personal touch; everything to him is purely mechanical."

"But you are so wrong again. He knows every man, he has every detail concerning each man at his fingertips. To him, however, they compose the Authority, they are the project itself." Rolf looked at her anxiously. "It is hard for me to explain, but tell me you understand."

"I do not understand. I would not wish to understand a man who only considers other

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(R.P. 34)

To page 71

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THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

men in the light of components of an undertaking. It is a ruthless outlook, it is harsh, cruel."

"And yet we are happier and more successful here at Falcon's Neck than at any other camp," informed Rolf. "There is a surprising comradeship, an amazing spirit of goodwill."

"Which Mr. Lawless, I understand, puts down to the lack of women."

"Which we all of us know," corrected Rolf gently, "is only because of our good leader."

"Then why would you alter such an almost perfect state?" queried Prudence.

"Because almost is not good enough; because we can do better than that. I am more in touch with the men. Naturally I am that — seeing her nod triumphantly — when I am confined to small details and not to large issues."

"And the men don't see eye to eye with Mr. Lawless in this instance?"

"Forgive me, please, they see eye to eye with him in every instance. Only they are conscious, as I am, of a perhaps slightly lesser perfection. In which case it must be overcome."

"You mean perfection at all costs," taunted Prudence, disliking herself because instinctively she liked this Rolf, "even at the cost of displeasing your chief."

from page 69

Again the Continental spread of the palms. "Displeasure will pass," said Rolf.

Prudence crossed to the window. Beyond the matchbox buildings, the huge machinery, stretched a country of uninviting ruggedness, a country that before this venture must have been virtually undisturbed by man.

"It is not like the other valley," she said more to herself.

"Jindabyne?"

"Yes."

"You are right, it is beautiful there."

"You have been, Rolf?"

"It is on the way to Kosciusko. I shall show you one day."

Prudence still stood at the window. "Then you believe I shall stay on?"

"I believe you must stay. The bus is already gone. Presently I shall tell Mr. Lawless that. Also you cannot travel by the car or jeep because the road is blocked."

"Blocked?"

"A fallen tree. That last explosion caused it. It happens quite frequently."

"Yet the bus got through," disbelieved Prudence.

Again the spread palms. "It happens like that," said Rolf. Whether it had happened,

whether Lawless would believe it or not, all at once Prudence was beyond caring.

Suddenly she was tired, every bit of her. It gave her a depleted feeling.

The reckless height of this crude building, its precarious position, brought a drumming to her head and a giddiness. She felt the gorge rushing up at her, engulfing her, choking her, then in the middle of the small nightmare came Rolf's smiling eyes, the echo of his gentle words, "And God saw that it was good."

Accepting the gallant help of his extended hand she turned back from the window again.

"Mountain vertigo," nodded Rolf with understanding. "It is often, when one comes in the beginning, like that."

But was there to be a beginning? The telephone in the next room had slammed down. Hardly had its echo died when Lawless called imperiously, "Rolf."

"Forgive me," The man turned instantly and obeyed the order. Everyone, thought Prudence bitterly, probably obeyed Lawless like that.

Minutes went past. In spite of her proud determination not to give way to this man, her anxiety persisted.

Then the door was opening and Lawless was advancing towards her. Behind him came Rolf.

"You alighted from the bus," Lawless stated coolly.

Prudence answered just as coolly, "Apparently."

"And now the bus has gone."

"Rolf says so." She saw his quickly raised brows at her easy use of Rolf's name.

"He also says," stated Lawless, "that the road is conveniently blocked."

"Don't you believe it?"

"I have not even considered it. I would have done so, if I had any chance of ridding myself of you before nightfall. But it appears I have not. Generally I am successful in my negotiations with the Authority. This time I have failed."

PRUDENCE said in a quiet voice, "That must be rather disconcerting."

"It is much more," he answered furiously, "than that."

"The defeat," she asked boldly, "or my presence?"

"I do not like defeat, I do not often get it, but I can accept — and admit to it. No, it is not that."

"Then it is —"

"Correct, Miss Brierly, it is your presence. I do not accept that."

"You just said you were beaten."

He turned on her in irritation. "I said I had failed. I am never beaten."

"Isn't it the same?"

"Failure can be only temporary. My failure is temporary — just as you are only temporary. Undoubtedly I shall have you out of here tomorrow. I advise you not to unpack too much."

"Then," said Prudence with a deep breath, "I stop."

"For tonight only. You can deprive Rolf of his room. Oh, yes" — as Rolf shook his head — "it is deprivation."

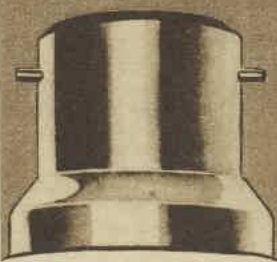
Prudence said sincerely, "I am sorry, Rolf."

The soft eyes smiled at her. "It is nothing, I assure you."

"Incorrect, my friend," interrupted Lawless. "It is something. It is an intrusion, an imposition, an impertinence."

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Page 71

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



Adele

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 93. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"ADELE."—A charming frock in two styles. Material is no-iron cotton in a bouquet print, available in pale pink and green on a white background, pale blue and pale green on pink, yellow and lilac on beige, and grey and blue on pale blue. Ready To Wear: Model A, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/19/6; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, £5/3/6. Model B, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/2/6; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, £5/5/3. Cut Out Only: Model A, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/3; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, 72/6. Model B, sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 71/6; sizes 36 and 38in. bust, 73/6. Registered postage is 4/6 extra on all sizes.

To page 77

PASTRIES...sweet and savory

• Pastry—crisp, light, and golden brown—forms the base of many attractive savory and sweet dishes. It is not difficult to make, but a light hand is an important ingredient for success.

SHORTCRUST, puff pastry, and biscuit-and-cheese pastries are the types usually included in family menus. For best results choose the pastry most suitable to the dish to be made.

Four important rules to remember when making these pastries are:

- Use flour, shortening, and liquid in correct proportions.
- Keep all ingredients and utensils as cool as possible.
- Handle the pastry as lightly and as quickly as possible.
- Stand the prepared pastry aside to rest for at least half an hour before baking. This helps to prevent shrinkage and produces a crisper crust.

Spoon measurements are level in the recipes on these two pages, and an 8-liquid-ounce cup-measure is used.

The recipes begin with the basic recipes for the four types of pastries most commonly used.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 table-spoon milk.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolk and milk and gradually add sifted dry ingredients, mixing to a fairly dry dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and stand aside $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Use as required.

SHORTCRUST

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, squeeze lemon juice, 4 table-spoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to a dry dough with the lemon juice and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, and roll to required size and shape.

Note: If sweet pastry is required, add 1 tablespoon sugar to mixture, substitute 1 egg-yolk for some of the water.

PUFF PASTRY

Half pound flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 4oz. lard, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt into basin, mix to a firm dough with water and lemon juice. Turn dough on to floured board, knead until smooth and elastic. Cover, stand aside $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Roll pastry into a thin oblong sheet, spread half the surface of pastry with creamed butter and lard to within 1in. of the edge. Glaze the edges, fold the other half of the pastry over, press edges together. Turn the folded pastry so the fold is at the left side, and roll it away from self into an oblong sheet. Fold in three, turn the fold to the left, and roll it again. Fold and roll in this way 7 times. After every second rolling, chill until the butter-lard mixture is firm. After last folding, roll to required size and shape.

CHEESE PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 tea-spoon baking powder, 4oz. shortening, 2oz. sharp-flavored grated cheese, squeeze lemon juice, about 1-3rd cup water.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, and baking powder. Rub in shortening and add cheese, mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Knead lightly on floured board and roll to required size and shape.

INDIVIDUAL PIZZAS

Cut prepared and rolled cheese pastry into 3-inch rounds with a pastry-cutter. Using a slightly smaller cutter, cut out rings from half the 3-inch rounds. Place rounds on greased oven-tray, moisten edges, place ring in position. Brush pastry-ring with egg-yolk. Fill centre with well-seasoned tomato pulp, top with an anchovy fillet. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes or until pastry is cooked and golden brown.

PRAWN TURNOVERS

Cut prepared and rolled-out cheese pastry into 3-inch rounds. Place 2 or 3 prawns on one-half of pastry, fold over, brush tops with egg-yolk. Place on greased tray and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

MOCK PATE CONES

Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. minced liverwurst or sausage mince with 1 jar liver paste, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, season with salt and pepper; mix well. Place a teaspoonful of mixture in centre of cut-out cheese pastry-rounds, moisten edge, fold over to form a cone. Brush pastry with egg-yolk, place on a greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

CHUTNEY WINDMILLS

Cut prepared cheese pastry into approximately 2-inch squares. Make a 1-inch cut from each point in towards centre. Fold alternate corner-points into centre, moisten each to make them stick. Brush with egg-yolk. Place a dab of chutney in centre, bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

LUNCHEON ROLLS

Cut prepared cheese pastry into pieces approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Place a strip of tinned luncheon meat on each, moisten edge, fold over. Brush with egg-yolk, bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

SOUP CROUTONS

Six ounces flour, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons water, poppy seeds, celery seeds, sesame seeds, paprika.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in shortening until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to a dry dough with combined tomato sauce and water. Roll out thinly on floured board, prick with a fork. Cut out in fancy shapes, using small savory-cutters. Place on greased oven-tray; glaze, sprinkle with various seeds, bake in hot oven 10 minutes.



By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**
Our Food and Cookery Expert

COD-AND-TOMATO PIE

One 8-inch or 9-inch cheese pastry-case (cooked and cooled), 1½ lb. smoked cod fillets, 1 oz. butter or substitute, 1 oz. flour, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons parboiled green pepper, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, few drops Tabasco sauce, salt, pepper, tomato slices, parsley to garnish.

Place cod fillets in large saucepan, cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Drain, add fresh water, and bring to boil again; simmer until flesh of fish is white and flaky. Drain and allow to cool, break into flakes with two forks. Prepare sauce. Heat butter in saucepan, add flour, stir until well mixed. Gradually add milk and then chopped onion, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Fold in flaked fish and green pepper, season to taste with Tabasco sauce, salt, and pepper. Fill into cooked pastry-case, arrange tomato slices around edge. Return to moderate oven until reheated. Garnish with parsley.

VEAL-AND-MUSHROOM VOL-AU-VENT

Twelve ounces puff pastry, egg-glazing, 1½ lb. veal steak, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons oil, ½ lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 pint meat or vegetable stock (or dissolve 1 bouillon cube in 1 pint water), 1 oz. shortening, 1 oz. flour, 2 or 3 roughly chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, extra whole mushrooms and parsley to garnish.

Roll pastry to 1-inch thickness and cut a circle approximately 8 inches in diameter, using a sharp-bladed knife and a quick action. Cut a small circle (5 inches in diameter) in centre, cutting only about halfway through. Lift carefully on to greased slide, brush pastry over with egg-glazing, being careful not to press cut edges, as this will prevent even rising. Bake in a hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, lift out centre piece of pastry (this forms the lid). Cut veal into 1½-inch cubes, coat with seasoned flour. Heat oil in frying-pan, add veal pieces, and saute until lightly browned; remove meat from pan, drain on absorbent paper. Add mushrooms to pan, saute 3 or 4 minutes; remove from pan, drain. Melt shortening in saucepan, add flour, stir until well mixed and roux colors slightly. Gradually add stock and continue stirring over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add veal pieces, cook 30 minutes, then add mushrooms and tomatoes; simmer over low heat 15 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Fill into re-heated pastry-case, place lid in position. Garnish with extra whole sauteed mushrooms and parsley.

LATTICE-TOPPED FRUIT PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups mixed fruits (raisins, sultanas, figs, shredded peel), ½ cup chopped walnuts, ¼ cup glace cherries, little milk for glazing, ¼ cup sherry or orange juice.

Roll pastry out on floured board, line a 9-inch tart-plate, trim and decorate edge. Prick base and sides with a fork, glaze edge, bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Remove pastry-case from oven. Prepare filling; combine mixed fruits with walnuts and cherries, add sherry or orange juice, mix well. Fill into pastry-case. Cut remaining pastry into 1½-inch-wide strips, using a fluted pastry-cutter. Arrange in lattice fashion over top of fruit filling, brush strips with a little glazing, return to hot oven 10 minutes or until lattice topping is cooked and lightly browned.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM PIE

One 9-inch baked shortcrust pastry-case, 1 6-inch baked shortcrust pastry-case, 1 pint fresh milk, 1 cup dry powdered milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 to 2 dozen strawberries, 2 tablespoons red-currant jam or jelly, 1 dessertspoon water.

Prepare ice-cream; heat fresh milk to blood heat, add powdered milk and sugar, beat until well mixed. Add dissolved gelatine and melted butter and beat 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays, allow to freeze until just firm. Return to basin, add vanilla, and beat further 3 or 4 minutes or until thick and fluffy. Pour ice-cream into 9-inch pastry-case, scoop out centre slightly, press 6-inch pastry-case into centre cavity. Return to freezer compartment of refrigerator until ice-cream is quite firm. Place red-currant jelly and water in saucepan, stir until jelly is melted. Pile washed, hulled strawberries into small pastry-case, pour over red-currant jam or jelly. If strawberries are tart, sprinkle with a little sugar before placing in pastry-case.

Note: If using fully frozen or bought ice-cream, allow to thaw slightly, beat until mushy, use as directed in recipe.

BUTTERSCOTCH TART

One 9-inch baked and cooled biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 oz. butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons flour, 2 egg-yolks, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon coffee essence or sherry, 1 teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream and walnuts to decorate.

Combine flour and sugar in saucepan, gradually add milk, stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter and beaten egg-yolks, then add vanilla and coffee essence. Mix well, fill into pastry-case. Cool. Decorate top with cream and walnuts.

INDIVIDUAL PIZZAS, veal vol-au-vent, chutney windmills, cod and tomato pie, mock pate cones, prawn turnovers, luncheon rolls, and soup croutons are illustrated at left.



WALNUT CHEESECAKE

Six ounces biscuit pastry or sweet shortcrust, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, few drops almond essence, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup cake crumbs, apricot jam, small quantity whipped cream.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Line shallow patty-tins. In base of each tartlet place ½ teaspoon apricot jam. Cream butter with sugar and almond essence. Add beaten egg, then fold in cakecrumbs and walnuts. Place a spoonful of this mixture in each tartlet. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. When cold, top with a dab of whipped cream (or apply a thin coating of lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts).

APPLE MERINGUE TART

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 4 cooking apples, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup crushed breakfast cereal, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 2 egg-whites, 6 extra tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, extra tablespoon chopped walnuts to decorate.

Peel and slice apples. Place in saucepan with sugar and water, cover, cook until tender. Line 9-inch tart-plate with pastry, pinch frill around edge, prick base with fork. Spread cooled apple pulp over pastry. Cream butter with brown sugar, add egg-yolk. Fold in breakfast cereal and nuts, spread over apple pulp. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 10 minutes. Allow to cool slightly before adding meringue made by beating egg-whites

SWEET PASTRIES illustrated above include strawberry ice-cream pie, butter-scotch tart, and lattice-topped fruit pie. See these and other recipes in this section.

until stiff, then adding vanilla and extra sugar gradually, beating until sugar is dissolved. Rough up with fork, top with extra nuts, return to very slow oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Serve hot or cold.

LAYERED CHOCOLATE PIE

One 8-inch cooked biscuit pastry-case.
Chocolate layer: One and a half cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, ¼ cup sugar, 2½ teaspoons cornflour, 4 teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons cold water, 4 squares chocolate, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.
Cream layer: Two egg-whites, pinch cream of tartar, 1-3rd cup sugar, 2 teaspoons rum, whipped sweetened cream and grated chocolate.

Beat egg-yolks, add cornflour and sugar, stir until smooth. Add warmed milk, stir over gentle heat until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Cool slightly, stir in vanilla and gelatine softened in water. Melt chopped chocolate over boiling water, stir in half custard mixture. When cold and beginning to thicken, fill into pastry-case, chill until firm. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with cream of tartar and sugar. Fold in balance of custard flavored with rum. Pour on to chocolate filling, chill until firm. Top with grated chocolate, cream.

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Veal is winning dish

● Veal and vegetable recipe—almost a meal in itself—wins £5 in our cookery contest.

THIS recipe can be varied by using other cooked vegetables instead of green beans.

Recipes for chutney and orange cake win £1 each. All spoon measurements are level.

VEAL AND VEGETABLE MEDLEY

Four to 6 veal chops, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 3 cups thinly sliced potatoes, 3 large onions sliced, 2 bouillon cubes, 1 cup hot water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked green beans, tomatoes.

Coat chops with flour; place in pan with heated fat and fry until browned on both sides. Drain off any excess fat. Combine cheese, salt and pepper, sprinkle 1-3rd over chops in pan. Cover with potato slices, sprinkle another 1-3rd of cheese over. Add onion slices, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Dissolve bouillon cubes in water; add lemon juice. Pour into pan. Cover and simmer 40 minutes or until chops and vegetables are tender. Uncover, add beans,

continue cooking until beans are re-heated. Serve piping hot with grilled tomato halves.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Spencer, "Karingal," Private Mail Bag, 32 Keith, S.A.

PINEAPPLE CHUTNEY

One 4lb. pineapple, 2lb. sugar, 2oz. garlic, 12 bird's eye chillies, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. seeded raisins, 2 cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. crystallised ginger, juice of 1 lemon, salt to taste.

Peel, core, and remove black eyes from pineapple; chop into small cubes; do not grate. Place in a basin, cover with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, stand overnight. It will make its own syrup. Put into a preserving pan or large heavy saucepan and simmer until pineapple is soft. Chop garlic, chillies, and raisins

finely, add to pineapple with water, chopped ginger, balance of sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Cook further 10 minutes, cool and bottle.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Gregory, "Cool Waters," Yeppoon, Qld.

ORANGE NUT CAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 whole orange (thin-skinned), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, 2 cups plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, orange-flavored icing.

Cream butter and sugar together, add eggs one at a time, beat well. Cut washed, unpeeled orange in halves, remove seeds and centre pith. Put orange through mincer

VEAL and vegetable dish can be cooked in an electric frypan, a casserole, or saucepan.

with nuts and raisins. Add to cream mixture, then fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with warm water in which soda has been dissolved. Fill mixture into greased loaf-tin and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour in moderate oven. Allow to stand in tin 5 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When cold ice with orange-flavored icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Earl, Cowaramup, W.A.

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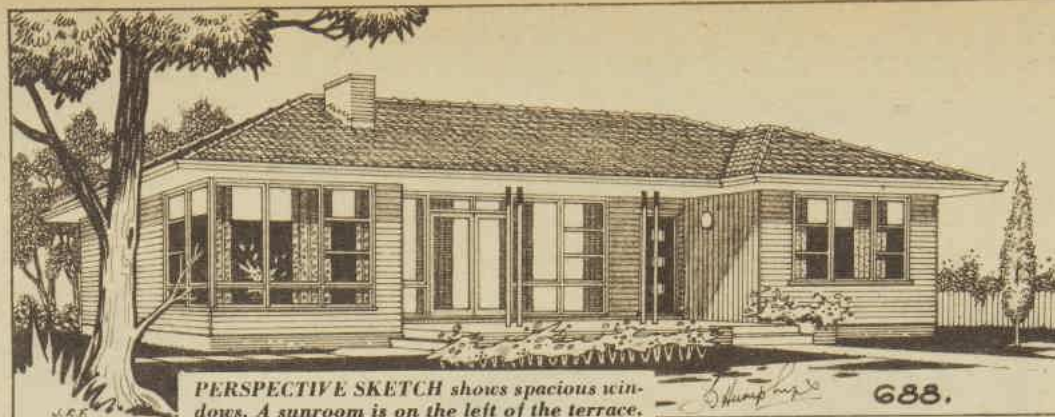
Caring for baby's eyes

SISTER MARY JACOB, our mothercraft nurse, has prepared a special leaflet dealing with simple eye troubles and how to treat them. She advises mothers to be sure to protect baby's eyes when he is very young by having his room softly lighted so that he does not face a bright light, either natural or artificial.

Early eye ailments in young children are, in many instances, closely related to deficiencies in diet. Where there is a lowered resistance because of an inadequate diet, germs grow easily in eye tissue.

For good eye protection plenty of vitamin A should be included in a child's diet.

This leaflet dealing with eye troubles and their treatment can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope when ordering leaflets.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows spacious windows. A sunroom is on the left of the terrace.

688.

FOR WIDE OR NARROW SITE

● This week's "signature" plan is for an appealing house which can be built on a wide or narrow plot.

MELBOURNE architect Mr. F. T. Humphrys designed this house, which is No. 688 in our series of standard home plans.

For the fee of £9/9/- you can buy a full set of plans for this home from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are in panel on right.

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It would be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

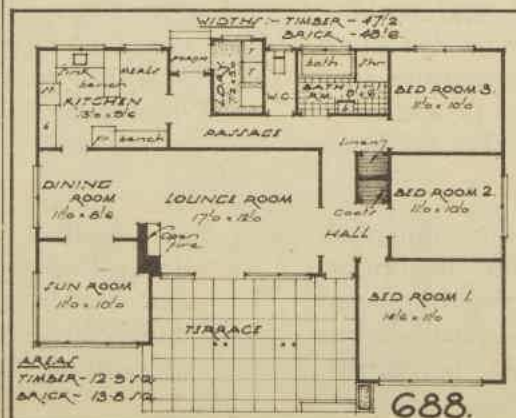
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FLOOR PLAN of design No. 688. Kitchen and laundry have access to the service yard from a covered porch. Entrance hall has cupboards.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1959



And remember!
Robin STARCH
keeps things crisper, cleaner longer.

But tonight we can do nothing about it. Tonight the lady stops."

Rolf's room closely followed the project pattern; it was male, rugged, swept clean of all but essentials. Surely, thought Prudence, staring quickly around, there must be some personal touch.

Rolf, depositing her bags, must have seen the quick look.

"Yes, it does shout Nobody Lives Here," he admitted with a rueful smile, "but soon, I hope, it can convey a different message. I have not been in residence long, you see."

"Not long in Australia or not long at Falcon's Neck?"

The beam was wider now. "Not long in this room. I have been in Australia almost five years and at the Neck for all of those five. But in barracks, you understand. I was working down the shaft then. Now—"

he shrugged, glanced significantly to the floor, and spread his palms once more.

Prudence, glancing with him, realised with a start that she

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

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had not noticed his lame leg before.

"Oh, I am sorry. I did not know."

"There is nothing to be sorry for, little to know. There was an accident, that's all—accident risks are high here—but I was very fortunate, I was only injured."

"Yes," said Prudence a little dully, "you were very fortunate; some are lost." She remembered the lounge in Coora and the incredible things Smoke Lawless had said; how she had flung back at him that he made the fatality comparisons between the camps sound like some ghastly competition.

Rolf, however, appeared to take the same attitude as his chief. "Where money is bigger risks are bigger," he pointed out reasonably, "and money is fabulous here."

"My salary is—was to be big," proffered Prudence wondrously.

"Is," corrected Rolf at once. Prudence ignored the correction. "What risk would I have taken?"

"The risk you take," he told her, bringing the past up to the present again, "is never going back."

She looked across at him in sudden alarm. "You mean never leaving here?"

"Yes." "But I don't care for the place; it's ugly; it's uncomfortable; it's completely unlovable, even unlikeable; it's—it's—"

"Yes," he smiled encompassingly, "it is."

"Then where is the risk of my remaining?"

He was lifting the biggest bag on to the bed for her. When he spoke it was with quiet confidence. "There is something in this undertaking," he said happily. "You, too, will know it one day."

"I doubt it very much. I doubt, anyway, if I shall be here long enough to find out." "You'll be here," he assured her.

He went after that, hoping that the project clamor would not disturb her, leaving Prue wondering why he lived with Lawless and not in the barracks. Tomorrow, she thought, jumping into the low bed, she must find out.

She felt sure she would lie awake. The noise would be too maddening for rest. But in a few minutes she was asleep.

NEXT time she opened her eyes Rolf was standing beside her with a cup of coffee.

"It smells inviting," she smiled as Rolf put the cup on the little table. "I had some of Umberto's in Coora. Is this Italian method, too?"

"Just my method, Miss Brierly, no country to back it up. There is"—his voice hesitated but only briefly—"no country now."

"You mean—you are stateless?"

"Yes, Miss Brierly." He pronounced her name carefully in three careful syllables.

She said, smiling, "Rolf, our names are just as clumsy on your lips as yours are on ours. Won't you call me Prue?"

"Prue?"

"My name is Prudence."

"And Prue is what you call a 'little name'?"

"Yes."

He nodded, pleased, "I shall call you Prue."

He watched her as she sipped the coffee.

"It is delightful even if it has no backing. Tell me, Rolf, does that fact, the fact of your statelessness, make you sad?"

He shook his head emphatically. "A little in the beginning. Not any longer."

"Why?"

"Because"—his eyes were shining now, "I have been five years here quite soon, so am entitled to take my oath of allegiance."

"Are you ready to do so?"

"I long for it; I live for it; this country has opened its doors to me; I am on the threshold and I yearn to walk through."

Prudence was very moved. She thought to herself that if all migrants were like Rolf this Commonwealth would be a rich place indeed.

"Perhaps this land has been good to you," she proffered shyly, "but I am equally sure you have been good for it."

"You are kind to say that; all you people here are kind."

"I am not Australian, Rolf."

"You are English, it is the same. You are the same as Mr. Lawless."

"Am I?" doubted Prue a trifle blankly. In her mind she was hearing Bill Fulton's "Man From Snowy River" again, that man who held his own and was good enough . . . She was remembering whence Smoke Lawless had come.

No, she thought decisively, English and Australian people might be the same, but he is different. Where we are humbly proud he is blindly arrogant. To himself he will always be "good enough."

She finished the coffee after Rolf had gone, relaxed a moment enjoying the novelty of hearing dishes being rattled instead of rattling them herself, then got up.

To her surprise and pleasure the "contrast" had taken place. The weather was almost hot.

She rummaged at the bottom of her case and brought out a bright yellow sweater and grey skirt. She was just brushing her fair hair when Rolf rang a gong.

Evidently Rolf had decided against the rough check cloth that she had seen on the table last night as not the right thing for a lady. From some mysterious source he had conjured up a plain white cover, and adorning its centre was a saucer of flowers.

She leaned over the flowers, touching them softly. "Why, they are lovely, Rolf, and I could not name one."

"Here we call them Authority flowers. They grow around this high country, winter or summer. That would be a snow daisy, this another form of my own edelweiss—" For a moment his eyes held a little sadness.

"And this?" asked Prudence. She said it gently, trying to bring him back from that lost home.

"You name it," he invited. "No, wait, I shall. I shall call it Prue, like you. Sweet Prue is its name."

"I'm glad you chose the prettiest flower," she laughed. "I could choose no other."

He answered, and his eyes did not laugh back but met hers instead with that shy, extraordinarily sweet smile.

"What will you eat?" he asked.

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to ask for whatever you feel like, but I think it would be nice for you if it were trout."

"Trout! How marvellous! But where, Rolf?"

"All these valley streams," he said, nodding his head towards the outside door, "are full of trout and perch. I caught you your breakfast this morning when I went for the flowers."

She stood at the window, looking down on the forbidding scene. There was no beauty here. What was not covered with matchbox living units was filled with unlovely machinery. Her eyes went past Falcon to the towering hills beyond. No, no beauty here . . . yet was that entirely true? Wasn't there an uncluttered splendor of line somewhere, a primitive magnificence?

The trout was grilled to a golden brown and stuffed with button mushrooms.

"This is food for a king," praised Prudence, and her mouth went down for a moment as she thought that probably it was food for a king—King Lawless himself. "Mr.

Lawless breakfasts late," she commented acidly.

"Yes, he was a trifle later this morning," agreed Rolf amicably, "but it still gave me time to go down afterwards for the trout and the flowers." He added as an afterthought, "And the mushrooms for the trout."

"You mean—he breakfasted before all that?"

"At six," said Rolf. "Generally it is five; many times even earlier still."

"Oh." She supposed in all fairness she should put a mark on the credit side of her mental account sheet headed Little King.

Rolf brought tea and French toast.

She broke off a piece of the toast and buttered it. "Has the Snowy Authority put you on light duties now?" she inquired.

"I am on light duties, yes, but not for the Authority. They paid me a large sum for compensation, a very ample sum, Prue, but after that I was not on their employment list any more. No, I work for Mr.

Lawless. Mr. Lawless alone is what you call my boss."

"You cook for him, see to his unit?"

Rolf said, his face alight, "I see to him. I wake him, I insist he go to bed sometimes, I feed him, for if I did not do so I do not think he ever would eat. A meal at the mess perhaps when his stomach cries for it, but regularity? No, he would never allow the time."

The shining eyes, almost dog-like in their unmistakable devotion, piqued Prudence.

"Rolf, why do you like this man so much?" she asked.

"Life is sweet," he answered simply, "in all languages, in all nationalities—even a stateless one. You see, he saved my life. We were three miles along the nine-mile tunnel. Underground, of course, you understand. They were ready to blast another section and I was in a wrong position on a shelf of rock. He shouted for me to jump. I could not do so. I was paralysed with fear. In a

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moment he had leapt on a crane and in another moment he was beside me. He took me with him just as the shelf and the walls and all around us collapsed."

"That was where you received your injury?"

"A crushed leg only. I should have been ground to dust."

"And Mr. Lawless?"

"Many abrasions, but they are part of his life."

"So the Authority compensated you, Rolf, and Mr. Lawless took the opportunity of securing himself a devoted slave?"

"No, I did that. I refused to leave him. I did not wish money. However—the brown eyes shone again—he made the rules himself. I am amply paid."

"Rolf," she said sharply, "didn't it ever occur to you that apart from the humanity angle it was to Mr. Lawless' pride that you should come out alive? Falcon's Neck has a safety reputation among the projects. Even this early in the piece I have been made acquainted of that. It would have been a bad mark if you had died."

She saw that Rolf was not listening. He had moved from the table and was hurrying to open the door.

IT opened before he could do so. Smoke Lawless stepped over the threshold. Prudence wondered uncomfortably whether Lawless could possibly have heard what she had said.

His first words, as he sat down beside her at the table, calmly told her that he had.

He poured himself a cup of tea, pursed his lips over its less-than-blackness, then turned and looked coolly at Prue.

"There is another angle to your argument that our mutual friend Rolf was of more advantage to be alive," he insinuated. "It is, of course, red tape. Assuming you have been a secretary—?" His brows rose in supercilious inquiry.

"I have," assured Prue.

"In that case, you, too, would

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THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

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have a wholesome respect for red tape. The death on a job of an employee can entail a disheartening amount of paper work. Besides that additional burden I would have had to waste time in the coroner's court, making last arrangements, all the usual routine."

"You are quite callous," Prue flung in, forgetting in her outrage that he was obviously exaggerating for her benefit.

"The suggestion you made to Rolf concerning my reaction to his accident could scarcely be termed kindly," he reminded in retaliation. He looked at the man around whom the conversation was buzzing without penetrating him, for Rolf's attention at the moment was only on Lawless and Lawless' second breakfast. "I want nothing but tea, Rolf," he called, "I have eaten already."

"You will have a trout, a large plate of it."

"Nothing." The trout was put down. Shrugging his shoulders, Lawless accepted it. Who was the master now, puzzled Prudence.

She moved to rise, not wishing to remain while he ate.

"Don't go, Miss Brierly. I have a few words to say to you. I am a busy man and might not find time after this. It appears I am obliged to put up with you for some hours," he told her. "Until Trengard, anyway, comes to his senses and realises I meant what I said."

"What did you say?"

"What I said does not concern you, though probably, unless you are a fool, you already know the trend. Your inquisitiveness, however, brings up the subject I wished to speak about. For the little while you will be at the Neck I shall thank you not to continue poking into corners."

"I have done no such thing."

"You pumped Rolf as to why he was here instead of in barracks. You just asked me what I said to Trengard. I advise you to subdue your curiosity,

to keep your small but prying nose on your own quite pretty but odious little face."

She gave him a furious glare. "Am I to take that as a compliment or otherwise?"

"You can do as you wish."

"That is what I can't do. It appears to me that that is what nobody here at Falcon can do. They have to do as you wish."

"Quite true." His voice was lazy. He added, more lazy still, "I am the boss."



"You like to assert yourself, don't you? You like to rub that fact in."

"Why should it concern you?" he answered promptly. "You will not be under my control."

"No, I shall be under the Authority's."

"Nor under that, either," he said quickly.

"You mean here at Falcon?" She was looking at him a little uncertainly.

"I mean here at Falcon, over the mountain at Miggin's, at Goshawk, Sam, anywhere. After this morning's display of poor manners and appalling indiscretion, I most certainly would go out of my way to put in a contra report."

"I could report on you." She spoke wildly, she knew, but her indignation made her reasoning chaotic. "I could report that you were in the habit of eavesdropping."

"Don't be stupid. This is my house, this is my part of the project, how could I eavesdrop on you?"

Hating her humiliation but driven by necessity to it, she asked, "You were not serious when you said you would put in a contra report about me, Mr. Lawless?"

"What makes you think I was not serious?" He had finished the trout and pulled the teapot again to him. He stirred up the leaves briskly to coax a stronger brew.

"I hope you will not do that," she said disconsolately.

As his eyebrows rose, she explained, "I have no money. I spent all my savings coming to Australia. I have nothing left."

"You mean you acted on impulse?"

"Yes." "What was the attraction? Money? Or men? These mountains are full of men. Already you must have absorbed that."

"When I left London I did not know I was coming here. I came because I was cold, if you must have a reason, I came to get warm."

"And you chose Falcon's Neck!" He threw back his head and laughed.

"That," said Prudence, "was a mistake."

"It was," he agreed. "It was the biggest mistake you could have made, Miss Brierly, but within a few hours you will be gone."

"From Falcon's Neck—or from the Authority?" she asked, an appeal in her voice.

"I told you before." His own voice was steel.

"Why," he asked after a moment, "did you come here to the Snowy when your original

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Entertainment

Scoop shots from "THE DOLL"

★ Film version of Ray Lawler's hit Australian play, "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll", contains a sequence where the stars, Anne Baxter, Ernest Borgnine, John Mills, and Angela Lansbury, visit Sydney's fun fair at Luna Park on New Year's Eve. Photographer Keith Barlow went on two night locations when "The Doll" was filming in Sydney earlier this year, and obtained these exclusive stills in color.



▲ FOR YOUTHFUL Australian stars Vincent Ball (as Dowd) and Janette Craig (the film's girl-next-door, Bubba), it is romantic New Year's Eve, a time for enjoyment.

▼ DECIDING to make the best of things, the ill-assorted Barney and Pearl (John Mills and Angela Lansbury, below) call a truce with each other at the Sydney fun fair.



TROUBLES of the 17th summer are temporarily forgotten by cane-cutter Roo and barmaid Olive (American stars Ernest Borgnine and Anne Baxter) as they decide to join in the fun at Luna Park.

Do not fear, little one . . .

. . . they will triumph. See how your father smiles as the great effigy sways. Soon, soon, the evil ones will be defeated—and our feet will dance with a new rhythm in this new world of dancing happiness.

Nothing can quite describe it—the breath-taking, *Dassera* . . . those monstrous effigies of wicked Ravana and his accomplices . . . the great shout that echoes up as they topple and burn. The processions—the garlanded machines and cars and carts and animals—the colour—the noise—the fear that resounds into joy. No, we can't describe it. Nor any of our other festivals. That's why we do so *hope* you'll visit us and see them for yourself. Soon! Why not stop-over awhile and see India on your way to London with

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All helpful booking information on regular Sydney Super Constellation departures from your Travel Agent or any Air-India Office.



THESE five-minute shows have proved a mighty hit in the States, and their arrival has curiously coincided with a vogue for one-hour programmes.

It seems the long shows leave time-slot gaps that can be filled only by "snippets."

Musical "fill-ins" of the sort local viewers sometimes see between shows—particularly on ABC-TV, where there aren't any time-stretching commercials—are now considered as old-fashioned as button-up boots.

Typical of the new U.S. series is "Hannibal Cobb."

Cobb is a private eye and the 3 minutes 20 seconds—the actual screening time of the miniature shows—gives him time to solve a crime on the basis of a number of clues.

Before he points at the criminal, he gives the audience a chance to solve the mystery by thinking it over during the commercial.

For these and other five-minute "headliners" producers are involved in making 260 shows in a series—or a full year's output for five shows a week, fifty-two weeks of a year.

Mark Stevens, the handsome crusading newspaper editor of "Big Town" (Channel 9, Wednesdays, 10 p.m.), is given much of the credit for starting this new TV fad.

Stevens went to England to make "Take Five," a series of 390 five-minute shows in which, of all things, he discusses encyclopedia topics.

These shows were eaten up by an American meat company. And, more importantly, TV fans switched to the company's meat. So from there on anyone who makes a decent five-minute series is home on the sheep's back.

OCH aye! It's verra sad, but there's nae twa ways about it. There IS too much Sassenach influence over TV.

When I hear those phony, phony Scottish accents on the occasional TV film and the frequent TV commercial, it's a toss-up whether my Scottish blood makes me shudder at the audacity of it or laugh out loud at the absurdity.

There are, however, two praiseworthy exceptions—two TV stars who sound as delightfully Scottish as the heather on the hill.

They're that irresistible Jeannie Carson, star of "Hey, Jeannie" (Channel 7, Sundays, 2 p.m.), and that nicely villainous Thomas Mitchell, star of "Glencannon" (Channel 2, Mondays, 7.30 p.m.).

Most Scots agree they have bonny accents. And even that fact is sad enough to turn a haggis sour.

For they're both about as Scottish as a shamrock.

Jeannie was born Jean Hardy, in Yorkshire. And Thomas Mitchell is a Yank from New Jersey.

TELEVISION PARADE

● If Australia follows the latest American trend, viewers might soon be giving top ratings not to one-hour or half-hour shows but to five-minute episodes made on film and screened five days a week.



PERSONALITY BOY of the week on TV screens was Oleg Troyanovsky, interpreter to Khrushchev. Here he's seen—though not to most handsome advantage—with Khrushchev (left) and U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld (right).

Forget all this and what do you have? Two of the funniest shows currently appearing on your TV screen.

YOU'LL probably never see this "Case of the Missing Clue" in the Perry Mason series (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m.), but it's still an interesting story.

Though "The Case of the Missing Clue" strictly follows the Perry Mason routine, it's a mystery written not by Erle Stanley Gardner but by one Tommy Flach—a nine-year-old American!

It all began when Tommy's granny gave him a new pen. Tommy sat down to try it out, and inspired by Perry

By
CYNTHIA STRACHAN

Mason—a favorite TV hero—dashed off this story.

His father was so impressed that he sent it to Erle Stanley Gardner's New York publishers, and the result is that the story, in booklet form, is selling there for a dollar a time.

To give you a sample of Tommy's work (spelling, punctuation, and all), here is the last scene in his story:

Dela: How did you know about the missing clue?

Perry: Easy, I found the other part of the will.

Dela: Then who did it?

Perry: The old lady.

Dela: I don't get it.

Perry: See, Miss Bellfont and the lady disliked each other. The lady killed herself so that Carol would go to the gas chamber and the missing part she swallowed and beat herself to death.

Dela: But what was on the other half?

Perry: That she was going to run away and kill somebody for her body because then Carol would be put to death for killing her, so that she could have Carol's fortune! but he crashed and was killed. So She Killed herself!

It's a book you read for laughs the first time through, but, as Erle Stanley Gardner said in his introductory remarks, it's also a very significant document.

TV's personality boy of the week isn't any of the regular screen heroes—even though in his dark, good-looking way he isn't unlike Channel 9's private eye Peter Gunn.

The name of this new pin-up is Oleg Aleksandrovich Troyanovsky.

Maybe you don't recognise him by name. But I'll bet any viewer who has seen any of the magnificent news reports of the Khrushchev tour of America—and is there any viewer who hasn't?—has noticed the Soviet ruler's talented interpreter.

He's always right at the Premier's heel on all public appearances. And he doesn't miss a beat with his snappy, colloquial translations which have earned him a reputation as the world's best Russian-English interpreter.

Though he has such a tough job, Oleg, with his swoon-bait smile, has often stolen the TV scene from his master.

And how did the 38-year-old Oleg learn his perfect English?

He's the son of ex-Czarist officer Troyanovsky, who was the U.S.S.R.'s first Ambassador to Washington from 1934-38.

During these years Oleg attended school in Washington and put in his freshman year at a fashionable Pennsylvania college before being recalled to Moscow.

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Now Cinerama widens its scope

● Cinerama films, which so far have concentrated on travelogues, action, and scenery, are now to have human stars.

PRODUCERS John and James Woolf will soon make Cinerama's first feature film, "The Lion," which will have 13-year-old Hayley Mills as one of its stars.

Young Hayley, daughter of actor John Mills and his novelist wife, made her film debut in "Tiger Bay," winning a Berlin Festival award for her performance.

Currently in Hollywood, working on a new Walt Disney production, Hayley will collect £5000 "pocket-money" before flying back to London, school, and heading for her Cinerama role.

AFTER filming James Thurber's story "The Catbird Seat," "Goon" Peter Sellers will switch to "Nothing Barred," a comedy set behind grim prison walls. Sellers will play a suave confidence man who lands himself behind bars so that he can use the best criminal brains inside to plan a million-pound jewel robbery outside.

AGEING Errol Flynn seems to have a new girl-friend. Just now gossips are talking about his relationship with 17-year-old Beverly Adland, who starred in Errol's film "Cuban Rebel Girl," which was made in Havana.

ESTRANGED couple Cary Grant and Betsy Drake were spotted recently attending a movie premiere.

"It's the first picture I've been to with Cary in a long time," said the actress. "When he asked me to go I said I'd love to. We're still very good friends, and I'm a fan of his."

However, Miss Drake doesn't deny that she's asking for a million-dollar settlement in connection with their divorce.

UNCONVENTIONAL Sterling Hayden, who defied a court order by taking his four children away from the States against the wishes of his ex-wife, Betty, is still living with them on the Pacific island of Tahiti. He has tied up the yacht which took him there, moved into a house, and says he plans to devote his time to writing.

IT'S said that Ava Gardner turned down several suggested co-stars for her next Roman picture, "The Fair Bride," and suggested one of her own choice — **Rock Hudson**.

REMEMBER Edna Ferber's novel "The Ice Palace," serialised in The Australian Women's Weekly? This story of life in Alaska is now being filmed, co-starring Richard Burton and Carolyn Jones.

DIRECTOR J. Lee-Thompson hopes **Henry Fonda** will appear with **Curt Jurgens** in the big-budgeted "I Aim For the Stars"—story of missile-man Werner von Braun, which is scheduled for shooting in Munich next month.

SPEAKING of Munich, director **George Cukor** had a tough time there when filming "The Franz Liszt Story," which stars **Dirk Bogarde** as the famous composer-pianist. Cukor required 5000 roses for a concert sequence in which Bogarde, as Liszt, is showered with petals by an audience. But there wasn't a rose to be had in Munich. The problem was finally solved when roses were flown in from Frankfurt, another German town.

PERIPATETIC (to you travel-prone) **Gregory Peck** and his wife and children are packing their bags, bound for Europe, where Peck will star in "Guns of Navarone." He and wife Veronique will rent a house on the island of Rhodes, off the Turkish coast, for the duration of the picture. Peck likes his family to be near him. They came with him to Australia for "On The Beach."

ACTOR **Tony Perkins** had to use the film studio equivalent of a TV "idiot-board" when making "Tall Story," in which he takes the part of a basketball player. Tongue-twisting words in the script caused him to "fluff" his lines. Eventually the words "centrifugal" and "rectangular" were printed boldly on placards held behind the cameras where Tony could see them.

POPULAR negro star **Harry Belafonte** is ready to do another picture for his own company. This time it's to be the life story of Russian poet **Alexander Pushkin**.

THE burglar who broke into Rhonda Fleming's plush Hollywood home walked off with her private telephone books listing the numbers of all her friends. "I'm really mad about it," says Rhonda, "because at least 350 people may have to alter their numbers." That's because the burglar and his friends have been making anonymous phone calls in the pre-dawn hours.

VIC DAMONE, whose previous attempts at acting have flopped, is trying again with "This Is My Story," a film about archaeology and a lost city, to be shot in the Caribbean.



● Clingingly costumed Shirley Maclaine co-stars with debonair Maurice Chevalier in "Can-Can."

PRODUCER **Walter Wanger** says bitterly that if he can't find a star for "Cleopatra" soon he'll have to set the film's starting date for the 21st century. For various reasons, **Audrey Hepburn**, **Susan**

Hayward, and **Gina Lollobrigida** said "No." **Liz Taylor** would love the part, but wants a million dollars to appear. And, as Wanger thinks that price is far too high, he's still seeking his **Cleopatra**.

NEW RELEASES

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

Film Parade

★★ **BEHIND THE MASK**

Drama, with **Michael Redgrave**, **Tony Britton**, **Carl Mohner**. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

FILMS portraying hospitals and scalpel-wielding surgeons often are so lacking in authenticity that they provide real amusement for those in the medical profession.

This will not be so with this drama, adapted from British surgeon **John Rowan Wilson's** book "The Pack."

Advice in its making came from the President and Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and from the Heart Surgery Unit at Guy's Hospital, London.

It is the first film to show the "hypothermia heart operation technique," perfected by **Sir Russell Brock**.

The ordinary filmgoer, however, will find plenty of human drama as the plot unfolds, showing tensions, love, and antagonism.

Heading the cast is **Michael Redgrave**, his real daughter, **Vanessa**, playing his daughter on screen.

Though in a dominant role, she proves immature as an actress in contrast to **Brenda Bruce**, who plays one of the few feminine roles.

Tony Britton, as the young surgeon who refuses to run with the pack when the opportunity arises, gives a skilled performance, but stealing the whole show, even from **Redgrave**, is Austrian actor **Carl Mohner**, as a drug-taking anaesthetist.—H.F.

In a word... **ANTISEPTIC**.

★★ **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE**

Comedy, with **Doris Day**, **Richard Widmark**, **Gig Young**, **Gia Scala**. St. James, Sydney.

BASED on the novel by **Peter De Vries** and directed by **Gene Kelly**, this film will bring laughs from some, scandalised "tutting" from others.

Keeping pretty close to the version staged on Broadway, it concerns married couple **Doris Day** and **Richard Widmark** and their efforts to have a child or adopt one.

Matters are complicated when glamorous **Gia Scala**, investigator for an adoption agency, arrives to assess the couple's qualifications as would-be parents.

The pace becomes frantically farcical when a baby does arrive — the question being, who is the father?

Happy in a comedy role, as opposed to his sinister parts of the part, **Widmark** is well aided by **Gig Young** and **Elisabeth Fraser**, the next-door neighbors.

With crackling dialogue, and a beautiful "bit" performance by **Bikki Dougan** as a vampish visiting actress, the film (which managed to pass the censor) is ribald, but amusing.

—H.F.
In a word... **ROMP**.

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purpose in Australia was to trap the sun?"

"I went to the Employment Bureau and they thought my credentials would interest Mr. Piper."

Again the raised eyebrows. "Interesting, Miss Brierly. What are your credentials, apart, of course, from the usual shorthand and typing?"

"I have several languages," she said, flushing. "A little accountancy, I was reared among diplomats."

"Quite an accomplished young lady, in fact. But I should have thought such a background would have produced something a little different. I always believed diplomacy's first essential was tact. I should scarcely call your words to Rolf as I entered just now very discreet."

Prudence sat silent a moment.

"They were not discreet," she admitted. "I am sorry, Mr. Lawless."

Lawless did not accept her apology. His smoky eyes reminded her tauntingly that she had only proffered it because she was not in the financial position to leave the Authority yet. She was humble, but only because it suited her. He laughed shortly, then commented on her languages.

"How fluent?" he asked. "Where is the watering-can of the gardener in French, Italian, and German, I presume?"

"No," she answered, "a little more than that."

"Were you remaining we would take you up on it," he drawled, "but you are not."

He waited a moment, then directed, "Pray proceed. You went to Mr. Piper. What happened then?"

"He offered me this job. I was not enthusiastic."

"Yet you came." The laugh was revealing. "What did Piper do to persuade you? Twist your arm—or offer a big salary and a world of men?"

"It wasn't like that. He told me the facts, but it wasn't the facts that decided me—it was the valley . . . Jindabyne. The one with the crystal stream and the little granite church."

"So you came to see a valley," he said. "A pretty idea. Per-

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 79

haps we could place you on the Victorian project."

"The only important thing now," she said anxiously, "is not being unemployed. I haven't any money, Mr. Lawless, none at all."

"Have no fear," he answered dryly. "Having put in an appearance here entitles you to a return fare to Sydney and a week's salary. You will even be in pocket, considering you have done no work. Enough, anyway, to tide you over until you snare another job."

"You just said," she appealed, "that I might be placed on the Victorian undertaking."

"You might, too, had I the time—and inclination—to get you in. The first, to me, is too precious a commodity to waste on unessential details. The second, my inclination, Miss Brierly, is simply not there."

He pushed aside the tea as though he were pushing aside anything to do with the female he had thrust upon him.

"Rolf," he called, "bring me the Records Sheet of Tunnel 2."

"How was it this morning?" asked Rolf, putting the papers before Lawless.

"That Ukrainian seems a bit edgy."

"Wolhar?"

"Yes. Know any reason?"

Rolf said carefully. "His is a high-pressure job and his young wife, who is having a child, is as close to him as Sydney. So near and yet so far."

Lawless made no comment.

He rose from the table and went into his office. Prudence was left staring out of the window again.

She appealed to Rolf to be permitted to help with the dishes, but he would not dream of it.

"I tell you what," he beamed, "you can make your bed."

"It is no use my doing that. I am going presently."

"Mr. Lawless said so?"

"Yes, he said so." And that thought Prudence, is that.

Emboldened by the knowledge of her brief stay here she

went and tapped on Lawless' door.

"Come in," he called. "Oh, it's you."

"Can I do something, Mr. Lawless? Anything at all."

"Bored already. How did you imagine you could ever settle here?"

"I would not be bored if I was occupied. Can I do some work, please?"

"You cannot. I'd find you a task, and the next moment you'd be finding more tasks and counting yourself an employee."

"I can't sit and twiddle my thumbs till Mr. Trengard rings."

He frowned. "I suppose you can't. I suppose, too, if I don't educate you a little more than you are now you will leave the Authority as stupid as the rest of the females who pass through. Tell me, do you know anything at all about the Snowy Scheme?"

"Very little," Prue admitted.

"I know that this is a thirsty country, that every drop of water must be saved, that a river is wasting into a sea and must be—she flushed slightly, remembering his words concerning rivers and women—"disciplined, but I know little more than that."

"Come here," he ordered. She paused, then obeyed.

He veered her to the left wall and pulled down a map.

"This is the Snowy Mountains Scheme," he said, "here"—indicating colored lines marking roads, tracks, tunnels, damsites, and aqueducts—"is the legend."

"As you see, there are two development sections, one for Victoria, one for New South Wales. Your beloved Jindabyne is the storage for the southern scheme. Old Damsite the storage here."

"It does not stop merely at that, though. Not just at tons of earth and rock fill to build huge water storages. There are pressure shafts, surge chambers,

underground power stations, river diversion tunnels—and that last is what Falcon's Neck is doing right here. It is getting ready to carry water back to where it should have flowed but fecklessly didn't. We will pass it into three reservoirs as we go. Which will be"—he paused to roll a cigarette—"in another twenty-five years."

"Twenty-five?"

"It's a long time, isn't it? You'll be"—he looked at her through bantering, half-lidded eyes—"almost fifty."

"You," retorted Prudence, piqued, "will be considerably more, I think."

"More, but not all that considerably."

He glanced down at her. "Haven't you more sensible shoes than those?"

"Yes, but I thought the sandals would be cooler."

He ignored her explanation. "Go and put them on," he said.

She obeyed, wondering whether to change into slacks. He did not give her time to do so. She heard his steps along the corridor and the next moment he was standing at the door.

"Come on," he said impatiently, "I told you time was my most precious commodity."

"You don't have to take me wherever you're taking me."

"I don't have to do anything, madam, but I'm doing it. You're going to have an inspection of Falcon. Not very extensive, but extensive enough to keep you from talking like a fool once you get back to the big smoke."

She said boldly, "That could be you, couldn't it?"

"What?"

"Big smoke."

He shrugged. "A name sticks. Oh, well, it doesn't matter to me. A number would do just as well."

"What is your name?"

"Busybodying again?"

She bit her lip. "I just wondered whether you were Smoke because of your eyes or because it was some contraction of your Christian name."

"If I told you my first handle you would be amused."

"Would I?"

"I'll try you. It's Hart. H-a-r-t, not the more romantic spelling."

"Hart—Hart Lawless." She glanced up at him. "Yes," she agreed, not able to associate this great, rugged, harsh man with a name like Hart, "it isn't apt." She added after a pause, "But Lawless is."

"I could make the same pertinent remarks about your Christian name not being apt, Miss Brierly. Prudence. That's what your permit says."

"Yes, I am Prudence."

"By name but not by nature, eh?"

"What do you mean?"

"Would a prudent woman be here at Falcon's Neck? One woman to four hundred men?"

She did not answer him. She just stumbled in his wake along the rough metal track.

They descended into the gorge in a small carriage driven down miniature railway lines. It was a horrible sensation, but Prue held tight to the seat and to her frayed nerves.

It was deafening in the valley. Every man wore a steel helmet. Lawless gave her one, and flung her a black proofed coat. "Get into that," he said.

They approached a gaping hole in the mountain reinforced by a gargantuan steel cage. Huge tournarockers, which were trucks of a size that Prudence had never seen before, were passing in and out. Semi-trailers, looking small in comparison, salvage lorries looking smaller still, formed a continual traffic stream.

"Follow me," shouted Lawless, "and watch your step. A false move can be quick death down here."

Another shaft was going even farther below. "They're diamond-drilling thousands of feet down there. They get edgy. They wouldn't want a woman around."

They went as far as the jumbo that ran up to the rock face to provide a platform for the mer operating machines.

A small blast was set off and Prue was permitted to watch it.

To page 89

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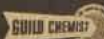
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CC448

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 87

She marvelled at how smartly the men got back to work. The smoke was still in the air, the debris had not settled.

"Time, as I told you," shouted Lawless in her ear, "is precious. Every second counts."

They came out into the sunlight again, and to the amazing sight of hundreds of tons of filling being loaded into a road train to be conveyed to the site of the dam.

Prue got into the small carriage, not minding it so much now. After being in the shaft it was child's stuff.

It seemed extraordinarily peaceful on the top. No wonder no one noticed the noise up here. She wouldn't herself, she thought, if she had stayed.

"So now," drawled Lawless, walking beside her, "you can return and not make inane remarks about the Authority choosing awkward places for its undertaking and wouldn't it have been easier and safer up on top?"

"I don't think I would have made that remark, anyhow."

"Perhaps not, but you are now better informed."

"Yes, thank you. It was good of you to concern yourself."

"I can concern myself quite affably when I know the end is in sight."

She knew he meant the end of her, and accepted it philosophically. The place had interested her — even intrigued her; she could have remained there quite happily, though never with this man, she thought. It was better this way.

"Yes," she agreed, equally affably, "the end is in sight."

But it was not in sight, though neither Lawless nor Prudence knew that just then.

All they saw was Rolf standing at the door of the unit supporting his right arm with his left hand and surrounded by an anxious group of men.

Lawless muttered an oath and ran quickly towards him.

Prudence was not far behind.

"It was the bread knife," said Rolf briefly. He looked deathly pale. "It slipped."

"How bad is the injury, boy?" For the first time Prue heard a gentler note in the big man's voice.

"It is deep, I fear, and it is more jagged than I would wish."

"You would not wish an injury of any sort," said Smoke Lawless irritably. "How did you come to use the knife so closely? You know I prefer a substantial cut of bread and

you know the blade is sharp."

"Yes, but we have a lady in our midst now, remember." Rolf's voice held gentle reproach. "The slices must be thin, fine, and dainty, not offered in portions fit only for a man."

Smoke Lawless whirled on him, the gentleness gone, all consideration for his wound gone, nothing but thinly repressed fury in his face.

"You gallant dolt," he flung, "you noble idiot! To please something in skirts you slash your arm from elbow to wrist."

Prue stepped forward with determination.



"Enough of your bellowing, Mr. Lawless, he must have attention."

This time the fury turned on her. Had she been more discerning she would have seen that it was anxiety for Rolf making him a bull instead of a man.

"So he must have attention, must he? All right, woman, seeing you were the cause, seeing your wretched sex is always the cause, I'll hand him over to your tender care."

"At least," she returned in a low, tight voice, taking Rolf's arm carefully in hers, "as yet I have not been responsible for a small white cross."

"Give you time," he flung back, "and you would."

"This is scarcely the moment to discuss that. Will you ring the doctor?"

"If you think you are shelving your responsibilities, you have another thought coming."

"I have no intention of not attending Rolf, just as I have no intention of relying solely

on my own very restricted first-aid knowledge. Go and ring your doctor, and on the way back bring hot water in a bowl, antiseptic, scissors, and a large white towel."

He stood looking at her for all the world, thought Prue, as though this was the first time in his imperious life that he had been told what to do.

He paused a moment, then turned.

She led Rolf to a chair. It was true she held a first-aid certificate, but what help was an embossed oblong of white vellum when it came to dealing with a wound like this?

She heard the phone slam down, and the next minute Smoke Lawless was entering, bearing carefully the hot water, antiseptic, scissors, and towel as she had directed.

There was no escaping now. She had to see this through.

She looked down at Rolf. He was not unconscious, but he was obviously only thinly aware of what was taking place. None the less he managed a wan smile. It encouraged her. She turned to Lawless. "Put the bowl there."

Then she took up the scissors and the towel and began to cut.

He took up a position against the table to watch her. He removed the makings of a cigarette from his pocket and proceeded to roll one with that one hand again. His tongue licked the edges of the paper together. His eyes were narrowed on her.

She went to Rolf and began to remove the makeshift bandage he had thrust round his arm.

"Pour some antiseptic into the bowl," she directed Lawless, "and cut off a smaller section of towelling for a swab."

For a moment he looked at her, dumbfounded, then, putting down the cigarette he had not lit, he did what she said.

It was easy then. She bathed and sterilised the wound, bound it firmly, but not too firmly, because it would not be long before there was proper medical aid.

"Call several of the men and have them carry him into bed," she ordered.

The men came and lowered Rolf on to the sofa as that entailed the least movement. Prue put a cushion behind his head and found a rug.

"When is the doctor coming?" she asked Smoke.

"In these mountains," Smoke

To page 90

Family-pleasing mothers always pack

Peck's Paste

in the picnic hamper!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1959



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89/100.01

Page 89

said, "medical aid arrives when it is available. Lucian has had an emergency at Miggin's Lob, but he'll be right over then."

He took up the cigarette again and began to light it.

"Perhaps, after that worthy exhibition," he drawled, "we will not need Lucian."

"Tetanus," she reminded shortly, not knowing whether to take his words as sarcasm or praise.

"With Rolf's very clean bread-knife, extremely unlikely,

Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

from page 89

I meant what I said. I do not think Lucian will be able to better the performance."

"Disappointed?" Prue asked.

There was nothing to do now but the little services that make waiting for a doctor more bearable.

She did them gently. She bathed Rolf's forehead. She

mixed a little brandy and hot water and gave it to him.

All the time Smoke Lawless watched her through those deliberately narrowed eyes. It was disconcerting, it unnerved her, she was considerably relieved when she heard the car—the doctor's car of course—screaming up the hill.

Smoke went to the door.

It was typical of the man that he at once attacked Lucian sharply for not coming sooner.

"Hold your horses, Smoke,"

soothed a calm voice. An English voice, realised Prue, her heart leaping eagerly. She had not thought she could miss the sound of an English voice so much.

"What kept you?"

"Didn't Heinz tell you?"

There was an emergency at Miggin's Lob. Rotten granite.

"Any losses?"

The doctor said, "No."

Prue thought gladly, "No small white cross."

She heard the steps coming into the room and stood up.

Her effect on the man who entered was electric. He stopped short and stared, his eyes wide with disbelief.

"A woman," he gasped.

"The patient," put in Smoke Lawless with dangerous calm, "is waiting, Lucian."

"A woman," repeated the doctor, "at Falcon's Neck."

"He gashed his arm with a sharp knife," Smoke continued tersely. "Miss Brierly has cleansed and bandaged it."

"Not only a woman but a young and beautiful one. I can't believe my eyes." Dr. Lucian turned from Prue to Lawless.

"What happened, Smoke? Did they wear you down at last?"

"I would be obliged to you"—this time the dangerous calm was ominous—"if you would attend to the patient."

Lucian turned back again. He must have caught the angry undertone. "It appears to me that Miss Brierly—he had memorised the name at once—"has everything in hand."

"Perhaps, but it's Rolf's hand, not hers, and if anything goes wrong he'll lose it. It may need stitching, a shot of something."

"Yes, I'll do a bit of em-

broidery, and I brought a needle in case."

He got to work in a deceptively leisurely manner. Within ten minutes Rolf was stitched, rebanded, and injected.

"You'll live," Lucian said.

Rolf looked back at him ruefully, with concern.

"Of course I will, and if I didn't what would it matter? I am only a small cog. It is Mr. Lawless for whom I am worried. Who will look after him?"

"I mean," he added quickly, as Smoke appeared ready to erupt, "you are a man of big-

ger issues, you have on your hands the completion of a huge undertaking, the protection of the men while the work is being done, but while all that is going on, will you sleep unless directed, will you eat unless fed?"

The answer was no.

"I will not have you making a fool of me," shouted Smoke.

"I slept before you came, I ate at the mess."

"You existed, yes, but you were a nervous wreck. Dr. Lucian will back me up on that."

There was a silence . . . a significant silence.

Certainly Dr. Lucian would back Rolf up. Rolf knew it, Lawless knew it . . . Lucian was never more sure of it, his thoughtful eyes on Prue.

PEREMPTORILY

Smoke broke the pregnant quiet.

"It's time this scene stopped. I'll feed at the mess as I fed before. Miss Brierly—looking at his watch—"your bus will leave soon."

"Bus?"

The doctor, packing away his gear now, looked sharply up.

"Miss Brierly can't leave," he said.

"On the contrary she is leaving. I have not had word from Trengard yet, but I know he thinks enough of me to realise I mean what I say, and I said last night that Miss Brierly could not stay."

"What must stay?"

"I said she must stay. Lawless. Look, old fellow, face the inevitable. Miss Brierly will

have to stay. There are a dozen things she will be needed to do."

"I won't have her."

"Then perhaps you won't have Rolf. I'm not exaggerating. Lawless, he has lost a deal of blood. Not enough for a transfusion, granted, but enough to undermine him a bit, and perhaps he is not in a fit state to be so depleted. Personally I think he needs care. What's more, I'm ordering care." Dr. Lucian snapped the catches of his case.

Lawless turned his back and went out of the room.

For the first time Prue really regarded the doctor. She had had no time before. He was younger than Smoke Lawless but older than Rolf; he was fair, taller than average, and he had a quick smile. She liked him, she thought.

He saw a slim girl, rather small, fair-haired, sweet-faced, big-shadow-eyed.

"The name is Geoff," he proffered.

"I'm Prudence."

"Been out long?"

"Four days. And you?"

"Four years." He chuckled. "I came for the warmth."

"I did that, too."

"What happened? Like myself did you get sidetracked by a big salary?"

He was nice but he was not Rolf—or even Smoke Lawless. Somehow you would not tell him about the valley beautiful, the little drowning church.

"Yes," she said.

"Well," he shrugged, "you'll get it here all right, but you'll also get what goes with it."

"What does?"

"Cold winds that make blizzards seem a mild zephyr in comparison; snow six feet deep in winter; everything expensive; amusements few and far between; such a scarcity of women that men begin to raise the age they prefer and forget to be choosy."

"In which case I should pass," smiled Prue.

His eyes flicked over her. There was no denying their message. Prue felt the blood coming up like a sunrise to her cheeks.

"I'll have to make a few visits to you, Rolf," Geoff Lucian said, but his eyes still rested on Prue.

She saw him to the door. He took her hand and pressed it in the English manner. He got

To page 92

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- West European intrepidity inspired by spirits (5, 7).
- Othello can be described thus (7).
- American carnivorous animal which carries its own upper garment (5).
- Put into the grave with Ben and Tom (6).
- A Spanish hero is sharp to the taste (4).
- Mingy Lion's "I.O.U." (Anagr., 13).
- Mountains mentioned in apostolical psalms (4).
- Union to keep up prices based on a vehicle for heavy goods (6).
- Bury mixed saltpetre (5).
- Takes in food (7).
- Stretchers for mending make the operation lasting (7-5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

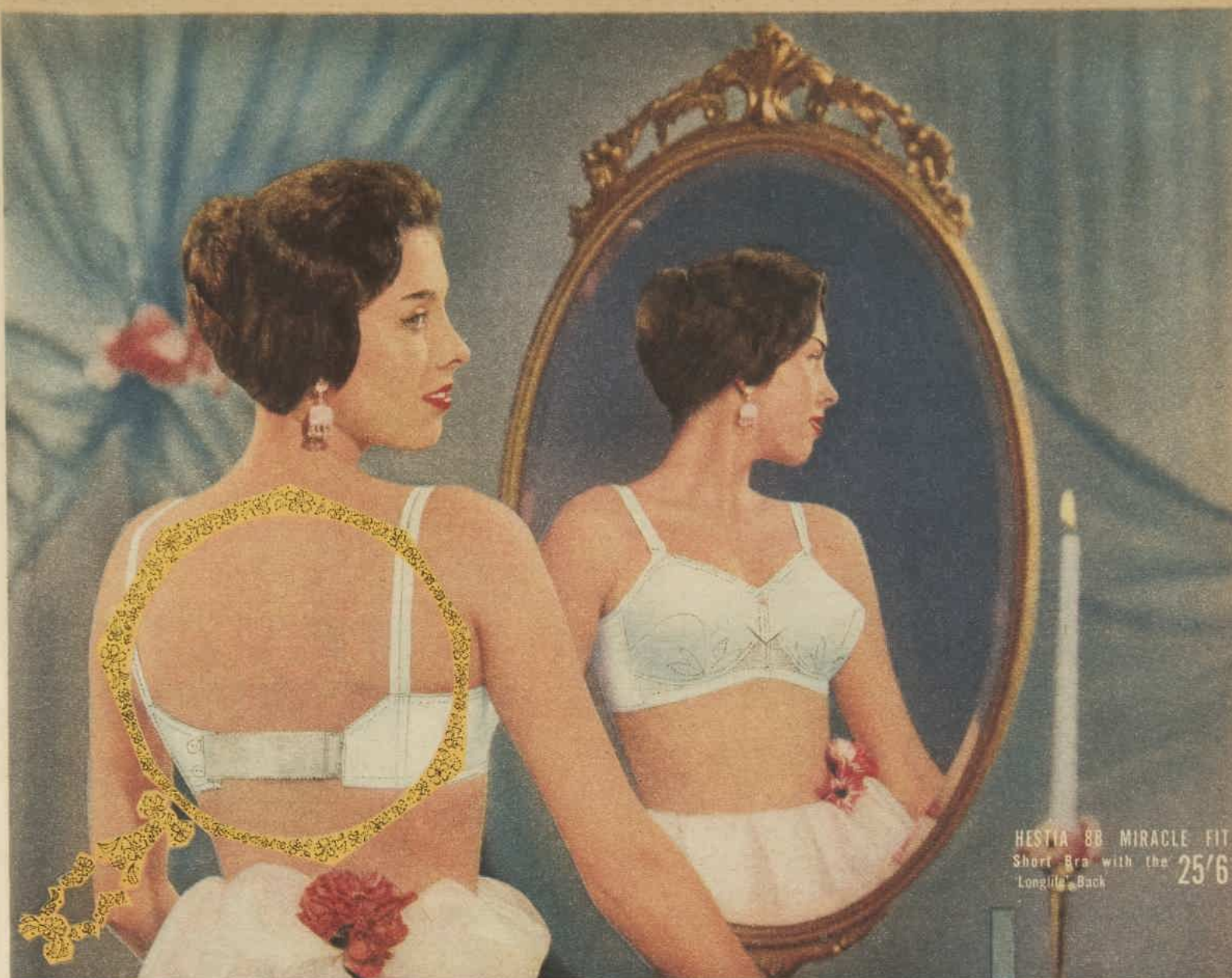
- Stage play filled with a sheep (5).
- Concise and mostly Irish of old (5).
- A tomcat and a dispersed mob make a great public sacrifice (8).
- Embellishment on a Titan or men (13).
- Compete in speed in any great division of living creatures (4).
- Gives brief look with an old weapon in the centre (7).
- Noon did in May (6).
- European nation whose men-of-war carry no guns (8).
- Sloping type (6).
- Inflammable oil, the top of which takes a short sleep, and the bottom tears a hat to pieces (7).
- The end of 22 across, which logically should be at the end not the beginning (5).
- Relieves from pain while carrying the disturbed sea (5).
- North African city (4).

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Continuing . . .

THE GIRL AT SNOWY RIVER

[from page 90]

into a yellow, muddy, scratched car—all cars were muddy and scratched around these Alps, she was to find—and drove off. At the bend he braked and waved.

Prue came back and crossed to Rolf to plump up a cushion. "Haven't you British a proverb about an ill wind, Prue?" he asked.

"The one that blows somebody some good," she smiled.

"Yes. This—he indicated the hand—"is such a wind."

"What do you mean?"

"It is a beginning. You are the beginning."

"Rolf, what do you mean?"

He looked at her eagerly, his eyes full of that extraordinary sweet gentleness.

"The Ukrainian, Anton Wohlar," he confided, "is lonely. His wife, too, is lonely. It is each other's sickness that they have. You understand?"

"No, I do not understand," said Prue stubbornly.

"Poor Anton is edgy. One cannot afford to be edgy on a diamond drill many feet below ground. Other men, too, are like Anton."

"Are you suggesting that once one woman is admitted to Falcon there can be many more?"

"If I answered yes to that, Prue, what would you say?"

"I'd say I'd have nothing to do with it. I shall not be a party to any scheme."

Prue replaced the cushion and went out to the hall.

The unit was in silence.

After a brief hesitation Prue went to her room, which was really Rolf's room, and threw the few things she had unpacked into her bag.

The quarters did not look tidy. Quarters never did when beds were left unmade, but what was the use of making up the bed when tonight she would be sleeping somewhere else?

And it was time she left Falcon, too, if she was to return to Coora before dark. Why hadn't Lawless come to report that he had instructed the bus to reserve a seat?

It seemed as though he had read her thoughts, because at that moment he came into the bedroom behind her. She had not heard him walking down the corridor. She gave a little start.

"Miss Brierly."

"Mr. Lawless?"

"I have changed my mind. You don't leave. Not tonight, anyway. Not tomorrow. I've been considering the situation. Lucian and Rolf are right. You'll have to stay."

"Oh." For a heady moment she knew the sweet taste of triumph. She had beaten this man. She had won. She was to stay. It was only for a moment, though.

"As cook," Smoke Lawless said.

She looked at him aghast. She could render first-aid, type, account, speak three languages, but she could not boil an egg.

"I am a secretary," she said.

"A cook's wages are higher, but there"—sarcastically—"money did not bring you here, did it, it was a valley?"

"Mr. Lawless, will you please tell the bus to wait?"

"The bus has gone."

There was a pause, and then, unwillingly, as though the words were distasteful to him, even dragged out, he said, "I'm asking you to stay, Miss Brierly. We're in a mess, we can't do without you, otherwise I wouldn't be making this request."

"You're honest, anyway."

"It would be of little use my being anything else. You know I don't want you. Well, what is your answer?"

"It is no. I won't stay."

there is no need to bother about my meals, I can eat at the mess."

"I—"

"If propriety is worrying you, don't let it. There will be three of us under this particular roof, and though the components of that trio might not be acceptable where you came from, I'm sure allowances will always be made under certain circumstances. Falcon's Neck comprises certain circumstances."

"And now may I say thank you, Miss Brierly. You are being very kind, very helpful. A little suggestion, please. Since you will be brewing I shall take tea, not coffee. Rolf makes a miserable pot. And finally—"

His smoky eyes flickered at her.

"Mr. Lawless?"

He had to have the last word, she could see that. And it had to be deriding, carping, provocatively insolent.

"Your bed, Miss Brierly."

His contemptuous smile was insidious, quite hateful. "I believe it would be more comfortable—and much tidier—made up."

To be continued

Tall . . or short

OR IN BETWEEN . . .

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1959

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5292.—Prettily styled teenage party dress. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5317.—Summer beach threesome—suntop, front-buttoned skirt, and matching shorts. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires: Skirt and suntop, 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material; shorts, 1 to 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.

F5318.—Junior slack suit. The pattern includes ankle and short-cut slacks. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires: Overblouse, 1 to 1½yds. 36in. material; ankle-length slacks, 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material; short-cut slacks, 1½ to 1¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.

F5382.—Smartly tailored above-knee-length tennis dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5298.—Girl's bow-trimmed sundress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2 to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/.

F5353.—Beach coat and matching bag. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F5299.—One-piece dress with pinafore and double-breasted effect. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5316.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make junior romper suit and separate skirt. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. printed material and 1 to 1½yds. 36in. plain material. Price 3/.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 136.—ONE-PIECE DRESS AND MATCHING BOLEO Bare-shouldered dress and matching bolero are obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham with a white cotton trim. The color choice includes pink and white, lemon and white, mauve and white, blue and white, green and white, and red and white. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust 38/6, 34 and 36in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 137.—NURSERY BIBS The bibs are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with animal motifs. The material is buckram. Color choice includes white, blue, pink, lemon, and green. Size 7in. by 9in. Price 1/- each. Postage 4d extra. Set of three 2/9. Postage 8d extra.

No. 138.—JUNIOR SUN HATS The hats are obtainable cut out ready to make in headcloth and check gingham. Color choice in headcloth—white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; and in check gingham—red and white, pink and white, blue and white, green and white, and lemon and white. Sizes 2 years and 3 to 4 years 7/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra; 5 to 6 years and 7 to 8 years 9/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 139.—ONE-PIECE DRESS AND BACK-BUTTONED BOLEO The material is a stripe and spot cotton ruffin. The color choice includes grey and black, pink and black, aqua and black, all printed on a white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 35/3, 36 and 38in. bust 37/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning October 5

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in partnership.

★ If a teenager, a member of your sex may arrive in your neighborhood, you team up. If older, the element of romance enters; you could win a prize, with a good-looking partner, in a competition. If married, you reach agreement on an important matter with the marriage partner. If a voluntary worker, support from an influential associate.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in serving others.

★ If you wear a uniform, you're the child of Dame Fortune. Be alert to learn something to your advantage. If you are a voluntary worker, raise funds for charitable purposes, your pet scheme may become a reality sooner than you thought possible. Efficiency, harmonious relationships lead to solid accomplishment, personal satisfaction.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in speculation.

★ Take a chance on whatever is uppermost in your mind; only the bold win. Will that hat suit your new accessories? Will that remnant be enough for your purpose? Will that attractive new friend call you up and make a date? Will that important investment be profitable or will that raffle ticket win a prize? The answer is probably "yes."

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 21-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck close at hand.

★ Why sigh for distant pastures when there are sources of pleasure all around you? Visit congenial neighbors when feeling lonely, form a small group for sewing, knitting, craftwork. Gardening can give your morale a lift while improving your surroundings. Local people may draw you into a community effort, which brings new amenities to your district.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck on an outing.

★ Many of you spend the week-end drifting along the highways. Romantic days are experienced by groups of young people who go on a picnic or a club expedition, while older subjects share in a family excursion which takes them to new places. Some of you have guests from a distance, and you set out to show them the town. Casual meetings add to the fun.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in the market.

★ If you are engaged, you go window-shopping with the one and only. That future home lies before you, and your glory-box provides endless interest. If looking for a better job, opportunity is likely to knock on your door. If married, the chance at part-time work during hours which suit your needs could be a solution to one of your problems.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in leadership.

★ You hold the key to activities in your social circle or among workmates. Where you give the word, approve, others will follow. Even in conversation you can set the tone; either it will be worthwhile, informative, or mere small-talk. You may be obliged to defend an absent friend or stand up for a principle you believe important.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, violet. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in an interlude.

★ Now is the time to take stock. Decide what can be done now and what must wait. Go over your wardrobe with a thought for desirable additions; mend, freshen garments, straighten drawers, put away heavy clothing no longer needed. Extend this to your room, flat, home, so you can face the new season with happy anticipation.

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in action.

★ Too much thinking with no tangible results can be frustrating. There is at present a tendency to dream and drift. Bright ideas will vanish in smoke if you do nothing about them. Go out of your way to make at least one new friend, accomplish a worthwhile task, or do something that gives pleasure to others. Romance is found if you seek it.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in career.

★ Whether you work to earn your living, to be useful in the community, or to express yourself in a creative way, a dynamic week brings opportunity. Some of you find a new market for your talents, and rewards will be generous. Put your best foot forward in all contacts with people who can help you. Don't be afraid to tackle work which is new to you.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in study.

★ Unless you study a little, your store of knowledge will not grow very fast. Instead of reading stray books, why not limit yourself to one subject which appeals to you for a few weeks? Should it be a subject which interests your best beloved, this will contribute to the bond between you, and provide for evenings when you are not out on a date.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs. Luck in the evening.

★ Many of you will have to be busy in the morning if you hope to blossom in the evening. Your days are likely to be filled with hard work, perhaps an extra rush to cope with, or a number of special tasks, but the evenings are likely to be glamorous, with unexpected invitations, the chance to shine in a new circle, romantic episodes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



Here's why the makers of fine baby wear say:—

“Wash baby things in Lux because Lux is so safe”

So much love you have for your baby. So many things you do for him. Only the best is good enough. So you wash his clothes in Lux — new pure white Lux Flakes — so pure, so gentle.

Lux is so safe in baby's happy world. Lux is made only from purest baby-mild soap — soapier, purer by far than any soap powder. Those pure white flakes contain no harmful chemicals to bleach or harden fabrics. That's why the makers of fine baby things say:

“Don't subject fine baby clothes to

harsh washing methods. Use only safe, gentle Lux suds to keep fabrics soft and delicate pastel colours true.”

Lux means downy woollies, softer nappies — warmth and comfort for baby's delicate skin, longer life for everything he wears. Your own hands will tell you how gentle Lux is.

LUX IS SO SAFE YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT ALWAYS

JACKY'S DIARY BY JACKY MENDELSON AGE 3½

THIS MORNING DADDY & ME PULLED OUT THE VEGETABLES WE PLANTED IN THE SPRING, WHEN I WAS LITTLE.



FIRST I FOUND WE HAD GRUESOME SPINACH. SPINACH HAS LOTS OF IRON IN IT... BUT EVEN SO, IT'S VERY GOOD FOR YOU.



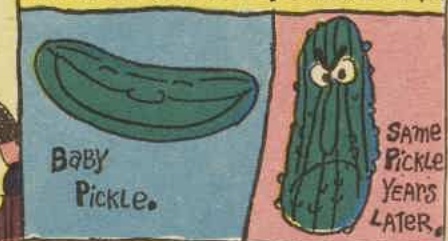
THEN I LOOKED WHERE WE PLANTED SOME BIRD SEEDS, BUT THERE WAS NOT A SINGLE BIRD GROWING THERE. JUST A BUNCH OF SUN FLOWERS... WHAT A TAKE!



LATER ON I PULLED UP SOME RHUBARB, WHICH IS CELERY THAT GOT SUNBURNT, SO YOU GOT TO DO IT VERY GENTLE.



ALSO WE GRUESOME CUTE-CUMBERS, WHICH ARE REALLY BABY PICKLES. ON A COUNT OF THEY HAVEN'T GROWN UP & TURNED SOUR YET!



REGULAR PUMPKIN



VERY RARE PUMPKIN

WOW!... I ALSO FOUND A PUMPKIN THAT GREW UP WITHOUT ANY FACE. I THINK I'LL SEND IT INTO A MUSEUM.

I DON'T LIKE VEGETABLES A LOT, BUT THEY'RE VERY HEALTHY ON A COUNT OF THEY GOT LOTS OF VITAMINS... WHICH ARE LETTERS THAT YOU CAN'T SEE BECAUSE THEY'RE INSIDE.



P.S. EXCEPT WHEN YOU MAKE ALPHABET SOUP, & THEN THEY COME OUT.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





SAFE, SURE SOOTHING FOR BABY

Baby troubled with teething? then Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

Available Everywhere

TEENAGE SPOTS AND PIMPLES need not happen!



If you suffer the embarrassment of unsightly spots and blemishes, try this simple skin care. At the first sign of infection treat the troubled areas with quick-acting double antiseptic Valderma Balm.

Soothing, cleansing Valderma penetrates deep under the skin to bring these triple benefits:—

1. It clears the pores of clogging impurities.
2. It contains two vital antiseptics to stop germ growth (no single antiseptic can kill all skin germs).
3. Valderma soothes and cools to relieve skin itch and irritation.

VALDERMA BALM

All chemists. 3/- and 4/-

Just squeeze it on!

Adorn CREAM HOME PERM in a handy tube



You can
Recap Tube
for future use

- Comb through, roll up, rinse.
- Your hair perms as it dries!
- No drip! No mess!
- No bath!

11/6
At Chemists and Stores

TEENA

by Linda Terry



OH, TEENA, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY COUSIN VIN.

WHA' D'Y SAY, TEENA?

VINNIE'S LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH HIM TONIGHT.

OH?

GOOD! IT'S A DATE!

C'MON, LET'S HAVE A SODA ON IT!

ULP!

BOY! AM I LUCKY I DON'T THINK AS FAST AS YOU!



HOW D'J DO.

AND THIS IS PIPSY VIN.

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, I-UM-SPRAINED MY ANKLE. I COULDN'T POSSIBLY...

WELL-UM-UM-UM-

OH, TOO BAD. HOW 'BOUT YOU, PIPSY?

BOY! AM I LUCKY I DON'T THINK AS FAST AS YOU!

ULP!

BOY! AM I LUCKY I DON'T THINK AS FAST AS YOU!

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are holidaying at the mountain home of their geologist friend, Tate. Tate has told them that the mountain is shot through with a strange unbreakable pipeline, and that from time to time, for no apparent reason, the moun-

tain shakes as if in an earthquake. Mandrake, looking at Tate's graphical records of the shakings, notices that the mountain shakes whenever a big bomb is set off. They are discussing this when there is a special telecast of a rocket being sent into orbit. NOW READ ON:

ON DR. TATE'S MOUNTAIN, AS THEY WATCH A BROADCAST OF A ROCKET TAKING OFF 2000 MILES AWAY!

THIS MOUNTAIN IS SHAKING!

—SHE'S RISING FASTER—LOOKS SUCCESSFUL!

LOOK AT THESE DATES—NOT ONLY THE FIRST ATOM AND H-BOMB EXPLOSIONS—BUT ALL THE BIG ROCKET DATES—SPUTNIK—EXPLORER—

IN OTHER WORDS, THIS MOUNTAIN SHAKES EVERY TIME A BIG ROCKET OR BIG BOMB IS SET OFF!

HOW COULD THAT ROCKET 2000 MILES AWAY MAKE THIS PEAK SHAKE?

HERE'S A MODEL OF THIS MOUNTAIN. HERE'S MY LOGS. I'VE ANALYSED ALL THE TREMORS FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS—IT ADDS UP TO THIS—

—IT'S AS THOUGH SOMETHING INSIDE—DEEP IN THE SOLID ROCK—WAS RISING UP—TRYING TO GET OUT!

SOMETHING INSIDE, BUT WHAT?

A GOOD QUESTION.

TO BE CONTINUED

Doctors prove PALMOLIVE can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days!



YOU, TOO, can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- ★ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ★ Less oiliness!
- ★ Added softness and smoothness!
- ★ Complexion clearer, more radiant!
- ★ Fewer tiny blemishes and incipient blackheads!

NOT JUST A PROMISE—BUT A PROVED PLAN

This is all you do. Simply massage your skin twice a day with the extra-mild pure lather of Palmolive—then rinse and pat dry. You'll see Palmolive bring out your beauty while it cleans your skin. Use Palmolive . . . it's so mild—so gentle . . . that's why Palmolive is by far the largest selling toilet soap in Australia.

Look for the sparkling new foil wrap!



BUY THE BIG
SUPER BATH SIZE
AND SAVE MONEY



by GOLDEN CIRCLE

an unforgettable
new perfume by

Goya



Tonight! remember ... 'Remember'



GOYA • 3 RUE SCRIBE • PARIS

The Australian Women's Weekly

Paris Parades 1959



SUPPLEMENT Not to be sold separately.

SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE

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25, rue de Marignan-Paris 8^e





THIS supplement presents a preview of the Paris couture collection of spring-summer fashions which The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with the Myer Emporium and Mark Foy's Ltd., is presenting in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

Four French mannequins, Olivia, Elza, Monique, and Sylvana, are coming to Australia to model the clothes for our Paris Parades. They will be joined by two Australians, Margo and Ursula.

In choosing the collection we had the full co-operation of the S.F.T. (Societe Francaise des Textiles).

"BATEAU MOUCHE" by Dior, made in printed pique-type cotton and worn by Paris mannequin Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Boussac.

COVER: "Giumauve," by Carven, orange velveteen evening coat worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - Page 3.

Prints with a French flavor

"LA MYRRHE": Short-skirted dance dress by Lanvin (below) has the feminine look so typical of spring-summer fashions. The fabric is flower-printed cotton-nylon. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by C.V.T.



Paris loves both bold and delicate cotton prints and many of them bloom with flowers and fruit.

This season prints are re-born and add the note of gaiety to spring-summer fashions.

"ROBE 619": Late-day dress (below) by Guy Laroche. The hood effect on the bodice reappears throughout the Laroche collection. The fabric is a printed cotton mousseline. Worn by Elsa. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.





"ROBE 545": Laroche uses roses for a hooded blouse to complement a chic suit. Suit cotton, blouse cotton satin. Worn by Elsa. S.F.T. fabric by C.V.T.



"DELFT": One-piece dress and matching hat by Lanvin. The dress with its bloused bodice-top is firmly belted at the natural waistline in self material. The cotton fabric has an all-over paisley design. The hat is wide-brimmed. Worn by Olivia. S.F.T. fabric by Wallach.

SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE



JACQUES GRIFFE

Taco S.A. Minicare*

Oliffe W. Harris Pty Ltd.

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MELBOURNE : 37, Swanston Street

BRISBANE : 130, Queen Street

ADELAIDE : 141, Rundle Street



SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE

The fabrics covering the wall at the Castle of Versailles have been produced by TACO

CARVEN



CRÉATION ZÉPHIR - PUBLICITÉ PARIS

Taco S.A. Minicare *



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 7



The essence of spring

"HORTENSIA," a romantic rose-printed cotton satin ball-gown, by Nina Ricci. The dress is moulded at the waist with a wide self-material belt and finished with a sheer white cotton fichu and cluster of roses. Collars are important in this house. Dress worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.

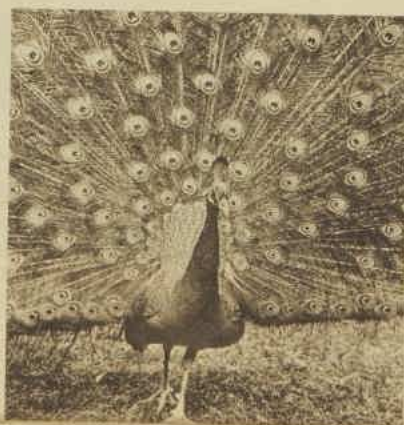
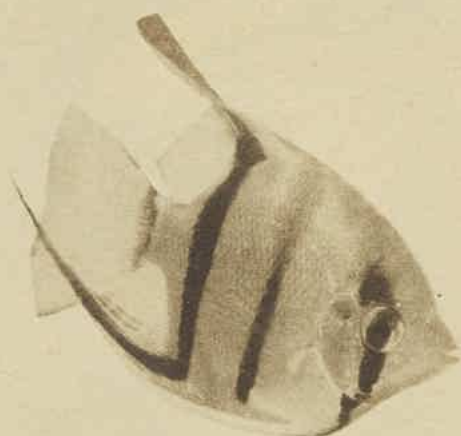
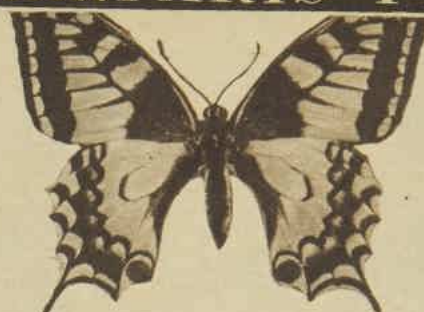


The summer dream bride

"ROYAUMONT," designed especially for us by Madame Carven. The material is white organdie scattered with self flowers. The shaped skirt silhouette and fitted form bodice create a perfect bridal confection. The white tulle veil adds more Gallic romance. Dress worn by Olivia, S.F.T. fabric by C.V.T.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 9

SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE



SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE

Perfect prints make the difference



Maggy Rouff

Carven

Lanvin-Castillo

Gres

Wallach

WALLACH AGENTS:

B.K. Textiles Ltd. Leitch House, 127 York Street,
SYDNEY. BX. 5179

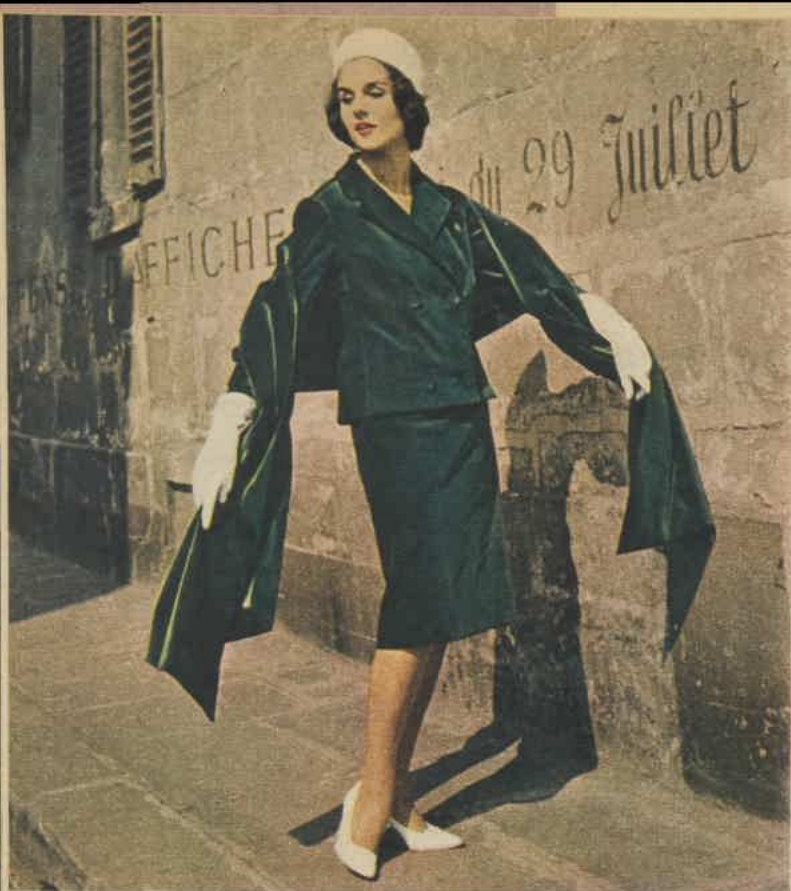
BENAR Trading Co. Hardware House, 43 Hardware Street
MELBOURNE. MU. 3531

EVERGLAZE

MINICARE



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 11



Dandified cotton velvet

● Here we show a current fashion excitement from Paris — cotton velvet — in its varying weaves. Velvet brings out the best in color. Note the subtle look of willow and olive-green and of pale lilac. And don't forget black — it is centre-staged in summer fashions and sunlight.

"MAURIENNE": Spring suit and hat (left) by Balmain. The fabric is cotton corduroy. The jacket is young and semi-fitted, the skirt slim. A matching stole adds drama. The hat is in white straw. Worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.



"ROBE 363": Two-piece cocktail suit by Cardin, in cotton velveteen. The brief jacket has a keyhole neckline and blown-up sleeves. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.



"ORCHIDEE": Late-day coat in cotton pinwale corduroy designed by Madame Carven. Worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.



"AIR INDIA": Easy-fit travel coat and chalk-white chiffon headscarf by Lanvin. The coat, made in cotton corduroy with a fancy-weave surface, is collarless and fastened with white pearl buttons. Four large patch pockets are the only trim. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Motte Bossut.

SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE

La Haute Couture par PALATINE AND S



Supple, silk-like, sumptuous — This describes the new Cosserat super velours. New in its weaving, new by its vivid colours and its rich appearance. The leading couturiers, enchanted with its beauty and striking richness, have chosen it for all their creations, from evening gowns to casual wear.

Super-Velours Cosserat,

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ADELAIDE:

MR. DEAN COOK
Claridge House,
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isienne a deux amours
SUPER VELOURS

SUPRELLA . . . CORSICA . . .
. . . MERVELLA . . . CORDIX

These names are already having their praises sung by the couturiers. They illustrate the variety of the Cosserat collections, rich in new cord designs and latest prints — everyone finds in the super velours the answer to their fashion problems.

Prince des Collections

WATERPROOF—WASHABLE

AUSTRALIA

BRISBANE:

MR. DAVID NORMOYLE
Dunston House,
236 Elizabeth Street

SYDNEY:

F. V. HIRSTMAN & CO.
125A York Street



AGENCE FRANÇAISE DE PROPAGANDE - PARIS

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 15

The new look in superb cottons

● A new look bursts upon the spring fashion scene via the fascinating use of cotton fabrics.

The look in formal evening dress, as shown here, is intensely feminine. Note how white can look just as brilliant as a colorful print.



"JOLIE MADAME"
by PIERRE BALMAIN

ELZA'S blond prettiness is offset by a truly feminine evening dress made in flowered pique with a pink pique top. S.F.T. fabrics are by U.N.I.V.E.X.

"SOIR A BOUGIVAL"

by PIERRE BALMAIN

SYLVANA steps out in a strapless chalk-white pique party dress. The dress is belted. The skirt is raised centre-front. S.F.T. fabric by U.N.I.V.E.X.





"VAHINE"
by CARVEN

MONIQUE'S exotic dark beauty underlined by a formal floor-length evening dress. The dress is made in white pique printed in gay colors. S.F.T. fabric by Wallace.



"AMBASSADE"
by JACQUES GRIFFE

OLIVIA'S piquant good looks are flattered by a romantic flower-printed cotton satin ballgown with an orange belt. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.

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Boussac Fabrics in made
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Agents in Australia, Messrs.
COOLAHAN & LAWLER Pty. Ltd.,
of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide & Brisbane





Resort elegance— Dior-designed

"MARPESSA": Herewith, beach elegance assured in clear-cut navy-and-white-striped cotton. The sleeveless top, tucked neatly into slim trousers, is worn with a chic longer-in-length matched coat jacket. The curve-brimmed beach hat — in navy lined with white—is also by Dior. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Boussac.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 19

lovely white semi-cotton variety.

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TISSAGES JEAN PASSOT

*Specialists in dyed thread woven articles
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EXPORTATION GEORGES RISLER

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COTTON NOVELTIES

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photo HENRI MONCEY

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Mr. E. J. DONEY, 50 York Street SYDNEY
tel : B X 3678

Mr. TULLOCK . 20, Queen Street, MELBOURNE



Striped for the sun

*"ANTIBES": Waisted
maillot by Jacques Heim
has its own matching
stole lined with scarlet
terry cloth. Cotton velvet
is new for the beach.
Worn by Elsa. The S.F.T.
fabric is by Cossierat.*



"IBIZA": Resort-cum-beach dress worn over brief matching shorts and a low-cut top is made in flower-printed cotton mousseline by Jacques Heim. Note upturned beach hat. Worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.

SENTE.....PARIS PRESENTE.....PARIS PRE

THIS IS AN EXCLUSIVE
FRENCH FABRIC
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MADE IN FRANCE

SPORVEL-LUXE
HIGH FANCY CLOTH
PURE COTON
WATER AND STAIN REPELLENT
WITH EXCELLENT
CREASERESISTING
FINISH

Color story in separates

● In these pictures, the season's preference for fresh exciting colors is seen in two couture-designed trouser suits and a feminine beach dress. Each has its own brand of chic. The effect is a balanced alliance of cut and color.



The tunic line

SEPARATES: Here a tunic jacket shapes the news with its soft rounded look and curving shoulder-line. The tunic is pink linen worn above short-cut trousers in black silk jersey. Jacques Heim ensemble is worn by Monique.

The French line

"STITIA": Dashing trouser suit made in lilac pinwaile corduroy widely belted in gold kid. The top is bloused. Design by Jacques Heim. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Cosserat.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 23



Paris loves rose-pink

ODDS-ON color favorite for the spring-summer season is rose-pink. Here it is in a flower-printed gay cotton one-piece dress designed by Nina Ricci. Worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by Wallach.



The underlying elegance
of the fashion picture
... captured in

LINGERIE BY **Prestige**

PS911 — A Summerlon slip of subtle grace, delicately detailed with permanent pleating and heirloom quality lace. The sophisticated choice of every mannequin in the Australian Women's Weekly Paris Parades.

G133

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Page 25

lovely white semi-sheer variety.

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World famous French fashion models



choose **AIR-INDIA**  *International*
for luxury flights from Paris to Sydney



Flight with Air-India for these glamorous, sophisticated Parisians is but a continuation of their elegant way of life. The graceful dignity of the charming hostesses, the courteous efficiency of the long-experienced crews make a fitting background to the luxury and comfort of Super Constellation flights along fascinatingly varied routes. Air-India, flying seven services weekly to London and Europe from India, presents the

experienced air traveller with many intriguing stopover opportunities. India herself, mecca of the overseas tourist, offers the fascination of cosmopolitan Bombay, the grandeur of the Taj Mahal near India's modern capital, New Delhi. World renowned for efficiently gracious service, Air-India is rapidly becoming the choice of travel-wise Australians who seek the *different* way to travel.

- Air-India, a leading British Commonwealth airline, serves 26 cities in 19 countries.
- Air-India, with 27 years' airline experience, operates regular services from Sydney.
- Cuisine is for the connoisseur, complete with exquisite French wines.
- International hostesses include Indian, British, French, Swiss, German, Japanese and Chinese.
- Thousands of Australians have already enjoyed Air-India courtesy and hospitality.
- In April, 1960, Air-India will introduce intercontinental Boeing 707 jets on the London route.

FLY IN RELAXING SUPER CONSTELLATION LUXURY WITH AIR-INDIA INTERNATIONAL

Helpful travel and booking information from your Travel Agent, Ansett-ANA
(our General Sales Agent) or any Air-India Office.

Page 26 — Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

The lady in pink

"ROBE 424": Here is one of Cardin's prettiest daytime shapes. Its waist is widely belted and its collar round, young, and standoffish. The hat is also by Cardin. Worn by Olivia. S.F.T. fabric by Passot.



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Suits with Paris chic

● Easy and casual chic is captured in the three high couture suits pictured here. The gay, colorful fabrics are all made of cotton.



City suit

"EUCALYPTUS": Perfect city suit in printed cotton by Nina Ricci. The hat also by Ricci. Worn by Elsa. S.F.T. fabric by Wallace.



All-purpose ensemble

"ROBE 554": Smart all-purpose ensemble by Guy Laroche features one-piece dress and matching jacket. The material is basket-weave cotton printed in deep and light red and black with a dash of lilac and white. Worn by Elsa. S.F.T. fabric by C.V.T.



Red classic

"JOLI COEUR": New approach to summer, classic suit in cotton pinweave corduroy designed by Lanvin. The collarless jacket has a single button fastening. Leopard cap and umbrella sheath also by Lanvin. Worn by Sylvana. S.F.T. fabric by Motte Bossut.

The touch of
perfection that
completes the
fashion picture...



HOSIERY BY **Prestige**

... in an exquisite Seamfree or Full Fashioned collection.
The sophisticated choice of every mannequin
in the Australian Women's Weekly Paris Parades.



Jean Patou

"BALLON D'ESSAI": Cool sleeveless one-piece is made in white pique printed in dark pink poppies. The skirt bells prettily. Worn by Elsa. S.F.T. fabric by Wallach.

carven



1682

LOUIS XIV PRESENTS TO HIS BETHROTHED, THERESA OF SPAIN, A RARE PERFUME BLENDING THE FIERINESS OF SPAIN AND THE CHARM "LA DOULCE FRANCE"

1956

PRESIDENT OF FRANCE PRESENTS PRINCESS GRACE OF MONACO, A RARE PERFUME UNITING THE RADIANT BEAUTY OF THE NEW WORLD AND POETICAL GRACE OF OLD EUROPE. THIS RARE PERFUME, NOW RELEASED BY THE CREATORS UNDER THE NAME —

"VERT ET BLANC"

AVAILABLE IN SIZES from 88 GUINEAS to 40/6 at EXCLUSIVE PERFUMERY DEPARTMENTS and

ROGER MULO

112 KING STREET, SYDNEY

Page 30 — Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly



Guy Laroche

"ROBE 611"—One-piece daytime dress made in a square-and-flower-patterned cotton print featuring dark and light green with a dash of white. The design is self-belted, has a graceful cowl collar, above-elbow sleeves, and skirt fullness. Worn by Elsa. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.

In print for the summer

● Here are four fascinating designs made in the newest cotton prints of the season. The dresses are all chosen for a city summer, and for bringing color into a pretty, new focus.



Christian Dior

"FLORALIES": Flower-printed cotton summer cocktail dress. Worn by Elsa. The S.F.T. fabric is by Boussac.

Jean Patou

"RYTHME": Exotic one-piece — a chic way to look cool in the sun. Worn by Monique. S.F.T. fabric by T.A.C.O.



Now... the first truly iridescent lipstick


MAX FACTOR *Iridescent Magic*

8 luminous pastel and high key shades that set your lips agleam with silvery highlights

Monique, Sylvana, Elza and Olivia—the lovely French mannequins now visiting Australia—are all wearing Max Factor's New Iridescent Magic Lipstick.



Until now . . . never such a fabulously new lipstick as Max Factor's Iridescent Magic. First introduced to Australia by the lovely mannequins of the French Cotton Parades, it's different from any lipstick you've ever known. Wear it now yourself and wonder at these new luminous lipcolors that gleam with silvery iridescence through and through. Choose from eight heavenly, never-

seen-before shades including Essence of Pearl which makes any lipstick you own iridescent! (For your eyes, too, the enchantment of Max Factor Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick.) Iridescent Magic is only from Max Factor at 10/9 . . . or in the exquisite new Hi-Society mirror case at 16/9.  GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF BEAUTY THROUGH MAKE-UP.



The radiance of Iridescent Magic is impossible to reproduce on paper. Its beauty must be seen on your lips. Made in Sydney, Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 7, 1959

Teenagers

WEEKLY

**SET YOUR SAILS
FOR SUMMER—page 13**



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Sydney dress sloppy?

WHEN visiting Sydney recently my girl-friend and I were surprised to find so many badly and sloppily dressed teenagers. We thought Sydney teenagers would be fashion-conscious, but give us Melbourne any day.—"Stile," Daylesford, Vic.

Early marriage

I AM amazed at the large number of teenagers, particularly girls, who are today so eager (though often so ill-prepared) to take upon themselves the responsibilities of marriage. They are not allowed by law to vote until they are 21—the minimum age of discretion. How vastly more important is the choosing of one's life partner.—F. X. O'Meara, Prahran, Vic.

Mother's lesson

FOR years since I started work I have given my mother £2 a week out of my pay. She had a struggle, as Dad died when I was young. Last week, when I told her that my girl-friend and I wanted to be married, Mum brought from her room Dad's old polished cedar wooden box, and in it was all the money I had given her. Now, at 21, I have learned the true meaning of saving and Mum has given me a real good start in life, with a good deposit for a home. I wish Dad could know.—D. McKenzie, Maitland, N.S.W.

Sunday hypocrisy

OUR outlook on Sunday activities is somewhat hypocritical. We indulge in and enjoy all manner of sporting activities, yet we do not permit the showing of films. Surely a picture show cannot be more irreligious than sport.—Janet Burbridge, Lismore, N.S.W.

Cha-cha guide

THE article on How To Dance The Cha-Cha (T.W., 9/9/59) was beaut. My boy-friend and I found it a great help, as we are not good dancers. We would like you to feature more dance steps.—Carmel Stonehouse, Thornbury, Vic.



CARMEL STONEHOUSE
... learned to dance.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Locals triumph

I THINK it is great the way the local rock-'n'-rollers seem to be moving up the hit parades. American entertainers are good, but surely the local talent is not to be scoffed at. Since Col Joye, Johnny O'Keefe, and Johnny Rebbs have made the hit parades, it should give youngsters the boost they need to help put Australia on the map in the entertainment world.—"Aussies Forever," Fivedock, N.S.W.

Anthem disrespect

WHILE visiting a theatre recently I was appalled at the lack of courtesy and respect most people have for the National Anthem. These selfish people rush to the exits to get out before the anthem is played, even though it lasts only a few seconds. Why not a theatre rule that exit doors are not opened until the anthem is completed.—"Tipping Teenager," Sale, Vic.

Blame the adults

WHY are teenagers blamed for the types of movies, music, and songs in circulation today? Adults are to blame. Who trains, advertises, and promotes this type of entertainment? Why, the adults, of

course. Take, for example, Fabian. He had no talent or ambitions to become the fabulous entertainer he is today until he was "discovered" by an adult who had one aim: to make money out of easily swayed teenagers. As a result, Fabian and his counterparts are idolised by millions of young people the world over, as they provide a happy outlet for their emotions. Accusations should be levelled against the people who deserve them, and not against teenagers.—Narelle Graves, Casino, N.S.W.

Be original

WHY can't Australian teenagers be original and use good old Australian slang instead of copying the Americans? I think the American slang is revolting. The American influence will become so great among our teenagers that finally we will have outbreaks in Australia as in New York at the moment.—Sandra Smith, Armidale, N.S.W.



SANDRA SMITH
... for Aussie slang.

Truth would hurt

WHY is it that at dances, when you refuse a boy a dance, you get this in your face: "Why not? Aren't you dancing tonight?" We could be rude and tell them the simple truth: "Because I don't want to dance with a creep like you."—"Had 'Em," Mentone, Vic.

More schooling

I THINK the school leaving age should be raised and holidays shortened. During the Christmas holidays we don't know what to do with ourselves. Children leaving school at 14 or 15 could get better jobs if they stayed at school longer.—Graham Thomas, Moondarra, via Moe, Gippsland, Vic.

Square square

I AM considered a very square "square." I love classical music and could listen to it for hours. I have listened to hit parades and rock-'n'-roll and, even though I like the music, I cannot rouse my enthusiasm over it. Am I the only square of 16 years in Australia? I would like to know before I die of this deadly disease.—"Sick Dog," Glen Waverley, Vic.

Elvis' baby fan

ELVIS PRESLEY has fans of all ages. My little sister, 15 months, imitates a dance when she hears his rock-'n'-roll music. It seems his music attracts her, although I personally do not like him.—Pamela Collins, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Whose fault?

IT is most unjust for church and civil authorities to criticise teenagers for wandering the streets and getting into trouble. It is not the fault of teenagers that they go off the straight-and-narrow; rather it is the fault of parents who neglect the duty they hold towards their children. The authorities should ponder



FRANK LEONARD
... problem parents.

over the saying: "There are no problem children; there are only problem parents."—Frank Leonard, Nourra, N.S.W.

Learn to swim

WITH the swimming season coming up, I would urge all teenagers who cannot swim to learn. Too many of Australia's drowning victims are adult or teenaged people. There is no disgrace in a teenager learning to swim. It might be too late to decide to learn when you're dragged half drowned from the surf.—Marcia Pratten, Lismore, N.S.W.

Kiss and tell

I HAVE come to the conclusion that boys DO talk more than girls, at least about their social life. My girl-friends and I never go into details when talking about our dates, but I am always finding that all my boy-friends' friends know as much about the date as I do.—"Yakkity Yak," Kew, Vic.

Need for a lead

WITH all this teenage delinquency going on in America, I think that if some American celebrity—Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Ricky Nelson, Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes—would speak to them over TV or radio, they might get a bit of sense into the youngsters' heads.—"Thinker," Gladesville, N.S.W.

WHAT IS FAIR POCKET-MONEY?

● What is reasonable pocket-money for a teenager? "Badly Done By" (T.W. 16/9/59) complained that his 6/- weekly allowance was not adequate.

FOR...

SIX shillings is rather a paltry sum to give a teenager as pocket-money. If a family has an average income they should be able to spare at least 15/- a week. I advise "Badly Done By" to point out to his parents, nicely, that clothes, sweets, etc., are much dearer now than when they were 15.—E. Croft, Waterloo, N.S.W.

SIX shillings a week is definitely not enough. After going once to the pictures I would be broke, as they charge 5/- admission from the age of 12. Fortunately, I belong to a family that is reasonably well off and my pocket-money is £1 a week.—Pam Ricardo, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

I THINK an average allowance for a 15-year-old should be between 10/- and 15/-. I get 15/-, out of which I pay fares and for weekend activities, such

as tennis and dances. There are often club functions, and I have to buy stamps to write to a number of overseas pen-friends.—"Money Mad," East Malvern, Vic.

I STILL go to school and get 10/- a week, out of which I have to save to buy clothes. I find it very difficult to do this on 10/-.—"Hopeful Teenager," Sydney.

I ADMIRE "Badly Done By," who pays for tennis and golf and "luxuries" out of 6/- a week. I receive £1 a week, from which I pay for fares, school books, weekend outings, and "extras." Compared to "Badly Done By," I feel I am very lucky.—"A Lucky One," North Bondi, N.S.W.

"BADLY DONE BY's" parents are wrong if they think a 15-year-old can pay for his weekend sports, and other expenses, on 6/- a week. I am 16, still go to school, and get 10/-

a week, even though my father is an invalid pensioner. On top of this I earn 14/- a week by working on Saturday mornings. My parents also pay my weekend sports expenses.—B. Roberts, Eastwood, N.S.W.

... AGAINST

AS "Badly Done By" is 15, I suggest that each Saturday morning he takes a job like thousands of other teenagers. Personally, I think he's having a good time with golf and tennis each weekend. Go to work and stop whinging.—"Saturday Working Boy," Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

"BADLY DONE BY" is lucky to be getting 6/- a week. I am working now, but when I was at school I found a spare-time job, for which I was lucky enough to get £4/4/- a week. I suggest "Badly Done By" does the same.—"Kookie," Barrack Point, N.S.W.

I THINK "Badly Done By" is lucky to get 6/- a week. I and my girl-friends get 5/- or less. Having to save part of the 6/- a week should help make "Badly Done By" thrifty and independent.—"The Dough," Wallerawang, N.S.W.

MY advice to "Badly Done By" is to give up some of your sport. You could fill the time with study, which would do you more good than sport. I think 6/- is enough for any school child. Most children get 5/-, some nothing.—Miss Pat Shorter, Charlestown.

I THINK how much pocket-money a teenager should receive depends entirely on what he or she has to buy with it, and on how much the parents can afford. Some of my friends receive £2 a week, but they have to pay for their own clothes, dry-cleaning, outings, etc.—"B.G.," Terang, Vic.

Star was a poor little rich girl

● Susan Kohner leaned back against the pink and grey pillows of the window-seat in her beautiful French Provincial bedroom and propped her favorite stuffed panda up on her knees. She gazed absently through the open French windows to the gardens below.

OUT there her family's swimming pool lay sparkling in the afternoon sun; out there her own powder-blue Mercury convertible waited in the driveway. Out there the trees were tall and green; out there the air was soft and warm. It was winter in Southern California.

In New York now the air would be cold and biting, and "home" might be one small room—but she would be on her own. Her mind was made up. She would leave home and go to New York; she would learn to be a really good actress.

Her parents were wonderful, loving, and understanding. Her home was beautiful and luxurious. She had her very own telephone, her own special number, her own private bathroom. Her big comfortable bedroom was filled with original paintings by famous artists.

The great and the beautiful and the important people of the world came to the fabulous house in Bel-Air where the Kohners lived. Her mother was the brilliant Mexican actress Lupita Tovar, her father the biggest independent agent in Hollywood.

Susan was constantly surrounded by top actors and actresses, and on first-name terms with most of them. But Susan felt her world was a limited one, and it wasn't of her own making.

She had just finished "Dino" with Sal Mineo—not a very big role, but the critics called her a promising young starlet. If she were ever to be the truly great actress she longed to be, she would have to go out on her own, find her own life, her own friends.

And she must study hard, with the best drama coach she could find. If she found success, it must be because of her own self, not because she was the daughter of rich and famous parents.

Her mother and father proved how very wonderful they really were when she told them of her decision. Susan was their only daughter and they adored her. They had tried not to spoil her but they had never denied her anything, and they had kept her sheltered from the world.

Now the three talked it over and the Kohners were convinced that

their child wanted to go to New York because she was serious about acting and not as an escape. They understood and they agreed.

Her father picked up the telephone to place two long-distance calls; one to enrol Susan in Sanford Meisner's Neighborhood Playhouse and one to ask some family friends if Susan could stay with them.

Went to New York

And so it was that in January, 1957, Susan arrived in New York to study with Sanford Meisner and to stay with her parents' friends. She was thrilled at being accepted at the Neighborhood Playhouse, as so many actors and actresses she admired had come from there—among them, Joanne Woodward, Efram Zimbalist, jun., Gregory Peck.

But it wasn't easy. As Susan herself says:

"I found it very difficult. I didn't know anyone, and teenagers seem to know instinctively if you're one of them. They knew I wasn't. Somehow—without telling them myself, and certainly I never bragged—they'd heard that my father was a 'big shot' in Hollywood; that I was rich.

"I was shy and scared and they mistook my petrified air to be that of aloofness.

"Also, I didn't dress like them. I wore high heels, stockings, a smartly tailored suit; the other girls wore long black socks, loafers, the most casual of sweaters, and skirts.

"Most of these kids were barely scraping by to pay for their courses. I didn't have to work, and with my background of wealth, my expensive clothes it was as though I'd come from a different planet.

"They resented me, made snide remarks. I didn't know how to overcome it.

"And I wasn't happy in the home I lived in. The people were wonderful, but there were two young children, and I had no privacy to study or work.

"So I moved to a women's hotel which was fairly inexpensive. This



ONE OF the most promising young stars in Hollywood, Susan Kohner left her home and life of luxury to make her own way as an actress and succeed on her own merits.

was important, as I was determined to live on my earnings from 'Dino.'

"My room was about as big as a mailbox and I shared a bathroom with another girl, but I felt wonderful because I was paying my own way. I was on my own.

"After a few weeks at the Playhouse I found that I couldn't take that left-out feeling much longer. I decided to dress like the other girls and tried to act more like them.

"I felt freer, more casual. I still had no close friends in class, but as soon as I dressed differently and felt more like them there was a response.

"By being simple and natural I began to convince the others at school that I wasn't a snob and that I wasn't leaning on my father's money or influence. In fact, I went out of my way to cover up any sign of affluence or importance that came my way.

"Once Sal Mineo called me and asked me to go with him to a premiere. But I never told the kids in class that I'd worked with Sal in Hollywood. They'd have thought I was putting on the dog. I went to the premiere and begged the photographer not to shoot me in the picture with Sal.

"This other side of me was one I didn't want them to see.

"Most of the other girls in the Playhouse were working at odd hours in order to support themselves; one worked as a waitress, another as a salesgirl, and they never complained.

"When I saw how hard they worked, and how they really had to hold night jobs in order to maintain themselves, I tried more furiously than ever not to rub in my background of luxury.

"My father used to send me delicacies from a Beverly Hills gourmet shop—wonderful tins of caviar, smoked snails, imported jams. The first time he did I invited other girls from the hotel to share with me. They looked at the expensive little tins and one girl said, rather bitterly, 'I could eat for a week on what that one can of caviar costs.' I never opened up any more of these imported cans again.

"It was a funny masquerade. And with it all, I was still shy and lonely. I didn't know any young men in New York. True, Charles Boyer, John Huston, and other men as famous, glamorous, and wealthy, who were friends of my father, would take me out in a protective 'little sister' way.

"But I still was lonely with my own crowd. I was neither here nor there. I tried to be like the others in the Playhouse, and I was becoming better liked, but they still had their reservations.

"In the hotel, most of the girls, who were models, had loads of boy-friends and were always going out on dates. I spent many nights zipping girls into their evening dresses.

"Then I'd stay in alone. I was too shy to go to the hotel coffee shop at night, because that would advertise the fact that I had no date. So I'd often sit in my room munching on a box of crackers. And crying.

Bohemian friends

"I became a little more bohemian with the friends I made in New York. One boy came by on a motor-cycle and invited me for a ride. I'd never done a thing like that before.

"There's no doubt in my mind that the experience I had being on my own in New York, and having to learn to live with a complete new group of young people, was just as vital to my acting development as the actual acting techniques I learned.

"I would have been a shallow actress always if I hadn't broken the bonds and gotten out of my shell. Lived like other people. Suffered some, cried a lot, had to learn to give-and-take and make others like me.

"This is all-important to me as a person—and as an actress."

Australian audiences are currently seeing Susan display her considerable talent in "Imitation of Life" with Lana Turner and Sandra Dee.

In the film Susan gives a very sincere performance as the light-skinned negro girl who renounced her dark mother.

She will be seen next in "The Big Fisherman."

All wool for

● Here is the all-wool wardrobe that Gina Eviston, 18-year-old Sydney University student and sports girl, will wear in San Francisco, where she has gone to represent Australia at the 44-nation Pacific Festival. The £300 wardrobe was donated by businessman and grazier Mr. Anthony Hordern and chosen by Mrs. Anthony Hordern.



TAPERED PANTS in smoke-grey tweed are topped by a bulky brick-red knitted jacket. The jacket has "shark's tooth" buttons; the pants—slit at the front crease—are color-matched exactly to her socks, flatties, and bag.

TOPCOAT is made from lime-yellow tweed, the color a perfect accent for Gina's suntan and honey-blond hair. The coat follows a modified barrel-line, has easy bracelet-length sleeves and an exaggerated peter pan collar.



SHEATH DRESS in tangerine has wide raglan sleeves, is knitted into a wide rib at the waist. Matching rib trims the oval neckline and the cuffs. Gina adds big pearl earrings.

Gina ...



EVENING DRESS is short and pretty and dusky-pink, highlighted with matching satin shoes. The "dress" is really separates; the top has a wide oval neckline, the skirt is kept bouffant with lots of petticoats.



CASUAL SUIT in navy-blue knit has a slender skirt and an overblouse chopped off at the hipbone. The overblouse is trimmed with a single button and has a shirtmaker collar.



LEMON-YELLOW WORSTED makes Gina's "dressed up" suit (above) with its face-framing collar. The slim skirt has a built-up waistline. (Below) Gina shows the floral patterned blouse and scarf that she wears with the yellow suit.



RELAXED-LINE SUIT in smoke-grey ribbed knit (above). Worn with matching grey accessories, the only touches of color are a little turquoise in her scarf and turquoise earrings. (Below) Gina tops the suit skirt with a loose hyacinth-spotted fine wool blouse.



She's the girl

on the

flying

trapeze

● The accomplishments of 16-year-old Marlene Dennis make you feel dizzy.

SHE can hang by an ankle 20 feet or so above the ground on a dangling rope in an upside-down graceful ballet pose.

She can walk up a pole held by a man as nonchalantly as if she were climbing the hill to the bus stop—then do a juggling act on the top; she can sit serenely on the back of a bucking and swaying elephant; she can stand apparently calmly and have her head locked against a wall by thrown daggers.

She can cook, too.

Marlene belongs to the circus. She was born in it—at Yeppoon, Queensland, on December 10, 1943—and into the well-known Bullen family.

She is a granddaughter of Mrs. Perce Bullen, governing director and administrator of the circus, who has raised all her talented family in the circus tradition.

Marlene's mother, Mrs. Mavis Dennis, toured with the circus as "Miss Jeanette," a trapeze artist.

"She was one of Australia's best," Marlene told me proudly.

As a little girl Marlene had toys but seldom played with them.

Loves elephants

"The live elephants were my real toys," she said. "When I was seven I was given a doll, but I never played with it. I loved the elephants."

"My very first memory is riding on an elephant—I was about three-and-a-half."

She first went into the ring when she was five, riding a horse in the Grand Parade. Now she leads the parade, striding ahead on foot and swinging the baton.

It was at five that Marlene's real circus training began. Like ballet dancers, circus people must start young to develop their muscles.

Marlene and the other children belonging to the circus were instructed in tumbling, simple acrobatics, and limbering exercises by Mrs. Bullen, sen. When the circus came to Sydney they joined the Tivoli training school for more acrobatics and lessons in dancing to give them grace of movement.

Marlene now moves beautifully in the ring and even manages to look graceful on an elephant.

She got her first school lessons from a governess, who trav-

elled with them, and through correspondence school.

"She was very bright," said Mrs. Iris Marcin, who was her governess for a time.

Later Marlene went to boarding-school for two and a half years—to St. Ursula's Convent in Yeppoon.

"I missed the circus very much," she said. "Every school holiday I joined them wherever they were, got back to my trapeze practice and riding the elephants."

Being in the circus gave Mar-

By
**JOYCE
HALSTEAD**

lene a certain glamor with her school friends.

"They regarded me as something different," she said.

Mathematics was her star subject at school, but that's not hindering her in her circus career. For a girl who is able to calculate a risk she is very courageous.

"I'm never nervous," she said.

Not even when she's hanging by that ankle high above the ground (this feat, though dazzling enough to the audience, is considered rudimentary to a circus acrobat); not even when she is riding a mettlesome horse in a crowded ring.

"Not even when Buffalo Bill, the sure shot, throws his daggers at you?" I asked her.

Throwing them from several feet away, he pins them into the wall so close to the front and back of her neck that she cannot move.

"Well," she said uncertainly, "I am rather nervous then. It's the one thing I don't like."

And who could blame her?

Marlene travels in one of the circus cars, and lives in a caravan when the circus is camped.

Usually she lives with her mother and father—Bob Dennis has been an accomplished clown and juggler, is also a mechanic—in the family caravan.

MARLENE DENNIS, in white jumper and grey skirt, looks like a young girl with a conservative office job, poses beside one of the caravans at the circus where she lives.

But for the current Sydney season she has hired her own caravan—"To give me more room to change in," she said.

Here, off duty, she likes to cook.

"I often make Italian spaghetti," she said. "I prefer Continental food."

Marlene can sew, too. She helps to make her costumes and her own clothes.

Meeting her off the ring, dressed in a neat, conventional white jumper and grey skirt, with trim red jacket, plain black court shoes, she looks like an efficient stenographer who will in due course become private secretary to the managing-director; but ask her about her ambitions and the blue, intelligent eyes in her round, sweet Irish face light up, as she replies, "I want to be a star of the trapeze."

Like any other teenager, Marlene likes dancing, but rarely has the time for it. The circus is her life.

"I wouldn't want any other," she said.

UPSIDE DOWN on a hanging rope, Marlene Dennis goes into a ballet pose during rehearsal for one of her routine acts. From the ground Mr. Stafford Bullen directs her.



LISTEN HERE

CLASSICS: Those who enjoy Rachmaninoff's music have an opportunity to add two fine new discs to their collection.

These are the second and third piano concertos—vigorous works rich in melody and rich in emotion—but emotion kept within the bounds which Rachmaninoff's predecessor Tchaikovsky so often overstepped.

The second concerto is played by the composer himself with the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski.

This performance, recorded in 1929, now comes on a finely engineered LP (H.M.V. OA LP 1630).

The soloist in the more difficult third, with its intricate rhythms, its testing problems, is the brilliant young American pianist Van Cliburn.

The recording (R.C.A.-L 16183) was made in the Carnegie Hall last year, two days after Van Cliburn returned to the United States after his triumphal tour of Russia.

The orchestra is the Symphony of the Air, conducted by the eminent Russian Kiril Kondrashin.

OPERA: Everyone seems to be making "Porgy and Bess" records these days.

We've had Sammy Davis Jr. and Carmen McRae, Harry Belafonte and Lena Horne.

And now (Coronet KLL1605) we have lush orchestral treatment (42 pieces) of the Gershwin opera from Percy Faith.

Percy, you may remember, is the man who, back in 1953, won the Cash Box award for the year's best record with his million-selling "Song From The Moulin Rouge."

"Porgy and Bess" is a fine opera, the music is fine, and Percy Faith's 15-track interpretation is fine.

JAZZ: Benny Goodman and his drummer Gene Krupa went along to singer Mildred Bailey's home one night in 1935 and found themselves playing with negro pianist Teddy Wilson.

They and the guests liked the music so much that they decided to make some records together.

That was the birth of the Benny Goodman trio, which expanded to a quartet and ultimately to a septet in 1941.

You can hear wonderful swinging jazz by the quintet, sextet, and septet on a new Coronet LP, "Benny Goodman Small Combos."

Musicians who contribute the most kicks are trumpeter Cootie Williams on the Septet tracks ("Gilly" outstanding), guitarist Charlie Christian on all the pre-1942 tracks, and

vibraphonists Lionel Hampton and Red Norvo on "Stardust" and "Liza" respectively.

Goodman is in a class of his own on all numbers and plays beautiful low-register clarinet on "As Long As I Live."

ROCK: Most exciting event in the local rock-'n-roll field for some time is Johnny Devlin's new 45 r.p.m. disc for Columbia (45-DO-4089), "I Was the One," with "Pointed Toe Shoes" on the flipside.

The way Johnny handles the Presley favorite "I Was the One" is particularly good.

Sydney disc jockey Bob Rogers describes the record as technically one of the best-ever Australian "rock" records and definitely up to world standard.

"I think this should be a big hit," he said. "It has a great sound. And the Devils and the Deltones give Johnny fine support. Yes, this is really big."



JOHNNY CASH

POPS: JOHNNY CASH, the black-haired six-footer who packed 'em in on his Sydney visit earlier this year, is all set for a winner with his new single-play.

This is "I Got Stripes" (Coronet KS-3357), at present No. 45 in the "Cash Box" top 100, on the way up, and figuring prominently in the prediction lists in Australia.

Johnny's big, booming bass ("stripes around my shoulder, chains around my feet") has a gaolhouse rock quality in this one.

His companions behind the bars are the bass-and-guitar-playing Tennessee Two.

A surfeit can be sickening, but a little Hawaiian music's not a bad thing to have round the house if you're in the mood for a bit of mental beachcombing.

You'll find "Hawaiian Village Nights" just the thing for this mood.

This LP (W and G-BPN-782) introduces the Hawaiian-Chinese-Portuguese singing star Alfred Apaka, with orchestra conducted by Don Costa.



"WE'RE not really studious," claims young singing quartet The Graduates (from left), Bill Venables, Nancy Eichhorn, Peter Paige, and Patrick McCluskey.

They've got their diploma

● The Graduates spent over two hours deciding on their stage name. It's taken them only six months to qualify for their caps and gowns.

THIS young Sydney quartet has graduated from being a backing quartet on Johnny O'Keefe's TV programme, "Six O'clock Rock," to become starred performers with Fabian in the next Lee Gordon "Big Show."

In fact, they are the only vocal group to have been guest artists on every single "Six O'clock Rock" programme for the past six months.

They've mostly been in the

background — filling out for other solo vocalists—but lately they have had their own "spot" items on the programme. Their record during the hour's music-making each week is a formidable 13 backings and a "spot."

They've just released their first disc — a Pacific recording with a new and quite different arrangement of Gershwin's evergreen "Summertime," with the flip-side a perky number called "Sweet Chile."

The Graduates maintain that they fly home on their range.

It's big—four and a half octaves long, ranging from impish little Nancy Eichhorn's high B flat to Bill Venables' bass D.

Filling in the range are Patrick McCluskey's tenor and Peter Paige's baritone.

The Graduates' leader, 20-year-old Peter Paige, explained that this quartet scheme of three boys and a girl was a tried-and-true formula during the 1930s.

Peter and Bill Venables went to school together and have sung together in several groups.

They decided to form their own combination by recruiting Patrick, a singing Scotsman, and Nancy Eichhorn.

Being the only girl, Nancy's always being teased unmercifully by the boys. But she's able to hold her little blond head proudly high, as she has years of success as a solo songstress behind her.

Hands down, she won the only two talent quests she has entered. She was given a shield for one, and a holiday in Surfers' Paradise for the other prize.

And Nancy's the only really professional "Graduate." She is

married, and lists "household duties" as the other string to her bow.

Peter Paige is a second-year Arts student at the Sydney University. He started the group more or less as his hobby-horse.

Twenty-year-old, deep-voiced Bill is a bank clerk, and Patrick, of the Scottish burr, is an accounts clerk.

The Graduates have worked hard to get where they are. They rehearse three nights a week. They're all learning to read music, and they usually work out their own arrangements of numbers.

Each is strong enough to take the lead in any of their arrangements. Nancy leads on the cool-jazz stuff, Patrick with ballads, Peter with rock-'n-pop items, and Bill on the deep-voiced talking gimmicky numbers.

"Versatility is what we're aiming for," Nancy said, "just singing a bit of everything, and all that jazz."

OUR PIN-UP

THIS week's pin-up is TV hero Peter Brown, photographed with his pretty young wife, actress Diane Jergens.

TV fans know Peter better as Johnny Mackay, deputy marshal of Laramie in "The Lawman" (7.30 p.m. Tuesdays, TCN, Sydney, and HSV, Melbourne).

Johnny Mackay is right-hand man to the marshal Dan Troop, played by John Russell.

● To page 16 for color pin-up.

AUSTRALIAN-MADE

BEACH FASHIONS ARE YOUNG, GAY

Teenagers will take to these Australian-made fashions like ducks to water.

Designs are catchy and very becoming, and the colors —including white, too—as bright as summer itself. So, choose from these play fashions if you like to swim in a neat one-piece or simply walk around in the sun wearing something rather dashing.



DESIGNED for curves and cut to flatter a slim figure, this swimsuit of elasticised fabric is in shades of hot coral, white, and black. The shaped top moulds the bust prettily. The suit can be worn with straps, as shown, or strapless. It is available in other colors. (By Sports Dejour, about £6/14/6.)



SNAPPY lines (above) in tight, white drill pants and loose red cotton shirt, which cost about £9/9/-; wide and narrow striped cotton playsuit with jacket and plain hood, about £10/10/- (Sportsaire by Claire Henry); printed cotton swimsuit, about £6/2/6 (by Sports Dejour).

"Have you heard?"

● That resort togs such as the frilly Carmen skirt and strapped top shown at the right are the big new thing in local fashion.

Resort apparel, made in colorful cotton and other washable fabrics, should become very popular with Australian teenagers who like variety in their beach outfits but insist that they are practical as well as pretty.

Here, then, is the best answer so far to the problem of what to wear for more formal after-swim wear.

COTTON sandwich - board jacket in a vivid diamond pattern (left) lined with terry towelling with buttons on sides is about £6/6/9. White nylon-and-elastic knit swimsuit, cotton-lined, button-trimmed, by Sports Dejour, about £6/6/9.

ATTRACTIVE two-piece after-swim ensemble is great fun to wear. It is made of cotton and features a wide-striped Carmen skirt with three bouffant tiers and has a camisole-type top. (Sportsaire by Claire Henry, and selling at about £8/8/-.)

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Shoes—or the boy?

"I AM very much in love with the boy I have always dreamed of, but I become awfully embarrassed when I wear high heels, as I am the same height as he is when I wear flatties. I wish to become a model, and as you can see I don't want to live my life in flatties. I don't intend to give him up, but somehow I know he hates me wearing high heels. What shall I do?"

"Forever Worried," N.S.W.

The first thing you'll have to do is decide which is your greater love—the boy of your dreams or your shoes.

Personally, I don't think it matters all that much if a girl is a little taller than a boy. Because men generally are taller than women, we have come to accept this as the standard. But when two people really fall in love, such a thing is a trifle.

However, as your boy-friend is obviously embarrassed when you wear high heels, I think you should respect his wishes if you really love him. You can get very pretty and smart flat or low-heeled shoes these days, so why don't you wear these when you're out with your boy-friend, and save your high heels for other occasions?

If you try to wear high heels all the time, despite his feelings, then I think you're a bit of a heel yourself.

Boy-gazing

"THERE is a very good-looking boy who lives up the road from me. I am sure he is attracted to me because when he goes past my place, which is every day, he stares at me. Our eyes seem to be glued to each other. He is almost 17 and I am 15. However, the other day my cousin was with me, and he looked at her instead of me. What will I do?"

"Depressed," Tas.

Stop staring at the very good-looking boy who lives up the street.

This boy couldn't stare at you every

day when he passes your home unless you were deliberately waiting there to catch his eye. Of course, he *COULD* look in the opposite direction, but he's probably looking to see if you're anchored to the spot.

It must be monotonous for him to see you there with that fixed gaze every day, so it's not surprising that he looked at your cousin instead of you.

If he finds you attractive, he'll find some excuse to meet you or speak to you. But I'm sure it won't be while you're still posing as *THE LOOK*.

He's domineering

"A BOY I've known for a long time is always asking me out. But I hate going out with him because he bores me stiff. And the way he goes on, you'd think he owned me. I have been to about five school dances with him, and each time I have had every dance with him. He grabs me before anyone else has a chance. I want to shake him off, but I don't want to hurt his feelings. Please help me."

"Poor Me," Vic.

I think it's much more a case of poor him than poor you.

If you don't like this boy, you shouldn't go out with him. I haven't much admiration for a girl who accepts invitations purely because she'd rather have a date with someone she doesn't like than not have a date at all. And I'm afraid you fit into this category.

By accepting this boy's invitations, you as good as told him you liked him. Now it won't be easy to "shake him off" without hurting his feelings. And the longer your friendship continues, the harder it will be.

The kindest thing you can do is to refuse his very next invitation—kindly but firmly—and then to go on refusing ALL his invitations. You'll find he'll soon give up asking. If he wants a reason, tell him you're sorry but you've found new interests which occupy all your spare time. This way at least he'll know where he stands.

Wedding etiquette

"COULD you tell me if it is correct to take a boy to a wedding reception when the invitation states 'a friend'? (I am a girl.) Also would you suggest a gift or the type of gift which would be suitable, and, seeing I received the invitation, should I pay for the gift?"

"Etiquette," Vic.

When an invitation includes a friend, it's always intended that the friend be a member of the opposite sex.

As you're the one who received the invitation, you should definitely pay for the gift.

I can't suggest a suitable gift, because I don't know your friends and I don't know how close you are to them.

What I do suggest, however, is that you contact the bride's mother, or someone else close to her, and ask for a few suggestions of things she needs. You can then pick the one which best suits your budget or the amount you feel you want to spend.

Girls ignore him

"I AM a boy aged 17. I'm very good looking, have a good personality, and am a good dancer. Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not bragging, but I tell you all that to give you a clear understanding of my problem. And my problem? I can't find a girl. Recently my mother and I came to live in Sydney, where we know very few people. As soon as we had settled into our home I joined the church younger set, but here I got the proverbial 'cold shoulder.' Why this happened I'll never know. The firm I'm employed with has almost an all-male staff. Here I earn big money and there is a bright future, which includes a new car at the end of the year. I have always been told I have a good personality, but I am beginning to wonder."

"Shy," N.S.W.

The best thing that has happened to you is that you're beginning to wonder if you have such a good personality.

When a 17-year-old boy is so sure he's everything a girl could ever dream of, rolled into one very good-looking package, he's not likely to be a howling success among a new group of friends. If you'd been a little less brash, a little more humble, when you joined the church group, I'm sure you wouldn't have been given that cold shoulder.

Why don't you try again, on this basis? It wouldn't hurt to make another attempt at the church club, or if your feelings have been hurt too much there are many other sports or youth clubs you could choose from.

Is he faithless?

"RECENTLY I've been going with a young boy who seemed most affectionate towards me. He visited my home regularly and was liked by my parents. A few days ago a very close friend informed me he'd been going with another girl for about a week and still came to see me. She was reluctant to tell me, as she knew I'd be upset, but she thought it best if I knew. My friend is very trustworthy, and I know she's not trying to stir up trouble. If this boy should call on me again, what should I do? I don't want to lose him, as I'm still very fond of him."

"Two-timed," N.S.W.

"You're mine, all mine" is the perfect sentiment for the girl who is wearing a wedding ring or an engagement ring, or even for those girls who are "engaged to be engaged"—but it's a perfectly disastrous sentiment for anyone else.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



THIS is the time of the year for spring-cleaning. It's the time of the year when all young thoughts traditionally turn to love. And it's also the time of the year when it's a good idea to do a little personal stocktaking.

If you're really honest with yourself, you'll be surprised—perhaps even slightly horrified—at the number of little characteristics which you can't exactly applaud in the current you.

And you should find it fun and satisfying to set about correcting them.

If, for instance, you admit to yourself that you're a girl who gets lots of first invitations from boys, but seldom a second, now's the time to ask yourself why this happens. There must be a reason for it, you know.

Quite possibly you'll find it's because you're the type of girl who is far too demanding of your beau's budget.

For the girl who seems to think it's her escort's duty to take her to the best places every time they have a date nearly always finds she's quickly trimmed from his list of girls he'd like to see again. And it doesn't matter how attractive she is, either.

Remember that though they mightn't often show it, boys are usually very sensitive creatures, too. And they resent becoming trophies to be shown off in the best places rather than being welcomed as individuals worth knowing better.

Quite apart from this resentment, they usually aren't too happy about the great strain placed on their budgets, either.

Being thoughtless as a date is only one of an amazing number of personality faults YOU might find if you're really honest and searching in your private stocktaking.

So, over to you. And good luck in finding a nicer, happier, more attractive self!

Motor manners

"I AM going out with a boy soon. He will have his parents' car. Is it correct to wait for my date to open the car door, or get out before he has time to come to my side of the car?"

"Wondering," Vic.

Wait for him to open the car door for you. A girl sets the standard of behaviour always.

Waiting in the car for him to open the door makes it easy for him to act the gentleman. But don't make this a hard and fast rule that he's expected to follow even when traffic conditions would turn his courtesy into heroic defiance of danger.



Attention all hands...

● *There are many times when a girl wants to make her hands look more presentable and not take too long to do it. A special date or a vacation may be the inspiration.*

The path to better-looking hands lies in a programme to improve their texture and color and to make the fingernails as pretty as possible.

Hand cream or lotion, used twice daily on the hands for just one week, shows quick and attractive results, even on neglected hands, but it does take time to grow better, more attractive fingernails.

Summer is the best time to begin a nail project, and you need at least four weeks to get results.

Start by cutting your nails back sufficiently, and work a little lanolin into the surface of the nails and round the cuticles every night. Allow the sides of nails to grow level with the tops of the fingers before attempting to shape them.

Nail varnish, used in conjunction with the lanolin massage, will help to keep normal fingernails firm and protected. Touch up the edge of each

By
**CAROLYN
EARLE**

growing nail with the varnish each morning and make a habit of removing all varnish at least once a week.

About once a month, no more, reduce the length of your nails with an emery board.

If your nails split or break or refuse to grow, you have a problem. Lack of calcium in the system is undoubtedly one of the causes. That may be remedied by taking a course of calcium concentrate.

Calcium helps hair and nails

Incidentally, it will serve two purposes, for fingernails and hair both benefit from calcium.

While the nails are out of condition, enamel should be discontinued or removed each night, and the lanolin treatment pursued. Go easy with the nailbrush, which might do real harm to delicate fingertips. Use, instead, a small soft sponge lathered with bland soap into which you dig your nails.

Follow with gentle cleaning with



HIGH - FASHION fingernails, worn by a young girl listening to jazz recordings before she smooths some cream into her hands, need lots of care.

LEFT. Well-groomed, medium-length nails are practical and just as attractive.

an orange-stick topped with a wisp of cotton-wool. This is the most effective and gentle means of cleaning nails that are in poor condition.

The hands of sport-loving teenagers may be strong and well shaped, but most genuine outdoor girls will admit that they cannot wear long, exotic fingernails like the smiling lass in the picture at the top of the page.

Long nails aren't for typists

The same thing goes (but not always) if you use a typewriter or play the piano.

For practical purposes, don't let your fingernails grow much more than an eighth-of-an-inch beyond the

fingertip. Medium-length nails are just as attractive if they are well groomed and spruce.

Pale pink or pale coral skin-toned polish has the effect of lengthening the fingers.

In any case, do try to avoid unnecessary use of the fingertips. Tin-openers and paper-cutters do their own jobs best.

Outdoor hands which are subject to seasonal crops of freckles during the summer can be made to look paler with a bath of epsom salts. Have the water as hot as you can stand it, using about half an ounce of salts to a pint of water.

It's best to have this treatment at bedtime. Soak the hands in the bath for at least 10 minutes, keeping the temperature of the water constant. Dry well, massage firmly with skin cream, then encase the hands in cotton gloves for an hour or more.

HANDS AND NAILS at left show the result of neglect. They can also be encouraged to reflect good health and attention from their owner.





WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?

Young people, starting their first jobs, are usually showered with good advice from all directions—family, friends, teachers, and employers all have a word to say on How to Get Ahead in Life. Sorting it all out can be a bit confusing, but here's something that everybody will agree on . . .

Wherever you're heading in life, whatever you want to

do, up-to-date knowledge of what's going on in the world will help you. Make sure your mental horizons are as broad as you can make them by reading the Daily Telegraph regularly.

Crisp and clear reporting . . . well-written features on exciting people and events . . . "the latest" in fashion and sport . . . exclusive serials . . . dramatic action photographs . . . the Telegraph reflects, accurately and vividly, the world we live in. Don't miss a day of it!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY !

Daily Telegraph

They sail the harbor with Sabrina

● Sabrina was stripped — nearly ready to go into the water—and Deidre Macpherson and Margaret Crowther were just scrubbing her side.



VJ sailing boat Sabrina gets a sanding down from for'ard hand Margaret Crowther, 14 (left), and owner Deidre Macpherson, 16, at the Double Bay Sailing Club.

"SHE'LL need a couple of coats of varnish, now," said Deidre, sitting back to look fondly at Sabrina's sleek lines.

Sabrina measured 3ft. 6in. across the beam and 11ft. 6in. from stem to stern — standard measurements of a VJ sailing boat.

Margaret, 14, and Deidre, 16, were the standard cut of energetic young sailors who zip round Sydney Harbor during the summer months.

But it's hard to imagine that the fun and excitement Sabrina and Margaret and Deidre have could possibly be weathered by any other two girls and a boat.

Down in the new £7000 Double Bay Sailing Club, which is practically their home in summer, the girls talked excitedly about their sea-faring exploits.

"Remember the first time you came out as for'ard hand, Marg?" asked Deidre. "It was a terrific gale and I don't know what you did, but you just flew off backwards. I just couldn't stop the boat. I was very proud of myself, I must admit, when I managed to pick you up again."

No sharks

"Gee, it was terrible," agreed Margaret, blushing a bit. "What if a shark had come?"

But Deidre and Margaret have been sailing together for a whole season now and never chipped eyes on a shark.

"We're always too busy getting the boat upright to even think about them. We probably wouldn't see them," said Deidre.

"We tip up just about every time we go out," added Margaret. "It was funny at first. Then, one day we made a great effort and didn't tip up at all. We were sailing proudly into Double Bay—all the boys watching—and we suddenly went into the drink near the shore."

Deidre was serious. "It's

just as well V.J.s are fully decked and unsinkable. Sabrina's a beaut boat. She used to be the club champion when I bought her—or, rather, Dad bought her—from a chap in the club for £295 complete with spinnaker, jib, and mainsail."

Deidre's having new sails made for Sabrina this season. She heard of a sailmaker who runs up a "kite," jib, and mainsail for £4 each.

The girls have new outfits, too—Eastern Suburbs Football Club jumpers of red, white, and blue, which are the sailing club colors.

It costs £1 to join the sailing club, plus £1 a year subscription.

For that money, the girls

By
**CAROL
TATTERSFIELD**

reckon they and Sabrina are on a pretty good wicket.

The girls always have lots of masculine help from the fathers and young boys, helping drag Sabrina to and from the water.

"We're still something of a novelty—there are only four girls in the club who sail their own boats—and we can get away with a lot," grinned Deidre.

"For instance," said Margaret, "when we hang into anything else, they just say 'They're only girls, you can't expect anything better.' And we get on very well in races, because some people are too kind to disqualify us."

(This was a fine show of modesty seeing that Sabrina, Deidre, and Margaret won the B grade club championship last season.)

"VJs are good," butted in Deidre, "because you've always got someone else to talk to. I couldn't bear to sail alone."

"But we don't have much time to talk," said Margaret. "Our conversation mostly is Deidre yelling at me, 'Ready about,' and I shout 'George'—

which means O.K. — and then Deidre yells 'Lee' and we just hope that all goes well."

How do you learn to sail?

"Well, now, there's a training scheme in the club for youngsters," said Deidre. "I have taken out nine or 12-year-olds on Sabrina — or sometimes they go out on the club training boat. But," Deidre grinned at Margaret, "we just had to learn the hard, wet way — by trial and error."

"I didn't know port from starboard when I started. My cousins gave me this old bomb called Sin — it was a V.J., but it was a bomb. I don't know whether it was the boat or us, but it was always tipping over."

Sailed at 13

Deidre was only 13 when she acquired Sin and a girl in her class at Sydney High School, Pauline Adshead, volunteered to be for'ard hand.

They were the first two girl members of the Double Bay Sailing Club, so they caused something of a stir as they'd race over the harbor for a picnic in some little bay with a crowd of other V.J.s.

But after a year Deidre and Pauline wanted a smoother craft than Sin. In fact Pauline wanted her own, so Sin was sold to a boy of 13 for £25; Pauline bought her own boat and Deidre got Sabrina.

"She was a good buy, really," said Deidre. "Considering that a brand-new V.J. costs about £200 and, even if you build your own — George Backhouse, in the club, did — it costs about £100."

Pauline's new boat was the talk of the school. Margaret heard about it and was so keen on the idea of sailing that Deidre asked her to be for'ard hand.

With the new clubhouse at Double Bay and increasing membership, Deidre and Mar-



Sabrina is so light that Deidre and Margaret can easily lift her in and out of the water.

garet expect to have a hectic time on land as well as at sea this season.

Pauline's been made the president of the club's "Younger Set." All the girls pay 5/- membership and a lot of attention to making money to help the club pay back the money borrowed to build the clubhouse.

Sailing comes first, though, judging from the glint in Deidre's brown eye: "Oh, I can't wait for the racing to

start — when you suddenly snatch a gust of wind and leap away."

"And then, when you come in and you're cold and exhausted you have a gorgeous cup of hot chocolate and a biscuit. That's the best moment."

"No, it isn't," said Margaret. "It's best when you get home to bed and you're so tired and bruised and your hands hurt. But you feel marvellous and healthy."

Love Story

JILL KNEW BEST

REDHEAD. BLONDE. BRUNETTE. THE THREE OF US HAD BEEN FRIENDS SINCE OUR SCHOOL DAYS. AND WHEN THE TIME CAME WE ALL MET UP WITH THE SAME BOY!



CAROL'S STORY.

WE'D GONE TO THE PALAIS TOGETHER, AND WE WERE SITTING OUT.



HIS EYES FLICKERED OVER THE THREE OF US AND RESTED ON ME.



HE DANCED WELL, TELLING ME ALL ABOUT HIMSELF LIKE A LITTLE BOY ANXIOUS TO IMPRESS.



ALL THE WAY HOME HE CARRIED ON TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF AND AT THE DOOR HE TRIED TO KISS ME.



So I let him date me for the next evening and we went to the most expensive restaurant in town...



LATER AT THE PALAIS I TOLD SHERRY AND JILL ALL ABOUT GEOFF.



BUT TO MY DISMAY... HE WALKED UP TO SHERRY!



SHERRY'S STORY...



AND I RECOGNISED THE OLD LINE AS SOON AS HE STARTED TO THROW IT AT ME.



I WASN'T SO MAD ABOUT HIM SEEING ME HOME, BUT HE STUCK TO ME LIKE GLUE ALL EVENING... SO...



BUT WHEN HE STARTED GETTING FRESH...



... I WASN'T HAVING ANY!



I DIDN'T THINK HE'D HAVE THE NERVE TO CONTACT ME AGAIN... BUT WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? HE CAME UP TO ME AT THE PALAIS...



SO HE TURNED TO JILL...



JILL'S STORY...



AND I LIKED HIS FRANK, HONEST APPROACH, TOO...



I LET HIM TAKE ME HOME THAT NIGHT... WE WENT THE LONG WAY ROUND, AND ON THE WAY WE TALKED...



WE'RE PERFECTLY SUITED... I SEE SOMETHING IN GEOFF SHERRY DIDN'T... HE SEES SOMETHING IN ME CAROL DIDN'T HAVE... AND THEY'RE TO BE BRIDESMAIDS AT OUR WEDDING!



BRAIN TWIZZLERS



HERE is the old standby about the trip to St. Ives. Perhaps you don't know it. If you have heard it in the dim and distant past you may need to refresh your memory. At any rate, here it is:

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks
Each sack, seven cats;
Each cat, seven kittens;
Kittens, cats, sacks, and wives
How many were going to St. Ives?



RANEY WATTERS was in charge of a country club swimming-pool. He was quite a swimmer at school and got the job for that reason.

One day he was supervising the changing of water in the pool and was quite anxious to get away for a date as soon as the work was done.

Naturally he was very annoyed to find that the change was being made more slowly than usual.

Obviously something was out of order and it took some time to discover that a drain pipe was left open when the men started to fill the pool. This pipe carried off one-third of the water that was being let in. Normally it took half an hour to fill the pool.

How long did it take this time?

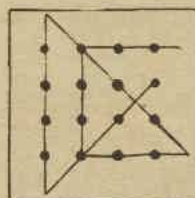
(Stand on your head or turn this page upside down for the answers to these brain teasers. They're just below "Point of Etiquette.")

And here are the solutions to last week's Twizzlers:

• "Silky" Smith got to the train first. "High-Pressure" missed it because he tried to arrive a little before 4.04 by his watch, but that was really 4.15.

"Silky" tried to arrive a little before 3.50 by his watch, but that was really 3.45.

• At right is a diagram of the sleepwalker's path:



A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

• It's not much use having the best set of manners in your crowd if they're for party use only. How about trying them on your family?

MAKE an effort to treat your family like some interesting strangers you've just met and would like to impress.

Stop being cranky and surly round the house, moaning about your bit of housework, or grouching because you can't have the family car on Saturday night.

How about offering to do the washing up? You'll end up having to do it anyway.

Or making your bed without being told.

Don't monopolise the phone — remember the calls you're blocking may be for you.

Don't have the radio screaming your favorite rock-'n-roll tunes all the time.

Don't hog the television and keep switching from channel to channel till you find what you want. And don't talk all the time during someone else's favorite programme. Please...



"Remember, fellows, we've got to be careful not to wake Dad."

TWIZZLER ANSWERS:

• It took 45 minutes to fill the pool.
• "I" was the only one going to St. Ives.
• The others were coming from there as I met them.

A GUY on Dial FEMME tele-phoney Girls says for Murder!

• Hello, this is Robin Adair calling. I'd like to speak to some teenage girl telephone-users. They're busy on other lines? Well, I'd like to leave them this message...

THE most common charge levelled against girls on telephones is that they monopolise the machines.

I agree that, for some reason, a girl's dial lights up when she spots another type of dial.

I'm sure that if old Alexander Bell (you know, the bloke who invented wrong numbers, engaged signals, and all those modern miracles) had let a girl make the first call on his experimental phone she'd still be yapping!

But I'm on to a few new double-crossed lines. So here's my own tele-phoney directory...

Among the As in my directory you will find a subscriber named FAY K. ACCENT. I'm taking her phone out next week.

Why? Well, Miss Accent's voice is her—and my—trouble.

Talk to her in the street and she speaks as normally as any other teenage girl (I'll leave you figure that one out for yourself!).

But get Fay on the blower and the nonsense starts.

Fay apparently doesn't think the Queen's English is good enough for the telephonic communication.

So she puts on verbal dog with a language that sounds something between pig-French and Esperanto. (There was a book written in this language once. Remember it? It was called "Oui of the Never-Never"!)

Anyway, this is how a conversation with Fay goes...

"Hullo, Fay—this is Robin here."

"Ah, Robin! I am so *enchante* you've rung..."

And so it goes on. On the telephone Fay feels obliged to say even the simplest things in high-flown phrases. I know exactly the problems this sort of thing creates.

Why, one night after Fay and I had talked over the phone I went off to meet her at Luna Park. Did we enjoy ourselves there? No, sir. Mainly because we were really (telegraph) poles apart that night.

Fay, while I was at Luna Park, was at her place waiting for me to pick her up for a Lunar Park—her (hay) wire way of saying a drive in the moonlight!

So you see, putting on dog certainly isn't a bloke's best friend!

Then in my directory's Ds you'll find MISS D. FACER. She's a girl whose fingernails make her a telephone terror.

To remove the risk of breaking a nail or chipping her polish, when she dials a number she doesn't use her finger. She twirls the dial with a pencil.

After a few telephone calls made like this Miss D. Facer leaves the dial about as easy to read as a trainee secretary's shorthand!

Another wrong number in my book is MISS A. FRAID.

She treats the telephone as if the receiver were one of stolen goods! And she must have had an unhappy friendship with a law clerk. Her dislike and mistrust of "mouthpieces" leads me to believe this!

She mutters, stammers, whispers, and fades away so much when a boy calls her that he hangs up wondering if he ever really got through to her.

She, by the way, is what telephone technicians call a silent number.

Well, even though I could talk for hours on telephone types, I'd better hang up. I know when MY three minutes are up!

—Robin Adair



**PETER BROWN and
wife, Diane Jergens**

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